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DAYS AND DEEDS

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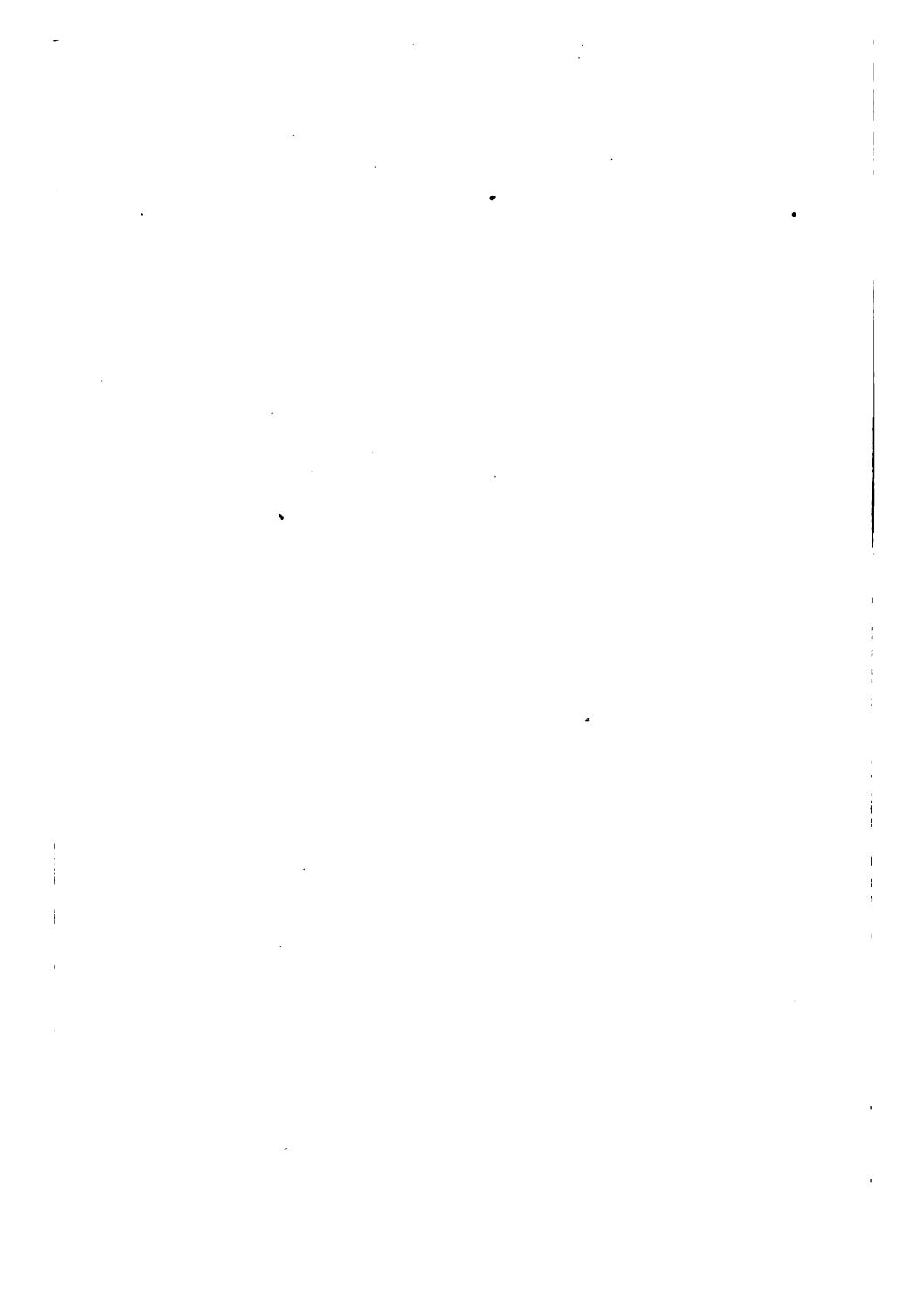
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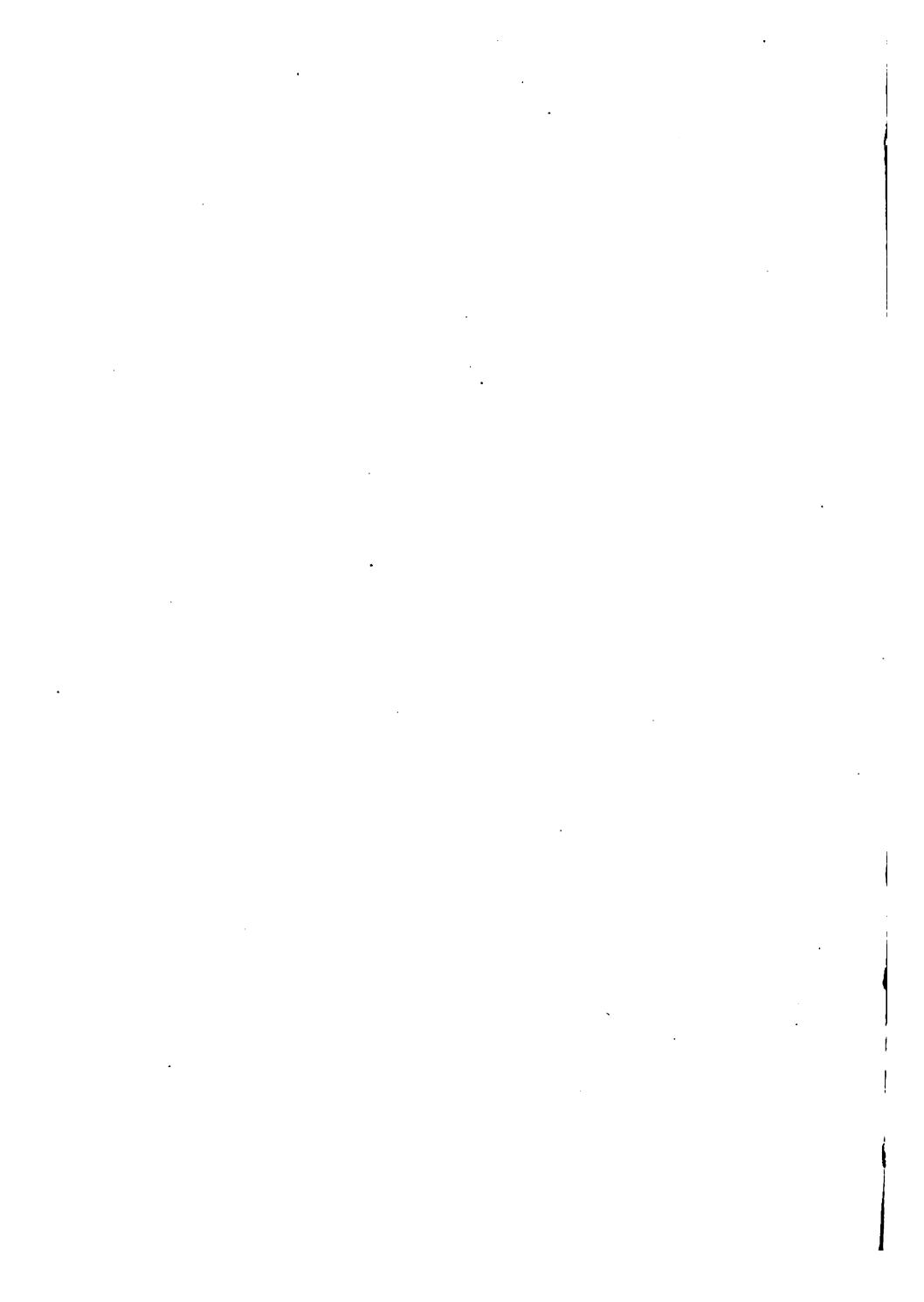
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**DAYS AND DEEDS
PROSE**



THE
DAYS AND DEEDS
READER
AND
SPEAKER

COMPILED BY
BURTON E. STEVENSON
AND
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PROSE

*A Companion Volume of Verse
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1915

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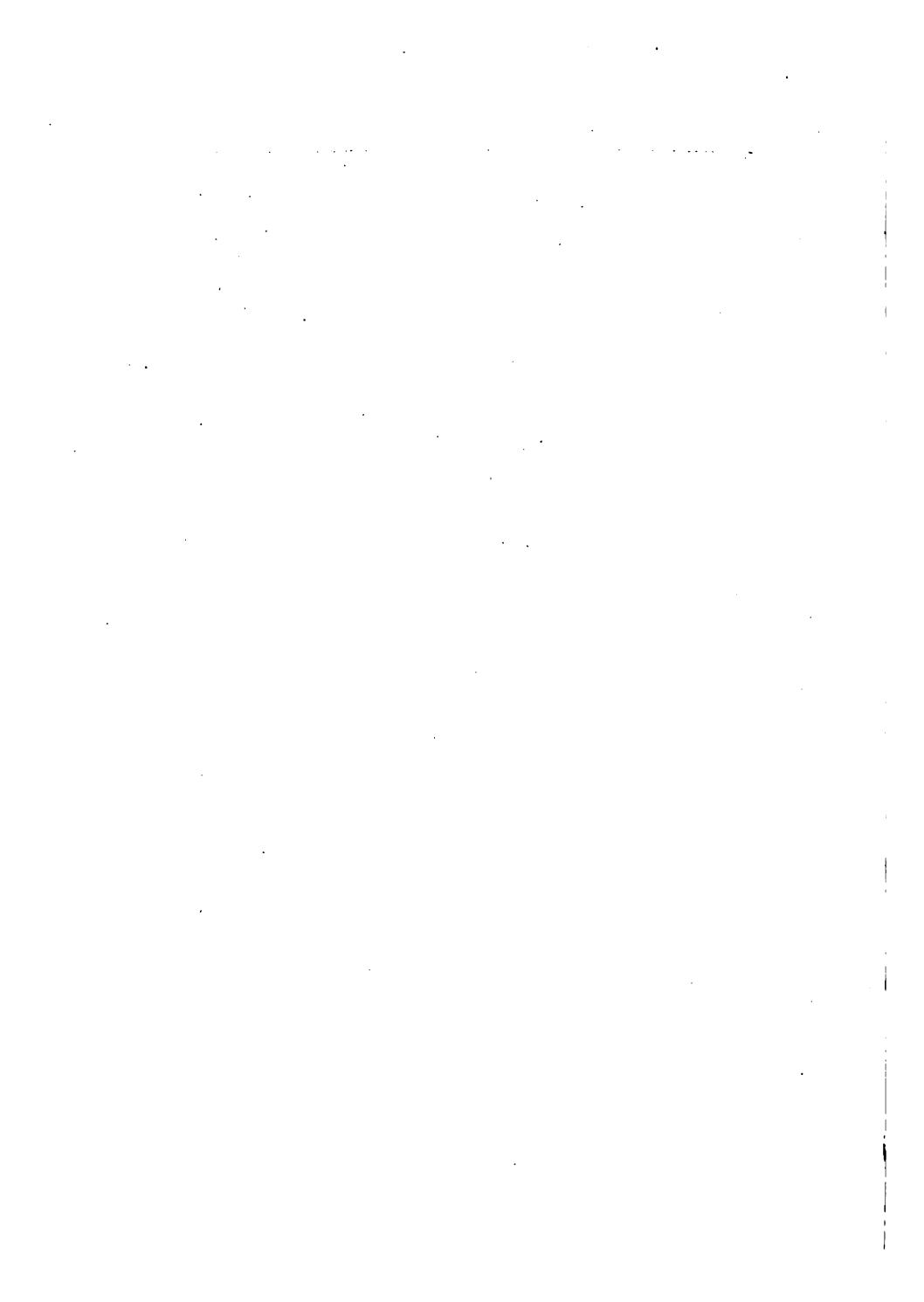
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INTRODUCTION

"Days and Deeds — Prose" is an attempt to supplement "Days and Deeds — Poetry" with some of the really significant, true, and eloquent things which have been spoken or written concerning American holidays and great Americans. To these has been added, as in the earlier book, a collection of sayings relating to the seasons, the selection having been made throughout with the purpose of shaping the book especially for use in the schools.

It has, of course, been impossible, except in a very few instances, to give these orations, addresses, and essays entire. All that could be included here was the central thought, the most noteworthy sentences, the portion best worth remembering and repeating. A word of caution should, perhaps, be added. While many of the selections relating to great Americans are careful and well-balanced judgments, many others are frankly eulogies. Impartial estimate can scarcely be looked for in a funeral oration, and often, on such occasion, a man is set on a higher pedestal than history will award him.

It is hoped that these two books together — Prose and Poetry — will offer all the material necessary for any program designed to celebrate any American holiday, or to commemorate the birth or death of the more famous Americans. Many cross-references are given in both volumes and should be freely used. And it is hoped, too, that the selections will be found such as children, whether in school or out, will like to read, and such as will inspire them with a deeper patriotism and a truer knowledge of their country's history and achievements.



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**THE
NATION'S HOLIDAYS**

*A Nation's Holidays are the best
index to its History, its Character,
and its Aspirations.*

NEW YEAR'S DAY

"Beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going."—LUCY LARCOM.

THE NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL

FROM very ancient times, the first day of the year has been observed as a festival, and in all Christian countries the year begins with the first day of January. In olden days, the year began at various seasons. The ancient Persians and Egyptians began their year with the autumnal equinox, September 22, and the people of ancient Greece selected the summer solstice, June 21, as the day when their year should commence. In England, December 25 was New Year's Day, until the time of William the Conqueror. His coronation happened to come on the first day of January, and he ordered that the year should commence on that day.

But even a King, be he never so powerful, cannot change the seasons, nor the customs of a people, and the English gradually fell into unison with the rest of Christendom and began the year with the twenty-fifth of March, a date derived from the Jews. The Jews began and still begin their civil year with the first day of the month Tisri, which roughly corresponds with our September, but their ecclesiastical year dates from the vernal equinox, March 22. As this marks the beginning of spring, it is really the time when the year should commence, and that date, or the twenty-fifth of March, as a date more easily remembered, was generally accepted by Christian nations in the Middle Ages.

Note. — Selections suitable for New Year's Day will be found also under the Changing Year.

Toward the end of the sixteenth century a new method of reckoning the months and seasons was introduced by Pope Gregory of Rome, and was at once adopted by many countries. It was called the Gregorian Calendar, and was so accurate and well thought-out that in the end nearly all Christian countries adopted it, although England and America did not do so for nearly two hundred years. This calendar, which is the one still in use, made the first day of January the opening day of the year, and since that time it has been observed in all Christian countries as New Year's Day.

New Year's Eve and New Year's Day are celebrated now very much as they were hundreds of years ago. Midnight services are held "to see the Old Year out," and the New Year is greeted with songs, shouts of joy, and pealing bells. The day is spent in visiting and feasting, gifts are exchanged, and every one wishes every one else a "Happy New Year."

NEW YEAR'S EVE

This is the last day of the year, and the feelings which belong to it are of a tangled yarn. Regrets for the past are mingled with hopes for the future, and the heart of man, between the meeting years, stands like the head of Janus looking two ways.

"What a mighty sum of events," says that excellent writer, William Howitt, "has been consummated; what a tide of passions and affections has flowed; what lives and deaths have alternately arrived; what destinies have been fixed forever! Once more our planet has completed one of those journeys in the heavens which perfect all the fruitful changes of its peopled surface, and mete out the few stages of our existence; and every day, every hour of that progress, has in all her wide lands, in all her million hearts, left traces that eternity shall behold." Oh! blessed they

and rich, beyond all other blessedness and all other wealth which "Time's effacing fingers" may have left them, who, on the last night of the year, can turn from reviews like these to sleep upon the pillow of a good conscience.

The New Year's Eve is in all quarters looked upon as a time of rejoicing; and perhaps no night of this merry season is more universally dedicated to festivity. Men are for the most part met in groups to hail the coming year with propitiatory honors; and copious libations are poured to its honor, as if to determine it to look upon us with a benignant aspect. The smile and the laugh go freely round, but ever and anon there is, as it were, the echo of a far sigh. A birth in which we have a mighty interest is about to take place, but every now and then comes to the heart the impression of low whispering and soft treading in the background, as of those who wait about a death-bed. We are in a state of divided feelings, somewhat resembling his whose joy at the falling of a rich inheritance is dashed by tender recollections of the friend by whose departure it came.

But this oppressive sensation soon passes away; and the glad bells of the spirit, like those of the steeples, ring freely out. When the Old Year is fairly withdrawn, when the heir stands absolutely in our presence, and the curtain which hides his features has begun slowly to rise, then does the heart shake off all that interfered with its hearty enjoyment, and then "comes in the sweet of the night!" One song to the past!

"Here's to the friend that's awa!
We'll drink it, in strong and in sma';
And to each bonnie lassie that we dearly loo'd,
In the days o' the year that's awa!"

"Here's to the soldier who bled!
To the sailor who bravely did fa'!
Oh, their fame shall remain, though their spirits are fled,
On the wings o' the year that's awa!"

"Here's to the friend we can trust,
When the storms of adversity blaw;
Who can join in our song, and be nearest our heart,
Nor depart, — like the year that's awa!"

from "The Book of Christmas."

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

The Old Year, hoary with the snows of age, exhausted with the labors of its life, tottering under its weight of days, stood trembling upon the brink of the grave. The closing day of its life was waning. The last sunset threw its golden beams over the white robe of the departing monarch. The stars came out on the tented field of night to keep their vigils with him. Around the altar of many a rustic church or solemn cathedral gathered God's children to "watch the Old Year out and the New Year in."

The hours fled slowly by — nine, ten, eleven — how solemnly the last stroke of the clock floats out upon the still air. It dies gently away, swells out again in the distance, and seems to be caught up by the spirit voices of departed years, until the air is filled with melancholy strains. It is the requiem of the dying year. Tenderly, mournfully, it lingers upon the ear and sinks into the heart; slowly and softly it dies away. The clock strikes twelve; the grave opens and closes, and the Old Year is buried.

To some of us it was a kind and generous year, and we have learned to love it with deep and earnest affection. It loaded us with blessings. It poured its good gifts into our cup until it ran over with fulness. It was a pleasant, a jolly Old Year, too. I remember how its face was often wreathed with smiles; how its eyes often twinkled with fun; and how it sometimes shook its old sides with laughter.

Turning with saddened hearts from the tomb, a gush of joyous melody bursts upon us. The bells are ringing out

their gladdest notes from a thousand church spires. Peal upon peal the music comes, until an exultant chorus seems to fill the air and reverberate from the sky. It is the chorus of welcome to the New-Born Year:

“Brave and strong,
Bright as Phoenix, has the young New Year,
Out of the ashes of the Old, leaped forth
To rule the world in triumph.”

EDWARD BROOKS

NEW YEAR'S EVE AND DAY

The sole record of the observance of the New Year by the Pilgrims in the New World, named New England, was most prosaic, most brief — “We went to work betimes.” Many of the good Puritan ministers thought the celebration or even notice of the day in any way savored of improper and unchristian reverence for the heathen god Janus. Yet these English settlers came from a land where New Year's Eve and New Year's Day were second in importance and in domestic observance only to Christmas. Throughout every English county New Year's Eve was always celebrated; in many it was called by the pretty name of Singing E'en, from the custom which obtained of singing the last of the Christmas Carols at that time.

The observance in the churches of what was called by the Methodists “Watch Night,” and the ringing of the Old Year out and the New Year in, are our present American customs for New Year's Eve, and may they long continue. I think no one who has ever attended these beautiful midnight services or heard those bells — equally solemn and happy — has ever done so with indifference. Charles Lamb says:

“Of all sounds, of all bells most solemn and touching, is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it

without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelve-month. I begin to know the worth of that regretted time, as when a person dies."

Alice Morse Earle.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

The first of January, forming the accomplishment of the eight days after the birth of Christ, has been sometimes called the octave of Christmas. It is a day of universal congratulation; and one on which a general expansion of the heart takes place. Even they who have no hearts too open adopt the phraseology of those whom all genial hints call into sympathy with their fellow-creatures; and the gracious compliments of the season may be heard falling from lips on which they must surely wither in the very act of passing.

New Year's gifts still pass generally from friend to friend, and between the members of a family. It was formerly the custom for the nobles and those about the court to make presents on this day to the sovereign; who, if he were a prince with anything like a princely mind, took care that the returns which he made in kind should at least balance the cost to the subject. The custom, however, became a serious tax when the nobles had to do with a sovereign of another character; and in Elizabeth's day it was an affair of no trifling expense to maintain ground as a courtier.

A worse custom still was that of presenting gifts to the Chancellor by suitors in his court, for the purpose of influencing his judgments. The abuses of the New Year's gift practice have, however, been cleared away, and have left it what it now is, — a beautiful form for the interchanges of affection and the expression of friendship.

A NEW YEAR'S TALK

"Here I am," said the New Year, popping his head in at the door.

"Oh! there you are, eh?" replied the Old Year. "Come in, and let us have a look at you, and shut the door after you, please!"

The New Year stepped lightly in, and closed the door carefully.

"Frosty night," he said. "Fine and clear, though, I have had a delightful journey."

"Humph!" said the Old Year. "I don't expect to find it delightful, with this rheumatism racking my bones. A long, cold drive, I call it; but, to be sure, I thought it pleasant when I was your age, youngster. Is the sleigh waiting?"

"Yes," replied the other. "But there is no hurry. Wait a bit, and tell me how matters are in these parts."

"So, so!" the Old Year answered, shaking his head. "They might be better, and yet I suppose they might be worse, too. They were worse before I came; much worse, too. I have done a great deal. Now I expect you, my boy, to follow my example, and be a good year all the way through."

"I shall do my best," said the New Year, "depend upon it! And now tell me a little what there is to do."

"In the first place," replied the other, "you have the weather to attend to. To be sure, you have a clerk to help you in that, but he is not always to be depended upon; there is a great deal of work in the department. The seasons have a way of running into each other, and getting mixed, if you don't keep a sharp lookout on them; and the months are a troublesome, unruly set. Then you must be careful how you turn on wet and dry weather; your reputation depends in a great measure on that. And

one thing I want you to do very carefully; that is, to watch the leaves that are turned."

"I thought Autumn attended to that sort of thing," said his companion.

"I don't mean leaves of trees," said the Old Year. "But at the beginning of a year, half the people in the world say, 'I am going to turn over a new leaf,' meaning that they intend to behave themselves better in various respects. As a rule, leaves do not stay turned over. I know a great many little boys who promised me to turn over a new leaf in regard to tearing their clothes, and losing their jack-knives, and bringing mud into the house on their boots, and little girls who were going to keep their bureau drawers tidy and their boot buttons sewed on. But I haven't seen much improvement in most of them."

"I'll attend to it," said the New Year. "Any other suggestions?"

"Well," said the Old Year, smiling, "I have never found that young people, or young years, were very apt to profit by good advice. You must go your own way after all. Don't start any new inventions — there have been quite enough lately. Above all, take care of the children, and give them all the good weather you can conscientiously. And now," he added, rising slowly and stiffly from his seat by the fire, "the horses are getting impatient, and my time is nearly up, so I start on my long drive. You will find everything in pretty good shape, I think, though, of course, you will think me an old fogey, as perhaps I am. Well! well! good-bye, my boy! Good luck to you!"

Laura E. Richards.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN

Somehow, though the sun may have shone just as brightly on the previous day, and indeed the whole year round, yet it all seems changed and different on this, the first day of the year. It is the spirit of the New Year! This is the time of universal peace and good-will; when the inhabitants of the little empire start life anew with fine resolutions and promises for the future, and all ill-feeling done away with.

The first of January bears the significant name of Gansan, the Three Beginnings, meaning beginning of the year, beginning of the month, and beginning of the day. And to this might be added the beginning of a new and better life. What Christmas is to the Occidentals, New Year's is to the Japanese, although greetings and congratulations are not confined to the first day of the year, but may be given at any time between the first and the fifteenth.

The Japanese begin to prepare for the New Year nearly a month before, and in fact give their houses and possessions a thorough cleansing, just as the good American housewife does in the springtime. Even the very poorest people do this, laying mats of rice straw, and cleaning every nook and corner with fresh bamboo dusters and brooms, which are said to symbolize prosperity and good fortune. And after the house has been aired and cleaned, it is decorated with pine and bamboo, for the Japanese venerate both of these, because they keep green through the entire winter and symbolize longevity. The Japanese read in the most insignificant natural objects some striking significance, and there is a meaning attached to almost every decoration or ornament in the house. The outside and gardens of the houses are also beautifully decorated, to say nothing of the streets, which present a most interesting and animated spectacle.

On New Year's Eve the streets and stores are thronged with people intent on buying the requisites for the coming year. At night the streets are beautifully illuminated with lines of big lanterns, family crests, flags, shop-signs, etc., hung from every store. Many of the people remain up all night, and watch the Old Year out and the New Year in, though a few old-fashioned ones prefer the custom of rising very early in the morning to worship the first rising sun of the New Year.

ONOTO WATANNA.

REJOICING UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE

The Old Year being dead, and the New Year coming of age, which he does, by calendar law as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the Days in the year were invited. The Festivals, whom he deputed as stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below, and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty.

It was stiffly debated among them whether the Fasts should be admitted. Some said the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by Christmas Day, who had a design upon Ash Wednesday (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the old Dominie should behave himself in his cups. Only the Vigils were requested to come with their lanterns to light the gentlefolk home at night.

All the Days came. Covers were laid for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table; with an occa-

sional knife and fork at the sideboard for the Twenty-Ninth of February.

Cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the hours; twelve little merry whirligig foot pages that went round and found out the persons invited, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few such movables, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul Days, fine Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but "Hail, fellow Day! well met!" only Lady Day seemed a little scornful. Yet some said Twelfth Day cut her out, for she came all royal and glittering and Epiphanous. The rest came in green, some in white, but Old Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in dripping, and Sunshiny Days laughing. Wedding Days were there in marriage finery. Pay Day came late, and Dooms Day sent word he might be expected.

April Fool took upon himself to marshal the guests, and May Day, with that sweetness peculiar to her, proposed the health of the host. This being done, the lordly New Year, from the upper end of the table, returned thanks. Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, struck up a carol, which Christmas Day had taught him. Shrovetide, Lord Mayor's Day, and April Fool next joined in a glee, in which all the Days, chiming in, made a merry burden.

All this while Valentine's Day kept courting pretty May, who sat next him, slipping amorous *billet-doux* under the table till the Dog Days began to be jealous and to bark and rage exceedingly.

At last the Days called for their cloaks and great-coats, and took their leaves. Shortest Day went off in a deep, black fog, that wrapped the little gentleman all round. Two Vigils — so watchmen are called in Heaven — saw Christmas Day safe home; they had been used to the busi-

ness before. Another Vigil — a stout, sturdy patrol, called the Eve of St. Christopher — seeing Ash Wednesday in a condition little better than he should be, e'en whipt him over his shoulders, pic-a-pack fashion, and he went floating home singing:

“On the bat’s back do I fly,”

and a number of old snatches besides. Longest Day set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold; the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but Valentine and pretty May took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover’s Day could wish to set in.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

Again you stand at the parting of the ways, and again you must choose which road you will take. You cannot stay where you are; nothing stands still in the whole range of God’s universe. Sun, moon, and stars move onward; earth, with its winds and tides, moves; the days, the years, the centuries move on; the generations are carried irresistibly forward, and every individual life is borne on by the mighty impulsion which guides all to some supreme consummation.

In this universal sweep your life is bound up, and, struggle as you may, you cannot escape from it; indeed, to escape from it would be to separate yourself from God and to become solitary in a darkness which no sun would ever lighten again. It is only for you to choose which path you will take; you may be borne onward to larger, nobler, diviner life, or you may be swept onward to ever-increasing weakness, failure, and decline.

In every experience there is a twofold possibility: it must leave you stronger or weaker; it cannot leave you as

the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love, and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might."

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

Alone in its grandeur stands forth the character of Washington in history; alone like some peak that has no fellow in the mountain-range of greatness.

"Washington," says Guizot, "did the two greatest things which in politics it is permitted to man to attempt.

He maintained by peace the independence of his country, which he had conquered by war. He founded a free government in the name of the principles of order and by re-establishing their sway." Washington did, indeed, do these things. But he did more. Out of disconnected fragments he molded a whole, and made it a country. He achieved his country's independence by the sword. He maintained that independence by peace as by war. He finally established both his country and its freedom in an enduring frame of constitutional government, fashioned to make liberty and union one and inseparable. These four things together constitute the unexampled achievement of Washington.

The world has ratified the profound remark of Fisher Ames, that "he changed mankind's ideas of political greatness." It has approved the opinion of Edward Everett, that he was "the greatest of good men, and the best of great men." It has felt for him, with Erskine, "an awful reverence." It has attested the declaration of Brougham, that "he was the greatest man of his own or of any age."

Conquerors who have stretched your scepters over boundless territories; founders of empires who have held

your dominions in the reign of law; reformers who have cried aloud in the wilderness of oppression; teachers who have striven to cast down false doctrine, heresy, and schism; statesmen whose brains have throbbed with mighty plans for the amelioration of human society; scar-crowned vikings of the sea, illustrious heroes of the land, who have borne the standards of siege and battle, come forth in bright array from your glorious fanes, and would ye be measured by the measure of his stature? Behold you not in him a more illustrious and more venerable presence? Statesman, soldier, patriot, sage, reformer of creeds, teacher of truth and justice, achiever and preserver of liberty, the first of men, founder and savior of his country, father of his people—this is he, solitary and unapproachable in his grandeur!

Oh, felicitous Providence, that gave to America our Washington!

Drawing his sword from patriotic impulse, without ambition and without malice, he wielded it without vindictiveness and sheathed it without reproach. All that humanity could conceive he did to suppress the cruelties of war and soothe its sorrows. He never struck a coward's blow. To him age, infancy, and helplessness were ever sacred. He tolerated no extremity unless to curb the excesses of his enemy, and he never poisoned the sting of defeat by the exultation of the conqueror.

Peace he welcomed as a heaven-sent herald of friendship; and no country has given him greater honor than that which he defeated; for England has been glad to claim him as the scion of her blood, and proud, like our sister American States, to divide with Virginia the honor of producing him.

Fascinated by the perfection of the man, we are loath to break the mirror of admiration into the fragments of analysis. But, lo! as we attempt it, every fragment becomes the miniature of such sublimity and beauty that the destructive hand can only multiply the forms of immortality.

it found you. God forces no man to become good or evil, wise or foolish, strong or weak. He presents to every man, in every hour, the choice between the two. A moral purpose is cut into the very heart of the universe, and written ineffaceably on every minute of time; every day is charged with power to make or to destroy character, and you can no more escape the hourly test than you can resist the ravages of time or hide yourself from the search of death.

If you refuse opportunity, neglect duty, waste the gifts of life, you must grow weaker, smaller, more and more unhappy, by the operation of a law as inexorable as that which holds the planets in their spheres; if, on the other hand, you take hold of life resolutely, spring to its tasks with strenuous and joyous energy, pour yourself into its opportunities, meet its duties valiantly, match your strength and purpose against its trials, temptations, and losses, then the same irresistible power that laid the foundations of the universe will build you up into strength, beauty, and usefulness. You will be borne onward into an unfailing life of peace, rest and joy. The door stands open again; which way will you take?

LYMAN ABBOTT.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

—HENRY LEE.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

NO national holiday is more widely observed in America than the anniversary of the birth of George Washington, the greatest figure in her history. The day is a legal holiday in every State in the Union, save one, and is an occasion when, in home and school, at banquets, in the pulpit, on the platform, the American people love to recall the simple greatness of his character, and to glorify the deeds which made us a Nation and kept us a Republic.

George Washington was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732. He was the oldest son of Augustine Washington, by his second wife, Mary Ball. His military experience began at a very early age, in campaigns against the French and Indians, who occupied the country to the west; and at the outbreak of the Revolution, on June 15, 1775, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the American armies, a position which he held until the triumphant close of the war in 1783. In 1789 he was unanimously chosen the first President of the United States, and was unanimously re-elected four years later. He refused a third term, and in 1797 retired to his estate at Mount Vernon, where he died December 14, 1799.

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," George Washington stands as the very incarnation of the holy sentiment of patriotism. "He was

NOTE. — Selections suitable for Washington's Birthday will be found also under Independence Day, Patriots' Day, Bunker Hill Day, and Flag Day.

though it sprang in America, is no exotic. Virtue planted it and it is naturalized everywhere. I see you anticipate me — I see you concur with me, that it matters very little what immediate spot may be the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us!

In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature were endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty the pride of every model and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage!

A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword,

necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created?

“How shall we rank thee upon glory’s page,
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage?
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less than all thou hast forborne to be!”

Such, sir, is the testimony of one not to be accused of partiality in his estimate of America. Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

I have the honor, sir, of proposing to you as a toast,
“The immortal memory of George Washington.”

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Delivered at a dinner on Dinas Island, in Lake Killarney.

WASHINGTON

In his person, Washington was six feet high, and rather slender. His limbs were long; his hands were uncommonly large, his chest broad and full, his head was exactly round, and the hair brown in manhood, but gray at fifty; his forehead rather low and retreating, the nose large and massy, the mouth wide and firm, the chin square and heavy, the cheeks full and ruddy in early life. His eyes were blue and handsome, but not quick or nervous. He was stately in his bearing, reserved, distant, and apparently haughty.

Encompassed by the inviolate seas stands to-day the American Republic which he founded — a freer Greater Britain, — uplifted above the powers and principalities of the earth, even as his monument is uplifted over roof and dome and spire of the multitudinous city.

Long live the Republic of Washington! Respected by mankind, beloved of all its sons, long may it be the asylum of the poor and oppressed of all lands and religions — long may it be the citadel of that liberty which writes beneath the eagle's folded wings, "We will sell to no man, we will deny to no man, right and justice."

Long live the United States of America! Filled with the free, magnanimous spirit, crowned by the wisdom, blessed by the moderation, hovered over by the guardian angel of Washington's example, may they be ever worthy in all things to be defended by the blood of the brave who know the rights of man and shrink not from their assertion; may they be each a column, and all together, under the Constitution, a perpetual Temple of Peace, unshadowed by a Cæsar's palace, at whose altar may freely commune all who seek the union of liberty and brotherhood.

Long live our country! Oh, long through the undying ages may it stand, far removed in fact as in space from the Old World's feuds and follies, alone in its grandeur and its glory, itself the immortal monument of him whom Providence commissioned to teach man the power of truth and to prove to the nations that their redeemer liveth.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

From an oration delivered in the House of Representatives, February 21, 1885.

WASHINGTON AS A CIVILIAN

However his military fame may excite the wonder of mankind, it is chiefly by his civil magistracy that Washington's example will instruct them. Great generals have

arisen in all ages of the world, and perhaps most in those of despotism and darkness. In times of violence and convulsion, they rise, by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it and direct the storm. Like meteors, they glare on the black clouds with a splendor that, while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but the darkness. The fame of heroes is indeed growing vulgar: they multiply in every long war; they stand in history, and thicken in their ranks almost as undistinguished as their own soldiers.

But such a chief magistrate as Washington appears like the pole-star in a clear sky, to direct the skilful statesman. His presidency will form an epoch and be distinguished as the age of Washington. Already it assumes its high place in the political region. Like the milky way, it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays, and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues. As the best illustration of them, the living monument to which the first of patriots would have chosen to consign his fame, it is my earnest prayer to heaven that our country may subsist, even to that late day, in the plenitude of its liberty and happiness, and mingle its mild glory with Washington's.

From the Eulogy of Washington, 1800.

FISHER AMES.

THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON

It is the custom of your board, and a noble one it is, to deck the cup of the gay with the garland of the great; and surely, in the eyes of its deity, his grape is not the less lovely when glowing beneath the foliage of the palm tree and the myrtle. Allow me to add one flower to the chaplet, which,

clamorous with bedizened booths and noisy speech, into some cool and shaded wood where straight to heaven some majestic oak lifts its tall form, its roots embedded deep among the unchanging rocks, its upper branches sweeping the upper airs and holding high commune with the stars; and, as we think of him for whom we here thank God, we say: "Such a one, in native majesty he was, a ruler, wise and strong and fearless, in the sight of God and men, because by the ennobling grace of God he had learned, first of all, to conquer every mean and selfish and self-seeking aim, and so to rule himself!" For —

"What are numbers knit
By force or custom? Man who man would be
Must rule the empire of himself — in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
Of vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone."

Such was the hero, leader, ruler, patriot, whom we gratefully remember on this day. We may not reproduce his age, his young environment, nor him. But none the less may we rejoice that once he lived and led this people, "led them and ruled them prudently," like him, that kingly Ruler and Shepherd of whom the psalmist sang, "with all his power." God give us the grace to prize his grand example, and, as we may in our more modest measure, to reproduce his virtues.

HENRY CODMAN POTTER.

From address delivered at St. Paul's Chapel, New York City, April 30, 1889.

WASHINGTON'S COMMON-SENSE

Common sense was eminently a characteristic of Washington; so called, not because it is so very common a trait of character of public men, but because it is the final judgment on great practical questions to which the mind of the

community is pretty sure eventually to arrive. Few qualities of character in those who influence the fortunes of nations are so conducive both to stability and progress. But it is a quality which takes no hold of the imagination; it inspires no enthusiasm; it wins no favor; it is well if it can stand its ground against the plausible absurdities, the hollow pretenses, the stupendous impostures of the day.

I believe, as I do in my existence, that it was an important part in the design of Providence in raising Washington up to be a leader of the Revolutionary struggle, and afterwards the first President of the United States, to rebuke prosperous ambition and successful intrigue; to set before the people of America, in the morning of their national existence, a living example to prove that armies may be best conducted, and governments most ably and honorably administered, by men of sound moral principle; to teach to gifted and aspiring individuals and the parties they lead, that, though a hundred crooked paths may conduct to a temporary success, the one plain and straight path of public and private virtue can alone lead to a pure and lasting fame and the blessings of posterity.

EDWARD EVERETT.

From address on the Character of Washington.

THE GLORY OF WASHINGTON

To Americans the name of Washington will be forever dear,—a savor of sweet incense, descending to every succeeding generation. The things which he has done are too great, too interesting, ever to be forgotten. Every object which we see, every employment in which we are engaged, every comfort which we enjoy, reminds us daily of his character.

Every ship bears the fruit of his labors on its wings and exultingly spreads its streamers to his honor. The

Shy among women, he was not a great talker in any company, but a careful observer and listener. He read the natural temper of men, but not always aright. He seldom smiled. Like many grave persons, he was fond of jokes, and loved humorous stories. He hated drunkenness, gaming, and tobacco. He had a hearty love of farming and of private life.

There was nothing of the politician in him, — no particle of cunning. He was one of the most industrious of men. Not an elegant or accurate writer, he yet took great pains with style, and after the Revolution carefully corrected the letters he had written in the time of the French War, more than thirty years before.

He was no orator, like Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, and others, who had great influence in American affairs. He never made a speech. The public papers were drafted for him, and he read them when the occasion came.

It has been said that Washington was not a great soldier; but certainly he created an army out of the roughest materials, out-generated all that Britain could send against him, and in the midst of poverty and distress, organized victory. He was not brilliant and rapid. He was slow, defensive, victorious. He made "an empty bag stand upright" which Franklin says "is hard."

Some men command the world, or hold its admiration by their ideas or by their intellect. Washington had neither original ideas nor a deeply cultured mind. He commands by his integrity, by his justice. He loved power by instinct, and strong government by reflective choice. Twice he was made Dictator, with absolute power, and never abused the awful and despotic trust. The monarchic soldiers and civilians would make him king. He trampled on their offer, and went back to his fields of corn at Mount Vernon.

Cromwell is the greatest Anglo-Saxon who was ever a

ruler on a large scale. In intellect he was superior to Washington; in integrity, immeasurable below him. For one thousand years no king in Christendom has shown such greatness, or given us so high a type of manly virtue. He never dissembled. He sought nothing for himself. In him there was no unsound spot, nothing little or mean in his character. The whole was clean and presentable. We think better of manhood because he lived, adorning the earth with a life so noble. His glory already covers the continent. More than two hundred places bear his name. He is revered as the father of his country. The people are his memorial.

THEODORE PARKER.

THE FAME OF WASHINGTON

The Republic may perish; the wide arch of our raised Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone after stone its columns and its capitol may molder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongue shall anywhere plead, for a sure, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues shall prolong the fame, of George Washington.

R. C. WINTHROP.

At the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington monument.

THE NAME OF WASHINGTON

Out from airs dense and foul with the coarse passions and coarser rivalries of self-seeking men, we turn aside as from the crowd and glare of some vulgar highway, swarming with pushing and ill-bred throngs, and tawdry and

SOME MAXIMS OF WASHINGTON

Think before you speak.

Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

Speak no evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy.

Detract not from others, but neither be excessive in commanding.

Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any one.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your reputation.

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

MEMORIAL DAY

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round, the bivouac of the dead."
— THEODORE O'HARA.

THE ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY

IN most of the Northern States of the Union, May 30 is set apart by statute as a day for decorating the graves of the soldiers who fell in the Civil War, and for holding exercises in their memory, in order that their sufferings and heroisms may never be forgotten.

The custom of strewing flowers on the graves originated in the South. Two years after the close of the Rebellion, there appeared in the New York *Tribune* an item stating that "the women of Columbus, Mississippi, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the national soldiers." A thrill of tenderness ran through the North, admirably expressed in Francis Miles Finch's verses, "The Blue and the Gray," which this little item inspired.

But not for some years was there any general observance of this beautiful custom at the North. Finally, early in May, 1868, General John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued an order in which the thirtieth day of May was set apart "for the purpose of strewing with flowers, or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country

NOTE. — Selections appropriate for Memorial Day will be found under Flag Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Emancipation Day, John Brown, and under Grant, Sherman, Garfield, and other Civil War generals.

student meets him in the still and peaceful walk; the traveler sees him in all the smiling and prosperous scenes of his journey; and our whole country, in her thrift, order, safety, and morals, bears inscribed in sunbeams, on all her hills and plains, the name and glory of Washington.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

THE WORDS OF WASHINGTON

Washington! Methinks I see his venerable form now before me. He is dignified and grave; but concern and anxiety seem to soften the lineaments of his countenance. The government over which he presides is yet in the crisis of experiment. Not free from troubles at home, he sees the world in commotion and arms all around him. He sees that imposing foreign powers are half disposed to try the strength of the recently established American government. Mighty thoughts, mingled with fears as well as with hopes, are struggling within him. He heads a short procession over these then naked fields; he crosses yonder stream on a fallen tree; he ascends to the top of this eminence, whose original oaks of the forest stand as thick around him as if the spot had been devoted to Druidical worship, and here he performs the appointed duty of the day.

And now, if this vision were a reality; if Washington now were actually amongst us, and if he could draw around him the shades of the great public men of his own day, patriots and warriors, orators and statesmen, and were to address us in their presence, would he not say to us:

“Ye men of this generation, I rejoice and thank God for being able to see that our labors, and toils, and sacrifices, were not in vain. You are prosperous, you are happy, you are grateful. The fire of liberty burns brightly and steadily in your hearts, while duty and the law restrain it from bursting forth in wild and destructive conflagration.

Cherish liberty, as you love it; cherish its securities, as you wish to preserve it. Maintain the Constitution which we labored so painfully to establish, and which has been to you such a source of inestimable blessings. Preserve the Union of the States, cemented as it was by our prayers, our tears, and our blood. Be true to God, to your country, and to your duty. So shall the whole Eastern world follow the morning sun, to contemplate you as a nation; so shall all generations honor you, as they honor us; and so shall that Almighty power which so graciously protected us, and which now protects you, shower its everlasting blessings upon you and your posterity!"

Great Father of your country! We need your words; we feel their force, as if you now uttered them with lips of flesh and blood. Your example teaches us, your affectionate addresses teach us, your public life teaches us, your sense of the value of the blessings of the Union. Those blessings our fathers have tasted, and we have tasted, and still taste. Nor do we intend that those who come after us shall be denied the same high function. Our honor, as well as our happiness, is concerned. We cannot, we dare not, we will not, betray our sacred trust. We will not filch from posterity the treasure placed in our hands to be transmitted to other generations. The bow that gilds the clouds in the heavens, the pillars that uphold the firmament, may disappear and fall away in the hour appointed by the will of God; but, until that day comes, or so long as our lives may last, no ruthless hand shall undermine that bright arch of Union and Liberty which spans the continent from Washington to California!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the new wing of the Capitol at Washington, July 4, 1851.

during the late rebellion." He added that "It is the purpose of the commander-in-chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of the departed."

This purpose has been achieved. The State legislatures soon took up the idea, and the day is now a legal holiday through practically the whole North.

The South has no general Memorial Day. April 26 is observed in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and Mississippi; May 10 in North and South Carolina; May 30 in Virginia; and June 3 in Louisiana.

OUR HONORED DEAD

How bright are the honors which await those who, with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience, have endured all things that they might save their native land from division and from the power of corruption! The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be, ere long, in every village and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead — that generous host; that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Neither are they less honored who shall bear through life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Neither epaulette nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So strange is the transforming power of patriotic ardor that men shall almost covet disfigurement. Crowds will give way to hobbling cripples, and uncover in the presence of feebleness and helplessness. And buoyant children shall pause in their noisy games, and with loving reverence honor those whose hands can work no more, and whose feet are no longer able to march except upon that journey which brings good men to honor and immortality. Oh, mother of lost children! sit not in darkness nor sorrow whom a nation honors. Oh, mourners of the early dead, they shall live again, and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness! The nation lives because you gave it men that love it better than their own lives. And when a few more days shall have cleared the perils from around the nation's brow, and she shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth upon her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the

springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

DECORATION DAY

How quickly Nature takes possession of a deserted battlefield, and goes to work repairing the ravages of man! With invisible magic hand she smooths the rough earthworks, fills the rifle-pits with delicate flowers, and wraps the splintered tree-trunks with her fluent drapery of tendrils. Soon the whole sharp outline of the spot is lost in unremembering grass. Where the deadly rifle-ball whistled through the foliage, the robin or the thrush pipes its tremulous note; and where the menacing shell described its curve through the air, a harmless crow flies in circles. Season after season the gentle work goes on, healing the wounds and rents made by the merciless enginery of war, until at last the once hotly contested battle-ground differs from none of its quiet surroundings, except, perhaps, that here the flowers take a richer tint and the grasses a deeper emerald.

It is thus the battle lines may be obliterated by Time, but there are left other and more lasting relics of the struggle. That dinted army saber, with a bit of faded crêpe knotted at its hilt, which hangs over the mantel-piece of the "best room" of many a town and country house in these States, is one; and the graven headstone of the fallen hero is another. The old swords will be treasured and handed down from generation to generation as priceless heirlooms, and with them, let us trust, will be cherished the custom of dressing with annual flowers the resting-places of those who fell during the Civil War.

With the tears a Land hath shed
Their graves should ever be green.

Ever their fair, true glory
Fondly should fame rehearse,—
Light of legend and story,
Flower of marble and verse.

The impulse which led us to set apart a day for decorating the graves of our soldiers sprung from the grieved heart of the nation, and in our own time there is little chance of the rite being neglected. But the generations that come after us should not allow the observance to fall into disuse. What with us is an expression of fresh love and sorrow should be with them an acknowledgment of an incalculable debt.

Decoration Day is the most beautiful of our national holidays. How different from those sullen batteries which used to go rumbling through our streets are the crowds of light carriages, laden with flowers and greenery, wending their way to the neighboring cemeteries! The grim cannon have turned into palm branches, and the shell and shrapnel into peach blooms. There is no hint of war in these gay baggage trains, except the presence of men in undress uniforms, and perhaps here and there an empty sleeve to remind one of what has been. Year by year that empty sleeve is less in evidence.

The observance of Decoration Day is unmarked by that disorder and confusion common enough with our people in their holiday moods. The earlier sorrow has faded out of the hour, leaving a softened solemnity. It quickly ceased to be simply a local commemoration. While the sequestered country churchyards and burial-places near our great northern cities were being hung with May garlands, the thought could not but come to us that there were graves lying southward above which bent a grief as tender and sacred as our own. Invisibly we dropped unseen

flowers upon these mounds. There is a beautiful significance in the fact that, two years after the close of the war, the women of Columbus, Mississippi, laid their offerings alike on Northern and Southern graves. When all is said, the great Nation has but one heart.

From "Ponkapog Papers."

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE CONFLICT ENDED

The conflict is over! Day by day the material evidences of war fade from sight; the bastions sink to the level of the ground which surrounded them; scarp and counterscarp meet in the ditch which divided them. So let them pass away, forever!

To-day it is the highest duty of all, no matter on what side they were, but, above all, of those who have struggled for the preservation of the Union, to strive that it become one of generous confidence, in which all the States shall, as of old, stand shoulder to shoulder, if need be, against the world in arms. Towards those with whom we were lately in conflict, and who recognize that the results are to be kept inviolate, there should be no feeling of resentment or bitterness. They join with us in the wish to make of this regenerated Union a power grander and more august than the founders ever dared to hope.

All true men are with the South in demanding for her, peace, order, good and honest governments, and encouraging in her the work of rebuilding all that has been made desolate. We need not doubt the issue. With the fire of her ancient courage, she will gird herself up to the emergencies of her new situation. Standing always in generous remembrance of every section of the Union, neither now nor hereafter will we distinguish between States or sections, in our anxiety for the glory and happiness of all.

Together will we utter our solemn aspiration, in the spirit of the motto of the city which now encloses within its limits the battle-field, and town for which the battle was fought: "As God was to our fathers, so may He be to us."

CHARLES DEVENS.

From address delivered at Charlestown, Mass., June 17, 1875.

"BELLIGERENT NON-COMBATANTS"

It is related of General Scott that when asked, in 1861, the probable length of the then Civil War, he answered, "The conflict of arms will last five years; but will be followed by twenty years of angry strife, by the 'belligerent non-combatants.'"

Wars are usually made by civilians, bold and defiant in the forum; but when the storm comes, they go below, and leave their innocent comrades to catch the "peltings of the pitiless storm." Of the half-million of brave fellows whose graves have this day been strewn with flowers, not one in a thousand had the remotest connection with the causes of the war which led to their untimely death. I now hope and beg that all good men, North and South, will unite in real earnest to repair the mistakes and wrongs of the past; will persevere in the common effort to make this great land of ours to blossom as the garden of Eden!

I invoke all to heed well the lessons of this "Decoration Day," to weave each year a fresh garland for the grave of some beloved comrade or hero, and to rebuke any and all who talk of civil war, save as the "last dread tribunal of kings and peoples."

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

From Decoration Day Address, New York, May 30, 1878

THE GRAVES OF OUR DEAD

As we cover the graves of the heroic dead with flowers, the past rises before us like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle. We hear the sounds of preparation — the music of the boisterous drums — the silver voices of heroic bugles. We hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them apart from those they love.

We see them all as they march proudly away, under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild music of war — marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns, and across the prairies, to do and to die for the eternal right. We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We see them pierced with balls and torn by shells, in the trenches by the forts and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel. We are at home when the news reaches us that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

Those heroes are dead. They sleep under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless place of rest. Earth may run red with other wars — they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of the conflict, they found the serenity of death. I

have one sentiment for the soldiers, living and dead —
cheers for the living, tears for the dead.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

OUR HEROES

The heart swells with unwonted emotion when we remember our sons and brothers, whose constant valor has sustained on the field the cause of our country, of civilization, and liberty. On the ocean, on the rivers, on the land, on the heights where they thundered down from the clouds of Lookout Mountain the defiance of the skies, they have graven with their swords a record imperishable.

The Muse herself demands the lapse of silent years to soften, by the influence of time, her too keen and poignant realization of the scenes of War, — the pathos, the heroism, the fierce joy, the grief of battle. But during the ages to come she will brood over their memory. Into the hearts of her consecrated priests she will breathe the inspirations of lofty and undying beauty, sublimity, and truth, in all the glowing forms of speech, of literature, and plastic art. By the homely traditions of the fireside, by the headstones in the churchyard consecrated to those whose forms repose far off in rude graves, or sleep beneath the sea, embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations of parents and children, the heroic dead will live on in immortal youth.

The bell which rang out the Declaration of Independence has found at last a voice articulate, to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." It has been heard across oceans, and has modified the sentiments of cabinets and kings. The people of the Old World have heard it, and their hearts stop to catch the last whisper of its echoes. The poor slave has heard it; and with bounding joy, tempered by the mystery of relig-

ion, he worships and adores. The waiting continent has heard it, and already foresees the fulfilled prophecy, when she will sit "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by their resistible Genius of Universal Emancipation."

JOHN ALBION ANDREW.

THE NATION'S DEAD

We are assembled, my countrymen, to commemorate the patriotism and valor of the brave men who died to save the Union. The season brings its tribute to the scene; pays its homage to the dead; inspires the living. There are images of tranquillity all about us: in the calm sunshine upon the ridges; in the tender shadows that creep along the streams; in the waving grass and grain that mark God's love and bounty; in the flowers that bloom over the many, many graves. There is peace everywhere in this land to-day.

"Peace on the open seas,
In all our sheltered bays and ample streams,
Peace where e'er our starry banner gleams,
And peace in every breeze."

The war is over. It is for us to bury its passions with its dead; to bury them beneath a monument raised by the American people to American manhood and the American system, in order that "the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The Union is indeed restored, when the hands that pulled that flag down come willingly and lovingly to put it up again. I come with a full heart and a steady hand to salute the flag that floats above me — my flag and your flag — the flag of the Union — the flag of the free heart's hope and home — the star-spangled banner of our fathers

— the flag that, uplifted triumphantly over a few brave men, has never been obscured, destined by the God of the universe to waft on its ample folds the eternal song of freedom to all mankind, emblem of the power on earth which is to exceed that of which it was said the sun never went down.

The hundreds of thousands who fell on both sides did not die in vain. The power, the divine power, which made for us a garden of swords, sowing the land broadcast with sorrow, will reap thence for us, and for the ages, a nation truly divine; a nation of freedom and of free men; where tolerance shall walk hand in hand with religion, while civilization points out to patriotism the many open highways to human right and glory.

HENRY WATTERSON.

From address delivered at the National Cemetery, Nashville, Tenn., Decoration Day, 1877.

THE LEGACY OF CONFLICT

The captains and the armies who, after long years of dreary campaigning and bloody, stubborn fighting, brought to a close the Civil War, have left us even more than a reunited realm. The material effect of what they did is shown in the fact that the same flag flies from the Great Lakes to the Rio Grande, and all the people of the United States are richer because they are one people and not many, because they belong to one great nation and not to a contemptible knot of struggling nationalities.

But besides this, besides the material results of the Civil War, we are all, North and South, incalculably richer for its memories. We are the richer for each grim campaign, for each hard-fought battle. We are the richer for valor displayed alike by those who fought so valiantly for the right, and by those who, no less valiantly, fought for what

they deemed the right. We have in us nobler capacities for what is great and good because of the infinite woe and suffering and because of the splendid ultimate triumph.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

From "American Ideals."

DECORATION DAY

"Wave the flag once more before my eyes!" said a dying color-bearer as he found himself sinking into the last sleep. "The dear old flag never touched the ground," said another soldier sinking on the ramparts of Wagner. To them the starry folds of the bunting they bore were an emblem of an undivided country, a symbol of glory and honor dearer to them than life itself. Such is the inspiring influence of intelligent, heroic loyalty. It is far nobler than mere physical hardihood, purer than the selfish sentiment of personal friendship, and therefore a more enduring and transforming power. Keep, then, the flag of the nation waving before our eyes; in other words, make conspicuous the principles of which it is the emblazonry, fealty to truth, to honor, to liberty and law. Let partisan zeal and mere personal aggrandizement be forgotten in the pursuit of the highest aims. Let the spirit of Abraham Lincoln be ours, who, in 1858 — standing at Alton, where Lovejoy had fallen a martyr to freedom — said, "Think nothing of me; take no thought for the political fate of any man whatsoever, but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence. You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, but *you may take me and put me to death!* I am nothing. Judge Douglas is nothing; but do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity — the Declaration of Independence."

It is with prophetic ken when, at Philadelphia, he re-

asserts his fealty to this same supreme law: "If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would be *assassinated on the spot!*" Then he repeated again his calm, serious, intelligent consecration to the cause of Liberty and Union in these closing words: "I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of the Almighty God, *to die by!*"

That was heroism, lofty, sublime, god-like heroism. It was grander far than the heroism of the battle-field, where mere brutal courage plays an important part; where revenge is sometimes fired by pain and sight of blood; where there is the wild enthusiasm of numbers massed under the lead of magnetic men; where there are thrilling battle-songs poured forth from bearded lips, joined with clang of cymbals, blare of trumpets, beat of drum; and where, amid booming cannon, ringing saber, and rattling shell, the soldier forgets fatigue, pain, even life itself, in the delirium of the hour. This defiance of death is heroic; this valor, audacity, and gallantry, worthy of praise; but it ranks lower than this serene quietude of soul that is born of humble, holy faith, which sustains one without these added supports.

Our hero-dead are lying in a thousand burial-places from Maine to Louisiana. Peace reigns. But is there not still an unended contest of ideas? Are not the great tutelar forces of a Christian civilization in earnest conflict with hostile influences? Have we been wholly victorious over partisan hatred, the prejudice of caste, of color and of clan? Can any party show a wholly clean record? Its leaders a purely disinterested and patriotic purpose? Are there no ominous tendencies at work in the rapid growth of our material wealth and in the importation of alien and destructive elements?

We have scattered our floral tributes to-day over the graves of the patriotic dead. These frail mementos of

affection will soon wither, but let not the memory of these martyrs fail to inspire in us a purer, holier life! The roll-call brings to mind their faces and their deeds. They were faithful to the end. The weary march, the bivouac, the battle are still remembered by the survivors. But your line, comrades, is growing slenderer every year. One by one you will drop out of the ranks, and other hands may ere long strew your grave with flowers as you have done to-day in yonder cemetery. When mustered in the last grand review, with all the veterans and heroes of earth, may each receive with jubilant heart the Great Commander's admiring tribute "Well done!" and become with Him partaker of a felicity that is enduring and triumphant!

E. P. THWING.

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER

You of the North have had drawn for you with a master's hand the picture of your returning armies. You have heard how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war — an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor?

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was the testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old

Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find — let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half as much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

He finds his house in ruins, his farms devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do — this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches, into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering. In the record of her social, industrial, and political evolution, we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

HENRY W. GRADY.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

"Hail! Independence, hail! Heaven's next best gift
To that of life and an immortal soul!"

— JAMES THOMSON.

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOLIDAY

AMONG all the holidays of the year, one stands out as pre-eminently American; one appeals especially to that sentiment of patriotism and national pride which glows in every loyal American heart. Independence Day — the Fourth of July — is observed in every State in the Union as our distinctive national holiday; and rightly so, for the event which it celebrates is by far the most important in American history — an event no less, indeed, than the birth of the nation.

Independence Day celebrates the signing, on the Fourth of July, 1776, of the paper which declared this country forever free from British rule. It had been under consideration for some time by the Continental Congress, assembled at Philadelphia, and final action was finally taken on July 4. From that time forward, the American colonists were no longer rebels in arms against their country, but a free people fighting for their independence.

That the Declaration of Independence was mainly the work of Thomas Jefferson has been established beyond reasonable doubt; and it stands to-day one of the most remarkable state papers in the history of the world.

At the time of the passage of the act, John Adams wrote

NOTE. — Selections suited to Independence Day will be found also under Washington's Birthday, Flag Day, Patriots' Day, Bunker Hill Day, and under Henry, Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, and other statesmen of the Revolutionary period.

to his wife a letter which has become historic. "I am apt to believe," he wrote, "that this day will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore."

Bonfires and guns there have been without limit; and the deaths that have resulted from these celebrations would form no inconsiderable fraction of those lost during the Revolution. For years, the celebration of this great holiday has consisted mainly of meaningless noise; but there is a steadily growing sentiment in favor of a more worthy observance of the day, as a time when every loyal American should rejoice in the welfare of his country, and recall with pride the manner in which the Nation was established.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there is a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest and our good she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his life and his own honor? Are not you, Sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you

not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port-Bill, and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we mean to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence than consent, by repealing her Acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppres-

sion. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, why, then, Sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through the struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British King, set before them the gloriousness of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington.

ton and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so; be it so! If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least, the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the Sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it: And I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

AMERICA'S NATAL DAY

The United States is the only country with a known birthday. All the rest began, they know not when, and grew into power, they know not how. If there had been no Independence Day, England and America combined would not be so great as each actually is. There is no "Republican," no "Democrat," on the Fourth of July,— all are Americans. All feel that their country is greater than party.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

THE LIBERTY BELL

On July the fourth, 1776, the representatives of the American people gathered at the State House in Philadelphia to take final action upon the Declaration of Independence, which had been under discussion for three days.

It was soon known throughout the city; and in the morning, before Congress assembled, the streets were filled with excited men, some gathered in groups engaged in eager discussion, and others moving toward the State House. All business was forgotten in the momentous crisis which the country had now reached. No sooner had the members taken their seats than the multitude gathered in a dense mass around the entrance. The bellman mounted to the belfry, to be ready to proclaim the joyful tidings of freedom as soon as the final vote was passed. A bright-eyed boy was stationed below to give the signal.

Around the bell, brought from England, had been cast, more than twenty years before, the prophetic motto: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." Although its loud clang had often sounded over the city, the proclamation engraved on its iron lip had never yet been spoken aloud.

It was expected that the final vote would be taken without delay; but hour after hour wore on, and no report came from the mysterious hall where the fate of a continent was in suspense. The multitude grew impatient. The old man leaned over the railing, straining his eye downward, till his heart misgave him, and hope yielded to fear. But at length, about two o'clock, the door of the hall opened, and a voice exclaimed, "It has passed!"

The word leaped like lightning from lip to lip, followed by huzzas that shook the building. The boy-sentinel turned to the belfry, clapped his hands, and shouted, "Ring! ring!" The desponding bellman, electrified into life by the joyful news, seized the iron tongue, and hurled it backward and forward with a clang that startled every heart in Philadelphia like a bugle blast.

"Clang! Clang!" the bell of Liberty resounded on, higher and clearer and more joyous, blending in its deep and thrilling vibration, and proclaiming in loud and long accents over all the land the motto that encircled it.

J. T. HADLEY.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

To the Patriots, the Declaration gave strength and courage. It gave them a definite purpose, — and a name and object commensurate with the cost. When it was formally read by the magistracy from the halls of justice and in the public marts, by the officers of the army at the head of their divisions, by the clergy from their pulpits, its grandeur impressed the popular imagination. The American people pronounced it a fit instrument clothed in fitting words. The public enthusiasm burst forth, sometimes in gay and festive, and sometimes in solemn and religious observances — as the Cavalier or Puritan taste predominated.

In the Southern and Middle cities and villages, the riotous populace tore down the images of monarchs and Colonial governors and dragged them with ropes round their necks through the streets — cannon thundered, bonfires blazed — the opulent feasted, drank toasts, and joined in hilarious celebrations. In New England, the grimmer joy manifested itself in prayers and sermons, and in religious rites.

HENRY T. RANDALL.

HOROLOGE OF LIBERTY

"The world heard: the battle of Lexington — one; the Declaration of Independence — two; the surrender of Burgoyne — three; the siege of Yorktown — four; the treaty of Paris — five; the inauguration of Washington — six; and then it was the sunrise of a new day, of which we have seen yet only the glorious forenoon."

FOURTH OF JULY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

To all true men the birthday of a nation must always be a sacred thing. For in our modern thought the nation is the making-place of men. Not by the traditions of its history, nor by the splendor of its corporate achievements, nor by the abstract excellence of its Constitution, but by its fitness to make men, to beget and educate human character, to contribute to the complete humanity the perfect man that is to be, — by this alone each nation must be judged to-day. The nations are the golden candlesticks which hold aloft the glory of the Lord. No candlestick can be so rich or venerable that men shall honor it if it hold no candle. "Show us your man," land cried to land.

It is not for me to glorify to-night the country which I

love with all my heart and soul. I may not ask your praise for anything admirable which the United States has been or done. But on my country's birthday I may do something far more solemn and more worthy of the hour. I may ask for your prayers in her behalf: that on the manifold and wondrous chance which God is giving her, — on her freedom (for she is free, since the old stain of slavery was washed out in blood); on her unconstrained religious life; on her passion for education and her eager search for truth; on her zealous care for the poor man's rights and opportunities; on her quiet homes where the future generations of men are growing; on her manufactories and her commerce; on her wide gates open to the east and to the west; on her strange meeting of the races out of which a new race is slowly being born; on her vast enterprise and her illimitable hopefulness, — on all these materials and machineries of manhood, on all that the life of my country must mean for humanity, I may ask you to pray that the blessing of God, the Father of man, and Christ, the Son of man, may rest forever.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

July 4, 1880.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC

In the fulness of time, a Republic rose up in the wilderness of America. Thousands of years had passed away before this child of the ages could be born. From whatever there was of good in the systems of former centuries she drew her nourishment; the wrecks of the past were her warnings. With the deepest sentiment of faith fixed in her inmost nature, she disenthralled religion from bondage to temporal power, that her worship might be worship only in spirit and in truth.

The wisdom which had passed from India through Greece, with what Greece had added of her own; the juris-

prudence of Rome; the mediæval municipalities; the Teutonic method of representation, the political experience of England, the benignant wisdom of the expositors of the law of nature and of nations in France and Holland, all shed on her their selectest influence. She washed the gold of political wisdom from the sands wherever it was found; she cleft it from the rocks; she gleaned it among ruins. Out of all the discoveries of statesmen and sages, out of all the experience of past human life, she compiled a perennial political philosophy, the primordial principles of national ethics.

The wise men of Europe sought the best government in a mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; and America went behind these names to extract from them the vital elements of social forms, and blend them harmoniously in the free Commonwealth, which comes nearest to the illustration of the natural equality of all men. She entrusted the guardianship of established rights to law; the movements of reform to the spirit of the people, and drew her force from the happy reconciliation of both.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

THE CHARACTER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

This immortal State paper, which for its composer was the aurora of enduring fame, was "the genuine effusion of the soul of the country at that time," the revelation of its mind, when, in its youth, its enthusiasm, its sublime confronting of danger, it rose to the highest creative powers of which man is capable. The bill of rights which it promulgates is of rights that are older than human institutions, and spring from the eternal justice that is anterior to the State.

Two political theories divided the world: one founded the Commonwealth on the reason of State, the policy of expediency; the other on the immutable principles of morals. The new Republic, as it took its place among the powers of the world, proclaimed its faith in the truth and reality and unchangeableness of freedom, virtue, and right.

The heart of Jefferson, in writing the declaration, and of Congress in adopting it, beat for all humanity; the assertion of right was made for the entire world of mankind, and all coming generations, without any exception whatever; for the proposition which admits of exceptions can never be self-evident. As it was put forth in the name of the ascendant people of that time, it was sure to make the circuit of the world, passing everywhere through the despotic countries of Europe; and the astonished nations, as they read that all men are created equal, started out of their lethargy, like those who have been exiles from childhood, when they suddenly hear the dimly remembered accents of their mother tongue.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE NATION

This is that day of the year which announced to mankind the great fact of American Independence! This fresh and brilliant morning blesses our vision with another beholding of the birthday of our Nation; and we see that Nation, of recent origin, now among the most considerable and powerful, and spreading from sea to sea over the continent.

On the Fourth Day of July, 1776, the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, declared that these Colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent States. This declaration, made by most patriotic and resolute men, trusting in the justice of their

cause and the protection of Heaven,— and yet not without deep solicitude and anxiety,— has now stood for seventy-five years. It was sealed in blood. It has met dangers and overcome them. It has had detractors, and abashed them all. It has had enemies, and conquered them. It has had doubting friends, but it has cleared all doubts away; and now, to-day, raising its august form higher than the clouds, twenty millions of people contemplate it with hallowed love, and the world beholds it, and the consequences that have followed from it, with profound admiration.

This anniversary animates and gladdens all American hearts. On other days of the year we may be party men, indulging in controversies more or less important to the public good. We may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences, often with warm, and sometimes with angry feelings. But to-day we are Americans all; and all, nothing but Americans.

As the great luminary over our heads, dissipating fogs and mist, now cheers the whole atmosphere, so do the associations connected with this day disperse all sullen and cloudy weather in the minds and feelings of true Americans. Every man's heart swells within him. Every man's port and bearing becomes somewhat more proud and lofty as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of Liberty is still his, — his, undiminished and unimpaired; his, in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, his to transmit to future generations.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

From address delivered July 4, 1851, at laying the corner-stone of the new wing of the Capitol.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The Declaration of Independence! The interest which in that paper has survived the occasion upon which it was issued, the interest which is of every age and every clime, the interest which quickens with the lapse of years, spreads as it grows old, and brightens as it recedes, is in the principles which it proclaims. It was the first solemn declaration by a nation of the only legitimate foundation of civil government.

It was the corner-stone of a new fabric, destined to cover the surface of the globe. It demolished at a stroke the lawfulness of all governments founded upon conquest. It swept away all the rubbish of accumulated centuries of servitude. It announced in practical form to the world the transcendent truth of the inalienable sovereignty of the people. It proved that the social compact was no figment of the imagination, but a real, solid, and sacred bond of the social union.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

FACING THE FUTURE

The times that tried men's souls are over, and the greatest and completest revolution the world ever knew is gloriously and happily accomplished. To see it in our power to make a world happy, to teach mankind the art of being so, to exhibit on the theater of the universe a character hitherto unknown, and to have, as it were, a new creation intrusted to our hands, are honors that command reflection, and can neither be too highly estimated nor too gratefully received.

Never had a country so many openings to happiness as this. Her setting out in life, like the rising of a fair morning, was unclouded and promising. Her cause was good,

her principles just and liberal, her temper serene and firm. Her conduct was regulated by the nicest steps, and everything about her wore the mark of honor.

It is not every country — perhaps there is not another in the world — that can boast so fair an origin. Rome, once the proud mistress of the universe, was originally a band of ruffians; but America need never be ashamed to tell her birth, nor relate the stages by which she rose to empire. The remembrance, then, of what is past, if it operates rightly, must inspire her with the most laudable of all ambition, — that of adding to the fair fame she began with. The world has seen her great in adversity; let then the world see that she can bear prosperity, and that her honest virtue in time of peace is equal to the bravest virtue in time of war.

THOMAS PAINÉ.

LABOR DAY

"No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!"

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE HISTORY OF LABOR DAY

THE idea of an American holiday consecrated to the cause of Labor seems to have been born in Boston, but to Matthew Maguire, Secretary of the Central Labor Union of New York City, belongs the credit for first actually putting the idea into execution. In 1882 he corresponded with the various other labor organizations in the State about the matter, and finally the first Monday in September was chosen as Labor's Holiday.

The celebration was so successful that the idea was taken up by labor organizations in other States, it was endorsed by the National federations, and in State after State the first Monday in September was decreed a legal holiday. In 1894 Congress passed a bill making the day a legal public holiday, defining it as "the day celebrated and known as 'Labor's Holiday.'"

The moral effect of this declaration was to bring about a general observance of the day in nearly all the States of the Union. It was formerly marked by great parades, but these have been abandoned except in the largest cities, and the day is observed generally merely as a day of rest.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR

There is dignity in toil; in toil of the hand as well as toil of the head; in toil to provide for the bodily wants of an individual life, as well as in toil to promote some enterprise of world-wide fame. All labor that tends to supply man's wants, to increase man's happiness, in a word, all labor that is honest, is honorable too.

The Dignity of Labor! Consider its achievements. Dismayed by no difficulty, shrinking from no exertion, exhausted by no struggle, "clamorous Labor knocks with its hundred hands at the golden gate of the morning," obtaining each day, through succeeding centuries, fresh benefactions for the world.

Labor clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose. Labor drives the plow, and scatters the seeds, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves them into raiment, soft, and warm, and beautiful — the purple robe of the prince and the gray gown of the peasant being alike its handiwork. Labor molds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome.

Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal, to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of habitations to defy the winter's cold. Labor explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks, extracting the gold, the silver, the copper, and the tin. Labor smelts the iron, and molds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament. Labor cuts down the gnarled oak, and hews the timber and builds the ship, and guides it

over the deep, bearing to our shores the produce of every clime.

Labor, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountains, with its dark tunnel, blasting rocks, filling hollows, and linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth.

Labor, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountain slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheel whirls round; the town appears; the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbor. Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service; Art, awakening, clothes its strength with beauty; Civilization smiles; Liberty is glad; Humanity rejoices; Piety exults; for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every side.

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Work for some hope, be it ever so lowly;
Work for all labor is noble and holy!"

NEWMAN HALL.

THE SACREDNESS OF WORK

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sort of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends

himself with free valor against his task; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off in their caves. The glow of labor in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burned up; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of fact thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work the possibilities are diffused through immensity, undiscoverable, except to faith.

Man, son of heaven! Is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity, the sacred band of immortals.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE LAW OF LABOR

Life, as a rule, is all work. The drone of a hive must die. A symmetrical life is one that has realized success through struggle and victory. Pleasure is but a style of rest to body or brain, and is the balm which soothes the strain of labor, and not only refreshes the worker, but gives new zest to work itself.

From "Crisis Thoughts."

HONOR TO THE WORKMAN

What mechanical inventions already crowd upon us! Look abroad, and contemplate the infinite achievements of steam-power. Reflect on all that has been done by the railroad. Pause to estimate, if you can, with all the help of the imagination, what is to be the result from the agency now manifested in operations of the telegraph. Cast a thought over the whole field of scientific, mechanical improvement and its application to human wants. How many comforts, how many facilities, it has given to man! What has it done for his food and his raiment! What for his communication with his fellow-man in every clime, for his instruction in books, for his amusement, his safety! What new lands has it opened, and what old ones are made accessible! How has it enlarged his sphere of knowledge and converse with his own species!

We have only begun! We are but on the threshold of this, the mechanical epoch, the new era. A vast multitude of all peoples, nations, and tongues gathered but yesterday, under a magnificent crystal palace, in the greatest city of the world, to illustrate and distinguish the achievements of art, to dignify and exalt the great mechanical fraternity who filled that palace with wonders.

What is this but setting the great distinctive seal upon the nineteenth century? What is this but an advertisement of the fact that society has risen to a higher platform than ever before? What is this but a proclamation, announcing honor, honor immortal, to the workmen who fill the world with beauty, comfort, and power; honor to be forever embalmed in history, to be perpetuated in monuments, to be written in the hearts of this and succeeding generations?

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY.

From address, delivered in 1851, at the London Exposition.

THE TRUEST DIGNITY

In the search after true dignity, you may point me to the sceptered prince, ruling over mighty empires, to the lord of broad acres teeming with fertility, or the owner of coffers bursting with gold; you may tell me of them or of learning, of the historian, or of the philosopher, the poet or the artist, and, while prompt to render such men all the honor which in varying degrees may be their due, I would emphatically declare that neither power nor nobility, nor wealth, nor learning, nor genius, nor benevolence, nor all combined, have a monopoly of dignity.

I would take you to the dingy office, where day by day the pen plies its weary task; or to the shop, where from early morning till half the world have sunk to sleep the necessities and luxuries of life are distributed, with scarce an interval for food, and none for thought; I would descend farther, I would take you to the plowman, plodding along his furrows; to the mechanic, throwing the swift shuttle or tending the busy wheels; to the miner, groping his darksome way in the deep caverns of earth; to the man of the trowel, the hammer, or the forge, and if, while he diligently prosecutes his humble toil, he looks up with a brave heart and loving eye to heaven — if in what he does he recognizes his God, and expects his wages from on high — if, while thus laboring on earth, he anticipates the rest of heaven, and can say, as did a poor man once, who, when pitiad on account of humble lot, said, taking off his hat, “Sir, I am the son of a king, I am a child of God, and when I die, angels will carry me from this Union Workhouse direct to the Court of Heaven.” Then, having shown you such a spectacle, may I not ask — Is there not dignity in labor?

NEWMAN HALL.

HONOR TO THE HAMMER

"By hammer and hand all arts do stand," was the ancient motto of mechanics' guilds or associations.

In the hammer lies the wealth of a nation. Its merry clink points out the abode of industry and labor. By it are alike forged the glittering sword of contention and the dusty plowshare of agriculture, the ponderous engines that almost shake the world and the tiny needle which unites alike the costly silks and satins of a queen and the rough homespun of the laborer.

Not a house is built, not a ship floats, not a carriage rolls, not a wheel spins, not an engine thunders, not a press speaks, not a bugle peals, not a spade delves, nor a banner floats, without having endured the blows of the hammer. The hammer teaches us that great ends and large results can be accomplished only by good, hard, vigorous blows; that, if we would attain usefulness, and reach the full perfection of what we are capable of becoming, we must not shrink from the hardships, buffetings, and hard knocks of life, but early learn to cultivate the power of patient endurance.

LABOR AND ITS REWARDS

Labor, indeed, if we would but perceive it, is one of the greatest of earthly blessings. It rewards with health, contentment of mind, cheerfulness of spirit and sound, refreshing sleep; few of which blessings of life are long enjoyed by those who do not daily, in one form or another, labor. And why is this? Because to labor is to perform the business of life; to carry out the purpose for which every human being is called into existence.

A BLESSING, NOT A CURSE

Labor, at first inflicted as a curse, seems to be the gentlest of all punishments, and is fruitful of a thousand blessings: the same Providence which permits diseases, produces remedies; when it sends sorrows, it often sends friends and supporters; if it gives a scanty income, it gives good sense, and knowledge, and contentment, which love to dwell under homely roofs; with sickness come humility, and repentance, and piety; and affliction and grace walk hand in hand.

JOHN JORTIN.

THE OPPORTUNITY TO LABOR

What seemed the great primeval curse, that in the sweat of his face should man eat bread, has been found, in the wider view of the great cycles of the Almighty, to be the foundation of all sound hope, all sure progress, and all permanent power. Man no longer shuns labor as his deadliest foe, but welcomes it as his dearest friend. Nations no longer dream of riches as the spoils of war, but as the fruits of human energy directed by wise laws and encouraged by peace and good-will. Battlements and forts and castles, armies and navies, are day by day less and less the enginery of slaughter, and more and more the guarantee of peace with honor. What the world longs for now is not the pageantry and devastation of war for the aggrandizement of the few, but the full utilization of all human energy for the benefit of all mankind.

Give us but the opportunity to labor, and the whole world of human life will burst into tree and flower.

To the seventy-five millions who make up this great Republic, the opportunity to labor means more than to all the world besides. It means the development of resources

great beyond the comprehension of any mortal, and the diffusion among all, of the riches to which the glories of "The Arabian Nights" are but the glitter of the pawn shop, and to which the sheen of all the jewels of this earth are but the gleam of the glow-worm in the pallor of the dawn.

To develop our great resources, it is the one prime necessity that all our people should be at work; that all the brain and muscle should be in harmonious action, united in their endeavors to utilize the great forces of nature and to make wealth out of senseless matter and out of all the life which begins with the cradle, and ends with the grave, and out of all the powers which ebb and flow in the tides of the ocean, in the rush of the rivers, and out of the great energies which are locked up in the bosom of the earth.

THOMAS BRACKETT REED.

AMERICAN LABOR

Labor is one of the great elements of society — the great substantial interest on which we all stand. Not feudal service, or predial toil, or the irksome drudgery by one race of mankind subjected to another, but labor, intelligent, manly, independent, thinking and acting for itself, earning its own wages, accumulating those wages into capital, educating childhood, maintaining worship, claiming the right of elective franchise, and helping to uphold the great fabric of the State. That is American labor, and all my sympathies are with it, and my voice, till I am dumb, will be for it.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE DUTY OF INDUSTRY

A fallacy lies at the root of the labor question; that is, the illogical admission that a man has a right to be idle,

if he so prefer. The choice of employment and the right to demand a just wage for work done, does not rest upon a dogma so pernicious. The law of labor is an inherent obligation as well as a necessity. Personal self-support, to the extent of personal ability, is a duty. Individual support at the expense of others violates the principle that aggregated labor is essential to the public good. The aggregate of protection which society insures, is the measure of the obligation which exacts willing industry, and makes voluntary idleness a crime. No citizen is exempt from a summons to the national defense. He is equally required to contribute to the common good, through the equally important ordinary relations with which every-day labor is allied.

At the instant a man says, "I will be idle, and take the consequences," he becomes dependent upon others, and forces them to do for him that which he is bound to do for himself.

At sunset, the industrious man has *realized capital*, by the difference of the measure of profit over expense. The thriftless and idler are in arrears! The contrast will deepen daily; but the fact is only made more definite, that there will always be remunerative wage for all who work cheerfully and faithfully by and up to the measure of demand. Extraordinary conditions demand extraordinary and mutual fraternities, so that both capital and labor may adjust their relations to the highest security, order, peace, and happiness of all.

HENRY B. CARRINGTON.

Oh, that we — we, the hewers of wood and drawers of water — had been swept away, so that the proud might learn what the world would be without us!

LORD LYTTON.

From "The Lady of Lyons."

THANKSGIVING DAY

"For the gifts we have had from His hand
Who is Lord of the living,
Let there run through the length of the land
A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!"

— CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING

WHEN, in 1621, after the ingathering of the first harvest in the new world, Governor Bradford, of Plymouth Colony, sent four men out to shoot wild fowl that the settlers "might after a more special manner rejoice together," he little dreamed to what that pious act would lead.

The exact date of this first Thanksgiving is not certain; but from the fact that it was an open-air feast, it is evident that it must have occurred in that lovely period of balmy calm, cool air, and soft sunshine, which is called Indian summer, and which may be considered to range between the latter week of October and the latter week of November. Edward Winslow, in a letter dated December 11, 1621, thus describes the festival.

"Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors.

"They four in one day killed as many fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week, at which time, amongst other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted; and

NOTE.—Selections suitable for Thanksgiving Day will be found also under Forefathers' Day, Autumn, and Flag Day. These selections, are, of course, also suited for a Harvest Home celebration.

they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation, and bestowed on our governor, and on the captain and the others."

For many years after that first Thanksgiving, the autumnal "feast of ingathering" was merely an occasional festival, as unexpected prosperity or un hoped-for aid in adversity moved the Pilgrims or the Puritans to a special act of praise. It was not until the Revolutionary War that the feast became in any sense national, but after 1784 it was only occasionally observed except in New England. The first Thanksgiving Proclamation from a President of the United States was issued by George Washington in 1795. But this custom did not become an annual one until the dark days of the Civil War.

That great struggle gave to the people of this country a new sense of oneness, and since 1863 the President has issued a Thanksgiving Proclamation regularly every year, setting apart the last Thursday in the month of November as a day of feasting, of thanks, and of prayer.

THANKSGIVING MEMORIES

Thanksgiving! What a world of pleasant memories the word recalls; memories obscured and softened not by the mists of time but by the odorous steam rising slowly from innumerable savory dishes! Oh, the Thanksgiving dinners we have eaten; the Thanksgiving cheer of which we have partaken! We smile when we think of them, and our eyes grow misty and our hearts tender; for, alas, many who in days that are gone sat down with us at table will do so never again, and many a hand that was outstretched to us in greeting is stilled forever.

But this tinge of sorrow serves only to make our memories of those days more sweet and tender. November has come. There is a chill in the air, and in the early morning the

meadows are white with frost. Then, one afternoon, a bank of dark gray clouds appears in the north, and rolls down across the sky, and presently the white flakes are falling fast. By evening, the old, brown, toil-scarred earth has been clothed in a mantle of spotless white; and when morning dawns, the snow is heaped high over hill and dale. The world is ready for Thanksgiving.

And we are ready, too. For days and days, preparations have been afoot indoors. The house has been pervaded with sweet and tantalizing odors; and when, at last, the evening before the great day, we steal to the cupboard doors and slyly peep within, what a sight greets the enchanted eye! There, on the topmost shelf, are the pumpkin pies, six of them, fat and juicy, odorous with their spicy contents, baked to a turn. Then there are the preserves and jellies set out ready for the feast — in especial, a certain marmalade, made of currants and red raspberries and I know not what besides, of a flavor to ravish and delight the most indifferent palate.

And there, on the lower shelf, is the turkey, — a few short hours before the ruffled and vainglorious King of the Barnyard, with no slightest suspicion of the fate in store for him; now plucked clean, and stuffed with spiced bread and oysters, his wings turned in and his legs trussed together, waiting to occupy the place of honor at the morrow's banquet.

The great day dawns clear and fair and pleasantly cold. Long before sunrise the house has been astir, for the preparation of the feast is no light affair, to be accomplished in a few hours. The kitchen range is aglow, and into the capacious oven goes the great turkey. To one of the girls is assigned the task of "basting" him — of opening the oven door, from time to time, and dipping over his browning bosom some gravy from the pan in which he rests — and every time the oven door is opened the others in the

kitchen must cluster around to get a glimpse of him and to sniff the ravishing aroma.

Meanwhile the guests have been arriving — cousins, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, — and such a bevy of bright-eyed, red-cheeked children as makes the old house ring from end to end. A sentry has to be stationed at the kitchen door to keep them out. The women take off their wraps and hasten to the kitchen to offer assistance; the men sit around the fire in the parlor and discuss the season, the crops, and the news of the neighborhood. The clock on the mantle ticks noisily on, and just as its hands come together at the stroke of twelve, the door into the dining-room is thrown open, and the women smilingly announce that dinner is ready.

Oh, what a spectacle that board affords, with its snowy cloth, its shining porcelain, its gleaming silver! And oh, what delights await the palate! "Now may digestion wait on appetite and health on both!" But grandfather, who has taken his accustomed place at the table-head, pauses a moment and glances around with tender eyes at the happy faces before him. A silence falls, and heads are bent as, in a low and reverent voice, he says, "Let us pray."

JOHN TREMAINE.

THE DAY OF THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving Day is the one national festival which turns on home life. It is not a day of ecclesiastical saints. It is not a national anniversary. It is not a day celebrating a religious event. It is a day of Nature. It is a day of thanksgiving for the year's history. And it must pivot on the household. A typical Thanksgiving dinner represents everything that has grown in all the summer, fit to make glad the heart of man. It is not a riotous feast. It is a table piled high, among the group of rollicking young

and the sober joy of the old, with the treasures of the growing year, accepted with rejoicings and interchange of many festivities as a token of gratitude to Almighty God.

Remember God's bounty in the year. String the pearls of His favor. Hide the dark parts, except so far as they are breaking out in light! Give this one day to thanks, to joy, to gratitude!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE KING OF FESTIVALS

The king and high priest of all festivals was the autumn Thanksgiving. When the apples were all gathered and the cider was all made and the yellow pumpkins were rolled in from many a hill in billows of gold, and the corn was husked, and the labors of the season were done, and the warm, late days of Indian Summer came in, dreamy, and calm, and still, with just enough frost to crisp the ground of a morning, but with warm traces of benignant, sunny hours at noon, there came over the community a sort of genial repose of spirit, — a sense of something accomplished, and of a new golden mark made in advance, — and the deacon began to say to the minister, of a Sunday, "I suppose it's about time for the Thanksgiving proclamation."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

From "Oldtown Folks."

A THANKSGIVING SERMON

My friends, — Thanksgiving Day comes, by statute, once a year; to the honest man it comes as frequently as the heart of gratitude will allow, which may mean every day, or once in seven days, at least.

Now, I propose, my friends, to state a few of the things for us to be thankful for — when we are in the mood, of

course; for when we are not inclined, who can make us give thanks for anything? We should be thankful that we know more than anybody else; for are we not capable of talking and giving lectures upon every subject ever talked of?

We should be thankful that we are all good-looking. Ain't we? Just look around this audience, and see if you can "spot" the person who is, in his own estimation, not good-looking. It would be a curious study to be sure, to find in what particular some people are good-looking; but it's none of our personal business if a man has caroty hair, eyes like a new moon, nose like a split pear, mouth like a pair of waffle-irons, chin like a Dutch churn, neck like a gander's, and a body like a crowbar; comparatively he is good-looking; that is, there are homelier men and animals than he; so everybody is good-looking and has a right to put on airs.

We should be thankful that we are more pious than anyone else. That we are pious is evident from the manner in which we treat poor creatures who have most unfortunately been driven to sin; from the fact that we pay our preachers occasionally, and always require them to be unexceptionable in all respects; from the fact that we don't work on Sunday, and eat the big dinners which it has made the women-folks almost tired to death to prepare. Who is the person in this room who is not pious? I do not care to know him for the present.

We should be thankful that this world was especially created for our own comfort, convenience and use; that we have a perfect right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, no matter if these do conflict with some other person's wishes, and happiness, and rights.

I hope you will thank me for this recognition of your good qualities, your rights, your glory, and trust I shall be permitted to say of myself when I retire,

"*Here lies an honest young man.*"

THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS

When the President proclaims to us, as he does every year, that Thanksgiving is at hand and that it behooves us to observe it, he gives us reasons why our hearts should be grateful and our spirits reverent. The crops have been good, he says, and work has been plenty; we have prospered and have grown richer; pestilence has not vexed us; a fair degree of success has attended our aims; we have been able to perform in good measure what has seemed to us to be our national duty, and our credit as a people stands high among the nations of the world. These are all sound reasons for thankfulness, but they have need to be supplemented, if, as individuals, we are to bring to thanksgiving all the feelings and sentiments that it ought to excite.

The blessings we are used to become so much the habit of our lives that we are apt to take them for granted and to fail to be stirred by them to any positive emotion of thankfulness. There are those who, ever mindful of the unequal measure in which privilege, opportunity, and all material goods are distributed in this world, are always consciously grateful for the ordinary, every-day comforts; for food and shelter and decent surroundings and a peaceful life. But most of us are prone to consider that all we are used to have is ours by a natural right, and that on the whole it is rather a hardship that we cannot contrive to have an ever-increasing share of sugar-plums allotted to us.

What do we want most? To be good people according to our lights and our abilities; to do right; to grow in grace; to develop character and strength and unselfishness; to love and to be loved, and as far as lies in us to promote righteousness on this earth. These aspirations are not too lofty for us. The goal they point to is really that

toward which we would direct our courses. We want what is justly our due, but if greediness and harsh exactions are the price of riches, we would rather be less rich; if self-seeking and egotism are the price of fame, we would rather continue somewhat obscure. We are wise in these preferences, for what we are after is not so much the means to buy happiness, as happiness itself, and the basis of that we know is the love and contentment which dwell in a clean heart.

Let us be thankful, then, for all the right choices we make when we have to choose; for all the unseen influences that help us to choose right; for whatever withholds us, or diverts from a course that is not our true course; for any denial of apparent advantage or present ease which constrains us towards the fulfilment of a nobler destiny.

EDWARD SANFORD MARTIN.

From "Times and Seasons."

THANKSGIVING

What can be sweeter than the wholesome fragrance of the fallen leaves? What more invigorating than the breath of the two seasons that we catch: here in the northward shade of a wooded hill the nipping air of winter, there where the southern slope meets the sun the genial warmth of an October day? Here one's footsteps crunch sharply the frozen herbage and ice-bearded border of a spring's overflow; there splash in thawed pools and rustle softly among the dead leaves.

The flowers are gone, but they were not brighter than the winter berries and bittersweet that glow around one. The deciduous leaves are fallen and withered, but they were not more beautiful than the delicate tracery of their forsaken branches, and the steadfast foliage of the evergreens was never brighter. The song-birds are singing in

southern woods, but chickadee, nuthatch, and woodpecker are chatty and companionable and keep the woods in heart with a stir of life.

Far off one hears the intermittent discharge of rifles where the shooters are burning powder for their Thanksgiving turkey, and faintly from far away comes the melancholy music of a hound. Then the hound goes by, and footsteps, voice, and echo sink into silence. For silence it is, though the silver tinkle of the brook is in it, and the stir of the last leaf shivering forsaken on its bough.

In such quietude one may hold heartfelt thanksgiving, feasting full upon a crust and a draft from the icy rivulet, and leave rich viands and costly wines for the thankless surfeiting of poorer men.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

From "In New England Fields and Woods."

FASTING AND FEASTING

A fast and a feast kept close company in Puritan calendars. A fast frequently preceded Thanksgiving Day, and was sometimes appointed for the day succeeding the feast,—a clever plan which had its good hygienic points.

Though in the mind of the Puritan, Christmas smelled to heaven of idolatry, when his own festival, Thanksgiving, became annual, it assumed many of the features of the old English Christmas; it was simply a day of family reunion in November instead of December, on which Puritans ate turkey and Indian pudding and pumpkin pie, instead of "superstitious meats," such as a baron of beef, boar's head and plum-pudding.

Many funny stories are told of the early Thanksgiving Days, such as the town of Colchester calmly ignoring the governor's appointed day, and observing their own festival

a week later in order to allow time for the arrival, by sloop from New York, of a hogshead of molasses for pies.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

From "Customs and Fashions in Old New England."

A THANKSGIVING CELEBRATION IN 1779

When Thanksgiving Day was approaching, our dear Grandmother Smith, who is sometimes a little desponding of spirit as you well know, did her best to persuade us that it would be better to make it a day of fasting and prayer in view of the *wickedness of our friends and the vileness of our enemies*; but my dear father brought her to a more proper frame of mind, so that by the time the day came she was ready to enjoy it almost as well as Grandmother Worthington did, and she, you will remember, always sees the bright side.

This year it was Uncle Simeon's turn to have the dinner at his house. The tables were set in the dining hall and even that big room had no space to spare when we were all seated. Of course we could have no roast beef. None of us have tasted beef this three years back, as it must all go to the army, and too little they get, poor fellows. But we had a good haunch of venison on each table. These were balanced by huge chines of roast pork at the other ends of the tables. Then there was on one a big roast turkey and on the other a goose and two big pigeon pasties, and an abundance of vegetables of all the old sorts, and one which I do not believe you have yet seen. It is called celery and you eat it without cooking. It is very good served with meats.

Our mince pies were good and the pumpkin pies, apple tarts and big Indian pudding lacked for nothing save *appetite* by the time we got round to them. Of course we

had no wine. Uncle Simeon still has a cask or two, but it must all be saved for the sick, and indeed, for those who are well, good cider is a sufficient substitute.

The day was bitter cold, and when we got home from meeting we were glad enough of the big fire in uncle's dining hall, but by the time the dinner was one half over those of us who were on the fire side of one table were forced to get up and carry our plates with us around to the far side of the other table, while those who had sat there, were as glad to bring their plates around to the fire side to get warm.

Uncle Simeon was in his best mood, and you know how good that is! He kept both tables in a roar of laughter with his droll stories of the days when he was studying medicine in Edinboro. Then we all sang a hymn, and afterwards my dear father led us in prayer, remembering all absent friends before the Throne of Grace.

We did not rise from the table until it was quite dark, and then when the dishes had been cleared away, we all got round the fire as close as we could, and cracked nuts, and sang songs, and told stories. You know nobody could exceed the two Grandmothers at telling tales of all the things they have seen themselves, and repeating those of the early years in New England, and even some in Old England, which they had heard in their youth from their elders. My father says it is a goodly custom to hand down all worthy deeds and traditions from father to son, because the word that is spoken is remembered longer than the one that is written.

JULIANA SMITH.

From a letter written in 1779.

CHRISTMAS

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS is a festival celebrated throughout the Christian world, on the twenty-fifth day of December, in memory of the birth of Christ. It is a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing, a day of good cheer, when hearths are bright and hearts tender — for the message which the day commemorates is that of "Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men."

The date of Christ's birth is not known certainly, but December 25 had been observed by many of the Christian churches from very early times, and in the fourth century Pope Julius established the festival at Rome on that date. Before the end of the century, that date had been accepted by all the nations in Christendom, and it has continued to be observed by them up to the present time. The selection of this date was due largely to the fact that it coincided with that of the greatest of Pagan festivals, which celebrated the winter solstice — the birthday of the new sun about to return once more toward the earth. The transition to the Christian point of view was an easy one, and the Christian holiday was set to celebrate the birthday of Jesus, the Sun of the spiritual world, for the purpose of drawing away Christian people from heathen festivities.

Note. — Selections suitable for Christmas will be found also under Winter.

Merry England was the country in which Merry Christmas took firmest root, and it is from England that most of our Christmas customs come. For a time, under the rule of Puritanism, it seemed that the very existence of the holiday was threatened, for the Puritans regarded it as a heathen festival, and in Massachusetts its observance was forbidden by law. But the restoration of royalty in England changed all that, and ever since the holiday has been one of the most popular on the calendar — a time of feasting and good-will.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

Of all the old festivals, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment.

It is a beautiful arrangement, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts which the cares, and pleasures, and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementos of childhood.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. In the depth of winter, when Nature lies despoiled of her charms, wrapt in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. Heart calleth unto heart, and we draw

our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms.

Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is indeed the season of regenerated feeling — the season for kindling not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart. He who can turn churlishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow-beings and can sit down repining in loneliness, when all around is joyful, wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a merry Christmas.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

From "The Sketch-Book."

THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS DINNER

Tiny Tim's active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back he came escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon to which a black swan was a matter of course; and in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner, at the table; the two young Cratchits

set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it into the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board; and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there was ever such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of bone on the dish), they hadn't ate it all, at last!

When the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass: two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets could have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed: "A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed. "God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

CHARLES DICKENS.

From "A Christmas Carol."

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

"Merry, merry Christmas everywhere,
Cheerily it ringeth through the air."

Only by giving gifts can the true meaning of the great gift of peace and good-will be impressed. The old German legend of the origin of the Christmas tree is full of the spirit of the season. The story introduces two children sitting by the fire one cold winter's night. A timid knock is heard at the door, and the boy runs to open it, to find a child standing outside in the cold and darkness, with no shoes on his feet, and clad in thin, ragged garments. He is shivering with cold, and asks to come in and warm himself.

"Yes," cry both the children, "you shall have our place by the fire. Come in."

They draw the little stranger to their warm seat, share their supper with him, and give him their bed, while they sleep on the hard bench. In the night they are awakened by strains of sweet music, and looking out see a band of children in shining garments approaching the house. They are playing on golden harps, and the air is full of melody.

Suddenly the Stranger-child stands beside them, no longer cold and ragged, but clad in silvery light, and His soft voice says: "I was cold, and you took me in. I was hungry, and you fed me. I was tired, and you gave me your bed. I am the Christ-child, wandering through the world — to bring peace and happiness to the hearts of all good children. As you have given to me, so may this tree every year give rich fruit to you."

So saying, he broke a branch from a fir-tree, planted it in the ground and disappeared. But the branch grew into a great tree and every year bore golden fruit for the kind children.

LUCY WHEELOCK.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

The table — a polished oaken board — was laid in the great hall where the yule log was blazing. Branches of holly, holme, laurel, and ivy hung in festoons from the high rafters, and just above the wide hall door a sprig of mistletoe was fastened.

The guests being now assembled, at a given signal the trumpets sounded, and a band of minstrels entered the hall. Then followed the server, bearing upon a golden platter a boar's head dressed with sweet rosemary and bay leaves. A stately procession of knights and ladies joined him, as he marched up and down the hall singing:

“The boar's head in hand bring I
With garlands gay, and rosemary;
I pray you all sing merrily.”

After this ceremony, the boar's head with a great golden pippin placed between its tusks, was put upon the table and solemnly served with mustard sauce.

The lady guest most distinguished in birth and beauty must carry in the second course, and what do you think this consisted of? Why, a *peacock* with all its gay plumage on, and its whole body covered with leaf gold! Was it just to look at and admire? Oh, no, it was stuffed with all manner of spices and sweet herbs, thoroughly roasted, basted with yolk of egg, served with plenty of gravy, and considered one of the greatest delicacies of the Christmas feast.

A hard task it was — as you may imagine — to prepare this bird of Juno for the table. First the skin was carefully removed, and then when the body was taken from the oven and cooled, it was sewed on again without disturbing so much as a feather. A bit of cotton saturated with alcohol was placed in the beak of the peacock; this was lighted, and

then, while the minstrels played upon their lutes, viols, and citterns, all the noble ladies followed their leader to the banquet hall. The beautiful bird was placed just before the master of the house, and here, in the presence of all, it was carved with great ceremony.

Geese, capons, pheasants, served with amber-grease, and pies of carp-tongues, were then brought in; while venison with *furnety* — a curious concoction of wheat, broth, and yolks of eggs — helped to heap up the Christmas board.

“Mutton pies” and “plumb-pudding” followed in due order; but no part of the dinner was so eagerly anticipated and so enjoyed by fair ladies and gallant knights of the fifteenth century as the “peacock” course, over which all manner of vows were pledged.

EMMA E. BROWN.

CHRISTMAS JOY

Hark! the ringing of bells, glad Christmas bells, seems to swell out the sound — “Peace on earth, good-will to men!”

Happy voices carol the song, “Good tidings of glad joy!” And the silvery laughter of children echoes the refrain.

Fair forms gather at the Christmas feast, while the sprays of mistletoe and holly give greeting to all.

Beneath the glow and glitter of lights, the dancers swing, with sparkling eyes and rose-hued cheeks.

And, towering over all, in its radiant beauty, splendid with gifts for every one, stands the Christmas-tree. Shout upon shout breaks out upon the snowy air; and the Christ-child, listening, smiles His blessing.

ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE McNAUGHT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHRISTMAS TREE

I have been looking on, this evening, at a merry company of children assembled round that pretty German toy, a Christmas tree.

Being now at home again, and alone, the only person in the house awake, my thoughts are drawn back, by a fascination which I do not care to resist, to my own childhood. Straight in the middle of the room, cramped in the freedom of its growth by no encircling walls or soon-reached ceiling, a shadowy tree arises; and, looking up into the dreamy brightness of its top,—for I observe in this tree the singular property that it appears to grow downward toward the earth,—I look into my youngest Christmas recollections.

All toys at first, I find. But upon the branches of the tree, lower down, how thick the books begin to hang! Thin books, in themselves, at first, but many of them, with deliciously smooth covers of bright red and green. What fat black letters to begin with!

“A was an archer, and shot at a frog.” Of course he was. He was an apple-pie also, and there he is! He was a good many things in his time, was A, and so were most of his friends, except X, who had so little versatility that I never knew him to get beyond Xerxes or Xantippe; like Y, who was always confined to a yacht or a yew-tree; and Z, condemned forever to be a zebra or a zany.

But now the very tree itself changes, and becomes a beanstalk,—the marvelous bean-stalk by which Jack climbed up to the giant’s house. Jack,—how noble, with his sword of sharpness and his shoes of swiftness!

Good for Christmas-time is the ruddy color of the cloak in which, the tree making a forest of itself for her to trip through with her basket, Little Red Ridinghood comes to me one Christmas eve to give me information of the cruelty and treachery of that dissembling wolf who ate her grand-

mother, without making any impression on his appetite, and then ate her, after making that ferocious joke about his teeth. She was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Ridinghood I should have known perfect bliss. But it was not to be, and there was nothing for it but to look out the wolf in the Noah's ark there, and put him last in the procession on the table, as a monster who was to be degraded.

Oh, the wonderful Noah's Ark! It was not found seaworthy when put in a washing-tub, and the animals were crammed in at the roof and needed to have their legs well shaken down before they could be got in even there; and then ten to one but they began to tumble out at the door, which was but imperfectly fastened with a wire latch; but what was that against it?

Consider the noble fly, a size or two smaller than the elephant; the lady-bird, the butterfly,—all triumphs of art! Consider the goose, whose feet were so small and whose balance was so indifferent that he usually tumbled forward and knocked down all the animal creation! Consider Noah and his family, like idiotic tobacco-stoppers; and how the leopard stuck to warm little fingers; and how the tails of the larger animals used gradually to resolve themselves into frayed bits of string.

Hush! Again a forest, and somebody up in a tree,—not Robin Hood, not Valentine, not the Yellow Dwarf,—I have passed him and all Mother Bunch's wonders without mention,—but an Eastern King with the glittering scimetar and turban. It is the setting-in of the bright Arabian knights.

Oh, now all common things become uncommon and enchanted to me! All lamps are wonderful! All rings are talismans! Common flower-pots are full of treasure, with a little earth scattered on the top; trees are for Ali Baba to hide in; beefsteaks are to throw down into the Valley of

Diamonds, that the precious stones may stick to them, and be carried by the eagles to their nests, whence the traders, with loud cries, will scare them. All the dates imported come from the same tree as that unlucky one with whose shell the merchant knocked out the eye of the genii's invisible son. All olives are of the same stalk of that fresh fruit concerning which the Commander of the Faithful overheard the boy conduct the fictitious trial of the fraudulent merchant. Yes, on every object that I recognize among those upper branches of my Christmas tree I see this fairy light.

But hark! The Waits are playing, and they break my childish sleep! What images do I associate with the Christmas music, as I see them set forth on the Christmas tree! Known before all the others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An angel, speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travelers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a baby in a manger; a child in a spacious temple, talking with grave men; a solemn figure with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the open roof of a chamber where He sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same, in a tempest, walking on the waters; in a ship again, on a sea-shore, teaching a great multitude; again with a child upon his knee, and other children around; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon a cross, watched by armed soldiers, a darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Encircled by the social thoughts of Christmas time, still let the benignant figure of my childhood stand unchanged!

In every cheerful image and suggestion that the season brings, may the bright star that rested above the poor roof be the star of all the Christian world!

A moment's pause, O vanishing tree, of which the lower boughs are dark to me yet, and let me look once more. I know there are blank spaces on thy branches, where eyes that I have loved have shone and smiled, from which they are departed. But, far above, I see the raiser of the dead girl and the widow's son — and God is good!

CHARLES DICKENS.

CHRISTMAS

To-day the whole Christian world prostrates itself in adoration around the crib of Bethlehem and rehearses in accents of love a history which precedes all time and will endure throughout eternity. If asked to explain the rapturous influence which controls us, we have no other words than the evangel of joy which the angel gave unto earth: "For this day is born unto you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord."

The blessings resulting from our Christian civilization are poured out so regularly and so abundantly on the intellectual, moral, and social world, like the sunlight and the air of heaven and the fruits of the earth, that they have ceased to excite any surprise, except to those who visit lands where the religion of Christ is little known.

Before the advent of Christ, the whole world, with the exception of the secluded Roman province of Palestine, was buried in idolatry. Men worshiped the sun and moon and stars of heaven. They worshiped everything except God only, to whom alone divine homage is due. Christ, the Light of the world, proclaimed unto all men in its fulness the truth which had hitherto been hidden in Judea. He taught mankind to know the one true God, a God exist-

ing from eternity unto eternity, a God who created all things by His power, who governs all things by His wisdom, and whose superintending providence watches over the affairs of nations as well as of men, "without whom not even a sparrow falls to the ground."

The message of Christmas Day is intended for all men, for all times, for all conditions of existence. Only by stern adhesion to the principles therein contained can individuals and nations hope to share in that peace which has been promised to men of good will. To violate them is to reverse the order established by God, and disorder is the synonym for sin and strife.

CARDINAL JAMES GIBBONS.

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

Adam and Eve had no occasion to keep Christmas in the Garden of Eden, and we have no record of what Christmas in a pure state of nature is like. When a pure state of nature prevailed on this earth there was no Christmas. That was an after-thought, prompted and made necessary may be by the exceeding prevalence of hard work, and the need of sowing out little stretches of time here and there to give folks a chance to forget all that about living by the sweat of their brows, and let them imagine for a few blessed hours that the world is really a place to live in, and not, as we all know it is, a place to work in, with breathing spells.

It is not worth saying that there wouldn't be any Christmas except for women, for of course without women there wouldn't be anything in this world worth talking about, except the prospect of getting away. Still, woman's energy and the immense value of her co-operation in making the wheels of life revolve are never more conspicuous than in everything that pertains to Christmas. She makes pretty much all the Christmas plans, makes all the gifts except the

inglorious but indispensable sort which are bought in shops, invites all the company, cooks most of the dinners, and by keeping men busy carrying out her instructions contrives to make even them imagine that Christmas is partly their doing, and that they have earned the satisfactions that it yields to them.

It is such a busy world, and most people who keep their footing in it find that so engrossing a task, that perhaps we ought not to wonder that out of sight is so prone to be out of mind. Christmas or not, those whom we have immediately about us will be in our minds. If there is any warmth in us they will feel it; if any light, it will shine for them; but we are improvident persons if we are content with that. We ought to let our warmth and our light and our love overflow freely at Christmas time. It is the great opportunity the year brings us to enlarge the boundaries of our affections, to acknowledge ties of kinship, to recognize and revive old friendships, and to check the strong prevailing tendency of our time and country towards too strait an individualism, and too little concern for every one outside of ourselves and our own belongings.

We are all members one of another, but too few of us realize it. If we could have the feudal system turned on again for twenty-four hours every year, and have doings in the great hall of the caste, and wassail and boars' heads, yule logs and bear-baiting, and the various pleasantries whereof the memory has come down, we should doubtless feel after it as though Christmas had really been here and we had kept it. Alas! we have not the advantages of feudal times. Still, we do our best. We still have children, and they have stockings (which children did not always have five centuries ago), and though fireplaces are scarcer than they were, stockings may be hung on a radiator, and are often found to have been filled over night.

Only the young really have fun; and persons of what-

ever age who have managed to keep youth alive in them. If you can have no fun at all at Christmas-time something's the matter. Look to yourself; something is amiss with you. If it is grief, time will deaden if it does not heal it; if it is illness, please Heaven, that will pass away; if it is misfortune, from that, too, time brings promise of escape. But what if you have lost the capacity for Christmas happiness because you have followed your own ends, your own ease, your own pleasure and profit, so long that the germ of the Christmas spirit seems to have died out in you? What if you can have no Christmas fun because you are too selfish to deserve it? If that is your case it is a very, very bad one, and you ought on no account to sit still under it. It is not only uncomfortable but ominous. There may or may not be a hell hereafter, but there is no doubt about yours. It has come to you already.

If you don't realize how badly off you are, the situation is pretty desperate, but if you recognize at all your own predicament, perhaps something may be done for you yet. Bad cases like yours have been cured before now. Somehow or other you must manage to add to some one's happiness. If you are a domestic ogre and are mean to your dependents, you must abase yourself. If you have neglected every one who had a natural claim on you until they all have passed out of your life, you must get them back into it again. If you have pursued a policy of exclusiveness until you have excluded every one who was willing to associate with you, you must drop that and try to get back into touch with humanity.

The whole Christmas sentiment is permeated with solidarity. Good-will to men is its only indispensable ingredient. The great business of the season is to cultivate and develop good-will and to give evidences of it. That is why myriads of folks give presents and exert themselves to make Christmas merry for persons who are out

of luck or short of the ordinary appliances for merriment. You of the atrophied heart go through the motions of Christmas-keeping as well as you can. Perhaps if you are earnest about it a little of the spirit of the time may come even to you.

EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN.

From "Times and Seasons."

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

What is the Christmas spirit?

It is the spirit which brings a smile to the lips and tenderness to the heart; it is the spirit which warms one into friendship with all the world, which impels one to hold out the hand of fellowship to every man and woman.

For the Christmas motto is "Peace on earth, good-will to men," and the spirit of Christmas demands that it ring in our hearts and find expression in kindly acts and loving words.

What a joyful thing for the world it would be if the Christmas spirit could do this, not only on that holiday, but on every day of the year. What a beautiful place the world would be to live in! Peace and good-will everywhere and always! Let each one of us resolve that, so far as we are concerned, peace and good-will shall be our motto every day, and that we will do our best to make the Christmas spirit last all the year round.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS

There is always something fascinating about the folklore of holidays and festivals; and when such legends are based upon pleasant conceits, they became of double interest. Despite the whirligig of time, the good old traditions linger with us, especially those which cluster about the Christmas season.

A quaint belief, peculiar to England, holds that any person turning a mattress on Christmas Day will die within a year; but it is praiseworthy to bake bread on Christmas Eve, and loaves baked then will never go moldy.

In Germany, on Christmas Eve, the whole household prepares for church, where a simple but impressive service is always held. The worshipers are always armed with lighted candles, and the first comer will find the church in darkness. He places his lighted candle before him; and as one after another appears, fresh candles flash out, till the building resembles a large parterre of single flames. The service over, the season is supposed to have fairly begun, and Christmas greetings are heard on every side.

The Christmas feeding of the birds is prevalent in many of the provinces of Norway and Sweden. Bunches of oats are placed on the roofs of houses, on trees and fences, for them to feed upon. Every poor man and every head of a family saves a penny or two to buy a bunch of oats for the birds to have their Christmas. It is a beautiful custom and one that might well be adopted in other countries.

From time immemorial, unwonted energy and sagacity have been attributed to the cock at the Christmas season. In England and in this country, one often hears the remark, "The cock is crowing for Christmas," when his clear challenge rings out in the still December nights. He is supposed to do this for the purpose of frightening away evil spirits, so that they may not disturb this holy season.

In the German Alps, it is believed that horses and cattle have the gift of language on Christmas Eve, and tell each other of the great event which the day commemorates. But it is a sin to attempt to overhear them. The story is told of a farmer's servant who did not believe that the cattle could speak, and in order to make sure, he hid in his master's stable on Christmas Eve and listened. Just as the clock struck, one horse said, "We shall have heavy work to do this

day week." "Yes," said the other, "the way to the church-yard is long and steep." The servant was buried that day week.

In Poland and elsewhere it is believed that on Christmas night the skies are opened, and Jacob's ladder is again extended from earth to heaven, but only the saints can see it.

In Austria, candles are placed in the windows, so that the Christ-Child may not stumble in passing along the road.

Scandinavia is especially the land of the Yule log of Christmas stories and legends of Thor and Odin. Then is the time for skating, sledging, dancing, and a general frolic. It is customary for every member of the family to take a bath on the afternoon preceding Christmas, and it is often the only thorough bath which is taken during the year. A pretty symbol of the spirit that reigns is the custom of placing in a row every pair of shoes in each household, to signify that during the year the family will live together in harmony and peace.

In the Southern States of the Union, before the Civil War, the Christmas celebration was always a very elaborate one, for the tradition had been handed down from the Cavaliers, who first settled Virginia and the Carolinas, and to whom the Christmas festival was the greatest of the year. Indeed, the celebration lasted nearly the whole month of December, during which time the negroes were required to do little work except kill hogs and keep the Christmas wood-pile replenished. Visitors poured into the great house from far and near; all of them came to stay a week, and most of them to stay the entire fortnight during which the festivities lasted. Nor were kitchen and cabin without their guests, and the reveling in the "hall" was echoed by the tinkle of the banjo and merriment in the "quarters."

With the war, which impoverished the planters, ruined

their estates, and scattered their negroes, this lavish hospitality and merrymaking in large part passed away. The Christmas celebrations now in the Sunny South were on a more moderate scale — but are just as heartfelt as the old ones.



SPECIAL DAYS

O DESTINED LAND

O destined land, unto thy citadel
What founding fates even now doth peace compel,
That through the world thy name is sweet to tell!
O thronèd Freedom, unto thee is brought
Empire; nor falsehood nor blood-payment asked;
Who never through deceit thy ends hast sought,
Nor toiling millions for ambition tasked;
For thou art founded in the eternal fact
That every man doth greateren with the act
Of freedom; and doth strengthen with the weight
Of duty; and diviner molds his fate,
By sharp experience taught the thing he lacked,
God's pupil; thy large maxim framed, though late,
Who masters best himself best serves the State.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

From "My Country."

APRIL FOOL'S DAY

"This is the first of Aprile,
Hunt the gawk another mile."

— OLD SAYING.

THE STORY OF ALL FOOLS' DAY

FROM time immemorial, the first day of April has been set apart as a time when it is permissible to play harmless tricks upon one's friends and neighbors. This custom, which is almost universal throughout Christendom, is of uncertain origin, but it probably had its beginning in France, about 1564, when New Year's Day was carried back to the first of January, instead of being celebrated on the twenty-fifth of March, as had before been the case. Before the change was made, the merrymaking had culminated on the octave of the feasts, April 1, and this day was still set apart for mock ceremonial visits and pretended gifts, with a view of making fools of those who had forgotten the change of date. The custom once established was continued even after its origin had been completely forgotten. This, at least, is the most plausible conjecture concerning the origin of the April Fool.

The custom does not seem to have crossed the channel into Great Britain until early in the eighteenth century, and the earliest literary allusion to it is made by Addison in the "Spectator." He scornfully tells how "a neighbor of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow, conceited fellow, makes his boast that for these ten years consecutively he has not made less than a hundred Fools. My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight

NOTE. — See also Spring and April.

ago for sending every one of her children upon a sleeveless errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy a halfpenny's worth of inkle at a shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was despatched half a mile to see a monster; and, in short, the whole family of innocent children made April Fools."

"Sleeveless errands" have always been a favorite among the tricks practised on this day. In Scotland it is called "Hunting the Gawk," — gawk meaning a fool or simpleton. The gawk is given a letter to carry to a considerable distance, and when the person to whom it is addressed opens it, he finds some such words as these:

"This is the first of Aprile,
Hunt the gawk another mile."

If he enters into the spirit of the jest, he tells the gawk that he is not the person sought, or cannot do what is asked, seals the letter up again, addresses it to another person and directs the gawk to take it on. The extent to which the gawk is hunted depends upon his own credulity. This is only one of the many time-honored tricks which mark the day, with which no serious fault is to be found so long as they are innocent, harmless, and good-humored.

THE APRIL FOOL

How it has happened that a particular day has long been appropriated to the exercise of "making April fools," and why the first of the month was destined to that purpose, I leave to the investigation of antiquaries; hazarding only one conjecture, that, at some very remote period, the worshipers of the goddess Folly, the idlers and witings of the world, in imitation of other heathers, established this anniversary celebration of their deity.

I paid a visit yesterday to an old acquaintance, who,

even as a boy, had been esteemed an oddity by all the neighborhood, and who always had a strong propensity to little mischievous exploits. He would stalk through a churchyard at night, wrapped in a tablecloth; he would hide the maid's shoes, blacken his face to frighten the children, and grease the strings of the chaplain's violin.

I found him in the little office behind his shop, with a large book open before him, in which he seemed to have been writing; and on the back of which was lettered, not unaptly, as will appear from what follows, Day-Book.

He observed that he had just been bringing up his accounts to the close of yesterday, which was April first; but added, with a shake of the head, "How unlucky it is, it should have happened on a Sunday! — I shall be below *par* this year. I believe I may say without vanity," said he, seeing me somewhat at a loss to understand him, "that there is not a man in the parish who makes so many fools as myself. Why, Sir, I have averaged, for the last fourteen years, thirty fools *per annum*; and it would have been more, but for that plaguey gout which confined me last spring. — Ah! it was a great loss to me; but then, the year before was a plentiful year, a very plentiful year. Do, Sir, let me read you my journal for the first of April in that year." I assented; he put on his spectacles, and read as follows:

"1st April, 1790 — Got up early this morning, to prepare for business — Sally still a-bed — Flung the watchman a shilling out of the window, to rap at my door, and cry fire — Sally started up in a fright, overturned my best wig, which stood in the passage, and ran into the street half dressed. Was obliged to give her a shilling to quiet her.

"Ten o'clock. — Sent a letter to Mr. Plume, the undertaker, telling him that my neighbor old Frank Fuz, who was married on Monday to his late wife's step-daughter, had died suddenly last night — Saw six of Plume's men go in, and heard old Fuz very loud with them.

"Invited all our club to dine at deputy Dripping's, and invited him to dine with alderman Grub, at Hampstead.—N. B. The alderman is on a visit to his son-in-law in Kent.

"Twelve o'clock.—Received an order, in the name of a customer in Essex, for six pounds of snuff, to be sent by the coach—Smoked the bite, and kicked the messenger out of the shop.—N. B. Not catch old birds, &c.

"One o'clock.—Afraid Sally would play some trick upon me in dressing my dinner; so went to get a steak at a coffee-house. Chalked the waiter's back as he gave me my change.—N. B. Two bad shillings.

"Asked an old woman in Cheapside, what was the matter with her hat?—She took it off; and while I was calling her April fool, a boy ran off with my handkerchief in his hand.

"Tapped a Blue-school boy on the shoulder, and asked what he had got behind him? He answered, a fool—The people laughed at this. I did not see much in it.

"Three o'clock.—Sent Sally to the Tower, to see a democrat; carried the key of the cellar with her, and spent me half-a-crown in coach-hire.

"Gave Giles, my shopman, a glass of brandy, which he took for a glass of wine. Giles unable to attend shop the next day."

It was with difficulty I *drew* from him that his neighbor Fuz never from that day bought any more tobacco at his shop; and that, two days afterwards, he received a letter by post, from his Essex customer, threatening him with an action for assaulting his servant, and ordering him to furnish his bill immediately.

Though this holiday humor may be fairly allowed to a certain description of persons, whose play is innocent, and whose jokes are powerless, yet it is a dangerous engine in the hands of those who have malice enough to meditate

mischiefs, and wit enough to render them successful. Besides all this, it is ever a dangerous thing to tamper with truth; and however good-natured our meaning may be, the habit may take root and gain upon us, till it usurps a leading influence in our conduct and deportment.

From the "Looker-On."

ARBOR DAY

"Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work his own reward shall be."

— LUCY LARCOM.

THE HISTORY OF ARBOR DAY

IN 1872, Mr. J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, originated in that State the movement which has since become almost national in its scope, and which has resulted in the general observance of Arbor Day. Nebraska, like many other western States, was in large part almost treeless, and the movement, undertaken to encourage tree-planting, has been so remarkable in its results that its originator is recognized as the great benefactor of his State. It glories in the old misnomer of the geographies, "The Great American Desert," since it became so habitable and hospitable by cultivation and tree-planting.

Ohio was the first State to interest the public schools in this work and to institute "Arbor Day," as a day to be celebrated and observed by them. In the spring of 1883, the schools of the city of Cincinnati celebrated Arbor Day in a most noteworthy manner, and the custom was soon adopted throughout the State. The other States of the East, which have all suffered more or less by the wanton destruction of their forests, soon took up the idea, and to-day, Arbor Day is annually observed in forty States and Territories. It has become one of the most interesting and useful of school holidays.

Arbor Day has not only done much to teach the children of the country the value of trees and to encourage them to

NOTE. — Selections suitable for Arbor Day will be found also under Bird Day, Flower Day, and the Changing Year.

observe their nature and habits, but it has fostered a love of country. It has become a patriotic observance in those southern States which have fixed its date on Washington's Birthday, and trees are planted in memory of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and other great soldiers and statesmen. Among the songs sung on Arbor Day, "America" always finds a place, and there is no more enchanting and inspiring sight than the faces of the children as they sing it.

TREE MUSIC

To the great tree-loving fraternity we belong. We love trees with universal and unfeigned love, and all things that do grow under them, or around them — the whole leaf and root tribe. Not alone when they are in their glory, but in whatever state they are — in leaf, or rimed with frost, or powdered with snow, or crystal-sheathed in ice, or in severe outline stripped and bare against a November sky — we love them. . . .

To most people a grove is a grove, and all groves are alike. But no two groves are alike. There is as marked a difference between different forests as between different communities. A grove of pines without underbrush, carpeted with the fine-fingered russet leaves of the pine, and odorous of resinous gums, has scarcely a trace of likeness to a maple woods, either in the insects, the birds, the shrubs, the light and shade, or the sound of its leaves. If we lived in olden times among young mythologies, we should say that pines held the imprisoned spirits of naiads and water nymphs, and that their sounds were of the water for whose lucid depths they always sighed. At any rate, the first pines must have grown on the seashore, and learned their first accents from the surf and the waves; and all their posterity have inherited the sound, and borne it inland to the mountains.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE FOREST

Who shall describe the inexpressible tenderness and immortal life of the grim forest, where Nature, though it be mid-winter, is ever in her spring, where the moss-grown and decaying trees are not old, but seem to enjoy a perpetual youth; and blissful, innocent nature, like a serene infant, is too happy to make a noise, except by a few tinkling, lisping birds and trickling rills?

From "The Maine Woods."

HENRY D. THOREAU.

THE BEST SERVICE

It is something to make two blades of grass grow where only one was growing, it is much more to have been the occasion of the planting of an oak which shall defy twenty scores of winters, or of an elm which shall canopy with its green cloud of foliage half as many generations of mortal immortals. I have written many verses, but the best poems I have produced are the trees I planted on the hill-side that overlooks the broad meadows, scalloped and rounded at their edges by loops of the sinuous Housatonic. Nature finds rhymes for them in the recurring measures of the seasons. Winter strips them of their ornaments, and gives them, as it were, in prose translation, and Summer clothes them in all the splendor of their leafy language.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE LITTLE LEAF

Once on a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said:

"What is the matter, little leaf?"

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"The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to the ground to die!"

The Twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the leaf:

"Do not be afraid, hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to." And so the leaf stopped sighing and went on rustling and singing. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some were scarlet, and some were striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said:

"All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said:

"O branch, why are you lead-colored and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes," said the tree, "for our life is not done yet, but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over."

Just then a puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and then whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and let it fall gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and it fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE KIND OLD OAK

It was almost time for winter to come. The little birds had all gone far away, for they were afraid of the cold.

There was no green grass in the fields, and there were no pretty flowers in the gardens. Many of the trees had dropped all their leaves. Cold winter, with its snow and ice, was coming.

At the foot of an old oak tree, some sweet little violets were still in blossom. "Dear old oak," said they, "winter is coming; we are afraid that we shall die of the cold."

"Do not be afraid, little ones," said the oak, "close your yellow eyes in sleep, and trust to me. You have made me glad many a time with your sweetness. Now I will take care that the winter shall do you no harm."

So the violets closed their pretty eyes and went to sleep; they knew that they could trust the kind old oak. And the great tree softly dropped red leaf after red leaf upon them until they were all covered over.

The cold winter came, with its snow and ice, but it could not harm the little violets. Safe under the friendly leaves of the old oak they slept and dreamed happy dreams until the warm rains of spring came and waked them again.

THE NOBLEST MONUMENT

What conqueror in any part of "Life's broad field of battle" could desire a more beautiful, a more noble, or a more patriotic monument than a tree planted by the hands of pure and joyous children, as a memorial of his achievements?

BENSON J. LOSSING.

PLANT TREES

Plant trees and care for them. They will repay you for many years to come in fruit and nuts and flowers; and will afford protection for man, beast, and bird against the piercing rays of old Sol in summer, and the fierce blasts of rude Boreas in winter. Plant trees.

PLANTING THE TREE

The holes were already dug, and they set to work. Winterborne's fingers were endowed with a gentle conjuror's touch in spreading the roots of each little tree, resulting in a sort of caress under which the delicate fibers all laid themselves out in their proper directions for growth. He put most of these roots towards the southwest; for, he said, in forty years' time, when some great gale is blowing from that quarter, the trees will require the strongest holdfast on that side to stand against it and not fall.

"How they sigh directly we put 'em upright, though while they are lying down they don't sigh at all," said Mary.

"Do they?" said Giles, "I've never noticed it."

She erected one of the young pines into its hole, and held up her finger; the soft musical breathing instantly set in, which was not to cease night or day till the grown tree should be felled — probably long after the two planters should be felled themselves.

THOMAS HARDY.

From "The Woodlanders."

THE APPLE

The boy is indeed the true apple-eater, and is not to be questioned how he came by the fruit with which his pockets are filled. It belongs to him, and he may steal it if it cannot be had in any other way. His own juicy flesh craves the juicy flesh of the apple. Sap draws sap. His fruit-eating has little reference to the state of his appetite. Whether he be full of meat or empty of meat he wants the apple just the same. Before meal or after meal it never comes amiss. The farm-boy munches apples all day long. He has nests of them in the hay-mow, mellowing, to which he makes frequent visits.

The apple is indeed the fruit of youth. As we grow old

we crave apples less. It is an ominous sign. When you are ashamed to be seen eating them on the street; when you can carry them in your pocket and your hand not constantly find its way to them; when your neighbor has apples and you have none, and you make no nocturnal visits to his orchard; when your lunch-basket is without them, and you can pass a winter's night by the fireside with no thought of the fruit at your elbow, then be assured you are no longer a boy, whether in heart or years.

From "Winter Sunshine."

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE MAJESTY OF TREES

There is a serene and settled majesty in woodland scenery that enters into the soul, and delights and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations.

As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and to breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathe forth peace and philanthropy.

There is something nobly simple and pure in a taste for the cultivation of forest trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is, if I may be allowed the figure, the heroic line of husbandry. It is worthy of liberal, and free-born, and aspiring men.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE GLORY OF THE WOODS

Of the infinite variety of fruits which spring from the bosom of the earth, the trees of the wood are greatest in dignity. Of all the works of the creation which know the changes of life and death, the trees of the forest have the longest existence. Of all the objects which crown the gray earth, the woods preserve unchanged, throughout the greatest reach of time, their native character. The works of man are ever varying their aspect; his towns and his fields alike reflect the unstable opinions, the fickle wills and fancies of each passing generation; but the forests on his borders remain to-day the same as they were ages of years since. Old as the everlasting hills, during thousands of seasons they have put forth and laid down their verdure in calm obedience to the decree which first bade them cover the ruins of the Deluge.

SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER.

From "Rural Hours."

HE WHO PLANTS AN OAK

He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade nor enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing and increasing, and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields. The oak, in the pride and lustihood of its growth, seems to me to take its range with the lion and the eagle, and to assimilate, in the grandeur of its attributes, to heroic and intellectual man.

With its mighty pillar rising straight and direct toward heaven, bearing up its leafy honors from the impurities of earth, and supporting them aloft in free air and glorious

sunshine, it is an emblem of what a true nobleman should be; a refuge for the weak — a shelter for the oppressed — a defense for the defenseless; warding off from them the peltings of the storm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE PINE TREE

The tremendous unity of the pine absorbs and molds the life of a race. The pine shadows rest upon a nation. The northern peoples, century after century, lived under one or other of the two great powers of the pine and the sea, both infinite. They dwelt amidst the forests as they wandered on the waves, and saw no end nor any other horizon. Still the dark, green trees, or the dark, green waters, jagged the dawn with their fringe or their foam. And whatever elements of imagination, or of warrior strength, or of domestic justice, were brought down by the Norwegian or the Goth against the dissoluteness or degradation of the south of Europe, were taught them under the green roofs and wild penetralia of the pine.

From "Modern Painters."

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE AGE OF TREES

Man counts his life by years; the oak, by centuries. At one hundred years of age the tree is but a sapling; at five hundred it is mature and strong; at six hundred the giant king of the greenwood begins to feel the touch of time; but the decline is as slow as the growth was, and the sturdy old tree rears its proud head and reckons centuries of old age just as it reckoned centuries of youth.

It has been said that the patriarchs of the forest laugh at

history. Is it not true? Perhaps, when the balmy zephyrs stir the trees, the leaves whisper strange stories to one another. The oaks and the pines, and their brethren of the wood, have seen so many suns rise and set, so many seasons come and go, and so many generations pass into silence, that we may well wonder what "the story of the trees" would be to us if they had tongues to tell it, or we ears fine enough to understand.

THE TWIG THAT BECAME A TREE

The tree of which I am about to tell you was once a little twig. There were many others like it, and the farmer came to look at them every day, to see if they were all doing well.

By-and-by he began to take away the older and stronger twigs, and one day he dug up this little tree and carried it away to an open field.

There its roots were again put into the soft warm ground, and it held its pretty head up as if looking into the blue sky. Just at sunset the farmer's wife came out to look at the new tree.

"I wonder if I shall ever see apples growing on these twigs," she said.

The little tree heard it, and said softly, "We shall see! Come, gentle rain and warm sun, and let me be the first to give a fine, red apple to the farmer's wife."

And the rain and the sun did come, and the branches grew, and the roots dug deep into the soft ground, and at last, one bright spring day, the farmer's wife cried:

"Just see! One of our little trees has some blossoms on it! I believe that, small as it is, it will give me an apple this autumn."

But the farmer laughed and said, "Oh, it is not old enough to bear apples yet."

The little tree said nothing, but all to itself it thought,
“The good woman shall have an apple this very year.”

And she did. When the cool days of autumn came, and the leaves began to fade and grow yellow, two red apples hung upon one of the branches of the tree.

A SPRAY OF PINE

The pine is the tree of silence. Who was the Goddess of Silence? Look for her altars amid the pines,—silence above, silence below. Pass from deciduous woods into pine woods of a windy day, and you think the day has suddenly become calm. Then how silent to the foot! One walks over a carpet of pine needles almost as noiselessly as over the carpets of our dwellings. Do these halls lead to the chambers of the great that all noise should be banished from them? Let the designers come here and get the true pattern for a carpet—a soft yellowish brown, with only a red leaf, or a bit of gray moss, or a dusky lichen scattered here and there; a background that does not weary or bewilder the eye, or insult the ground-loving foot.

How friendly the pine-tree is to man,—so docile and available as timber and so warm and protective as shelter. Its balsam is salve to his wounds, its fragrance is long life to his nostrils; an abiding, perennial tree, tempering the climate, cool as murmuring waters in summer and like a wrapping of fur in winter.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

From “*Signs and Seasons.*”

A SUBLIME EXTRAVAGANCE

The reckless and wanton destruction of forests has ruined some of the richest countries on earth. Syria and

Asia Minor, Palestine, and the north of Africa were once far more populous than they are at present. They were once lands "flowing with milk and honey," according to the picturesque language of the Bible, but are now in many places reduced to dust and ashes. Why is there this melancholy change? Why have deserts replaced cities? It is mainly owing to the ruthless destruction of the trees, which has involved that of nations. Even nearer home a similar process may be witnessed. Two French departments are being gradually reduced to ruin by the destruction of the forests. Cultivation is diminishing, vineyards are being washed away, the towns are threatened, the population is dwindling, and unless something is done the country will be reduced to a desert; until when it has been released from the destructive presence of man, Nature reproduces a covering of vegetable soil, restores the vegetation, creates the forests anew, and once again fits these regions for the habitation of man.

In our own country, though woodlands are perhaps on the increase, true forest scenery is gradually disappearing. This is, perhaps, unavoidable, but it is a matter of regret. Forests have so many charms of their own. They give a delightful impression of space and abundance.

The extravagance is sublime. Trees, as Jefferies says, "throw away handfuls of flower; and in the meadows, the careless, spendthrift ways of grass and flower and all things are not to be expressed. Seeds by the hundred millions float with absolute indifference on the air. The oak has a hundred thousand more leaves than necessary, and never hides a single acorn. Nothing utilitarian—everything on a scale of splendid waste. Such noble, broadcast, open-armed waste is delicious to behold. Never was there such a lying proverb as 'Enough is as good as a feast.' Give me the feast, give me squandered millions of seeds, luxurious carpets of petals, green mountains of oak

leaves. The greater the waste the greater the enjoyment — the nearer the approach to real life."

From "The Beauties of Nature."

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

THE LINDEN AND THE OAK

Once upon a time Jupiter, in human shape, visited in Phrygia, and with him his son Mercury. Weary with traveling, they presented themselves at many a door, seeking rest and refreshment, but in every instance it was refused them by the inhospitable occupants. At last, in a humble little thatched cottage, they were made welcome by Baucis, a pious old dame, and her husband Philemon. Unashamed of their poverty they hastened to give the travelers of their best; Baucis cooking them a savory mess of pot-herbs, spreading the table with a cloth, old and coarse, but a treasure in her eyes, which was only produced on great occasions. Philemon gave them cushions stuffed with coarse sea-weed for them to sit upon; and thus with kindly hospitality they made them welcome.

During the course of the meal it was discovered to them that their guests were of heavenly origin, and struck with terror they fell upon their knees, and begged forgiveness for the humble fare. Jupiter caused the whole neighborhood to be destroyed for their inhospitality, and caused the humble abode of the peasants who had given him their best, to be changed into a beautiful temple. Then he told them to ask for what they wanted.

They replied: "We ask to be priests and guardians of this, your temple, and since here we have passed our lives together in love and companionship, we wish that at one and the same hour we may die together.

Their prayer was granted; they were keepers of the temple as long as they lived. When grown very old, as they

were standing side by side, one day, they began to change. Their bodies stiffened into trunks, and leafy branches waved about them — they were trees; an oak and a linden; and for years the shepherds about would point to them and say: "They were once Baucis and Philemon."

THE APPEAL OF THE TREES

A tree is never without interest to those whose eyes have been opened to some of the wonders and perfections of Nature. Nevertheless, there is a time in the year's round when each tree makes its special appeal. It may be in the winter, when every twig is outlined sharply against the cold sky, and the snow reflects light into the innermost crevices of its structure, that the elm is most admirable. When the dogwood has on its white robe in May and June, it then sings its song of the year. The laden apple-tree has a pure glory of the blossoms, and another warmer, riper glory of the burden of fruit, but we think most kindly of its flowering time.

Some trees maintain such a continuous show of interest and beauty that it is difficult to say on any day, "*Now* is this tulip or this oak at its very finest!"

J. HORACE MCFARLAND.

From "Getting Acquainted with the Trees."

WHEN WE PLANT A TREE

When we plant a tree, we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling-place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves. As you drop the seed, as you plant the sapling, your left hand hardly knows what your right hand is doing. But Nature knows, and in due time the Power that sees and works in secret will reward you openly. You have been warned

against hiding your talent in a napkin; but if your talent takes the form of a maple-key or an acorn, and your napkin is a shred of the apron that covers "the lap of the earth," you may hide it there, unblamed; and when you render in your account you will find that your deposit has been drawing compound interest all the time.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BIRD DAY

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!"

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LEARNING TO LOVE THE BIRDS

ALMOST everywhere in the United States, one day in the year is set apart in the public schools as Bird Day, and exercises are held not only to teach the children something about the birds and their habits, but to impress them with their beauty and usefulness and the duty of loving and protecting them. For the birds *are* useful. Some of them laboriously dig out and devour the worms which have bored their way into the trunks of trees. In garden and orchard and vineyard, all summer long, they are busy destroying harmful insects, and surely no one ought to grudge them a few grapes or raspberries or cherries in return for this great service.

But they are valuable in other ways than these. They add to this old world's beauty and fill it with melody. What would it be without the birds! Think of the meadows, the forests, with no birds to enliven them! Oh, this world wouldn't be the beautiful place it is without the birds! What sound is more enchanting than the whistle of a red-bird, perched upon the topmost bough of a lofty tree, pour-

Note. — Selections suitable for Bird Day will be found also under Arbor Day, Flower Day, and The Changing Year.

ing out his very soul in song? Or the sweet throaty call of the thrush, or the far cry of the meadow-lark, or any one of half a hundred others?

In most States, the killing of song-birds is prohibited by law, and the offender is punished severely; but the time is not far distant when this law will never have to be enforced; for Bird Day is teaching the children that these little feathered fairies are to be protected, not injured; that they are to be loved for their innocent and pretty ways; that they are to be welcomed in the spring, and that such of them as remain for the winter are to be fed, for when the ground is deep with snow and everything frozen hard, it is not an easy thing for a bird to find food. And, above all, Bird Day teaches that to kill a bird or rob a nest is a mean and cowardly thing to do, which will leave a little mark in the heart and a little stain on the character which can never be washed away.

A WAVE OF MELODY

Do you know this of birds, that they have their favorite hours for singing, and so make one unbroken wave of music around the world? Perhaps Webster was thinking of this when he paid that tribute to the English flag, never before equaled by tribute to any flag from the lips of man. And so with birds.

I counted them . . . as I lay awake that night. At half-past one a small green finch awoke near my window and sang his simple song. Scarcely was he through before a sleepless mocking-bird, poet-like, with brain so full of fire and melody he could not sleep, began a faint and far-off "Miserere" in the hush of a half-veiled moon. A black-cap caught it up—not much of a song, but just enough to appear as a kind of an applause to the melody of the mocking-bird. It was nearly four when a blackbird piped his merry note, to be followed a half-hour later by the

flute-like notes of a thrush, and, later still, by those of a wren. Then came a sparrow, and then another wren, then the chaffinches, and then the linnets, until the chirp and whistle of a lazy lark was heard — really the last bird to find that the sun had arisen. And yet the world holds his name as a synonym of sunup. The astonishing thing about the world is what it does not know itself.

During the day it is the same, one bird after another having his favorite hour for singing, and not ending at night, as is generally supposed, with the whippoorwill's and nighthawk's cry, but with the song of waking birds and soulful birds, "following the sun and keeping company with the hours," making one unbroken wave of melody around the world.

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

From "A Summer Hymnal."

FRIENDS WITH THE BIRDS

People who have not made friends with the birds do not know how much they miss. Especially to one living in the country, of strong local attachments, and an observing turn of mind, does an acquaintance with the birds form a close and invaluable tie.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE CHICKADEE

Among them all, none is more welcome than that feathered atom of life, the chickadee. With the same blithe note that welcomed you to his woodland haunts in spring, in summer, and in autumn, when he attended you with such charming familiarity, he hails you now, and asks that hospitality be extended to him.

As often as you spread a simple feast for him he will come and sit at your board, a confiding guest, well assured

of welcome, and will repay you with an example of cheerful life in the midst of dreariness and desolation. In the still, bright days, his cheery voice rings through the frosty air, and when the thick veil of the snow falls in a wavering slant from the low sky its muffled cadence still heartens you.

On some February day, when the first promise of spring is drifted to you in the soft south wind, the tenderness of spring is voiced in his love-note, brief but full of melody, and sweet as the evening song of the wood pewee. When the spring songsters come, he takes leave of you. He has seen you safely through the winter, and departs to the woods on affairs of his own. He is no longer a vagrant, but at home in his own greenwood, yet as unfretted by the cares of housekeeping as he was by the dreary weariness of winter.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

From "New England Fields and Woods."

THE LOON

No being has ever shot a loon, though several have legends of some one who has. Sound has no power to express a profounder emotion of utter loneliness than the loon's cry. Standing in piny darkness on the lake's bank, or floating in dimness of mist or glimmer of twilight on its surface, you hear this wailing note, and all possibility of human tenancy by the shore or human voyaging is annihilated. You can fancy no response to this signal of solitude disturbed, and again it comes sadly over the water, the despairing plaint of some companionless and incomplete existence, exiled from happiness it has never known, and conscious only of blank and utter want.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

From "Life in the Open Air."

THE BLUE-BIRD

When nature made the blue-bird she wished to propitiate both the sky and the earth, so she gave him the color of the one on his back and the hue of the other on his breast, and ordained that his appearance in spring should denote that the strife and war between these two elements was at an end. He is the peace-harbinger; in him the celestial and terrestrial strike hands and are fast friends. He means the furrow and he means the warmth; he means all the soft, waving influences of the spring on the one hand, and the retreating footsteps of winter on the other. After you have seen the blue-bird you will see no more cold, no more snow, no more winter. He brings soft skies and the ruddy brown of the fields. It is sure to be a bright March morning when you first hear his note; and it is as if the milder influences up above had found a voice and let a word fall upon the ear, so tender is it and so prophetic a hope tinged with a regret.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE GROSBEAK'S SONG

I feel that I am lifted to the level of life's significance when the rose-breasted grosbeak sings. Cheerfulness, earnestness, and the inwardness of labor are voiced by it above all other birds. That song alone is a message from one who has eliminated doubt from the earth's problems and bids us go forth and possess the land. I am urged, when I hear it, to serious undertakings,—to transplanting oaks rather than idly dropping seeds that transient flowers may bloom.

CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

NATURE'S CHORUS

"How the chorus swells and dies, like the wind of summer! How those passages of mysterious import seem to wave to and fro, like the swaying branches of trees; from which anon some solitary sweet voice darts off like a bird, and floats away and revels in the bright, warm sunshine!"

From "Hyperion."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE VERY BIRDS OF THE AIR

Nay more, the very birds of the air, those that be not hawks, are both so many and so useful and pleasant to mankind, that I must not let them pass without some observations. They both feed and refresh him — feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their heavenly voices.

As first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her; she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and thrassel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful spring, as in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instruments can reach to! Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely the leverock, the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the sweet airs, the sweet

descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and re-doubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?"

IZAAK WALTON.

THE WOOD-THRUSH

The wood-thrush is worthy of all, and more than all, the praises he has received; in grace and elegance of manner he has no equal. Such a gentle, high-bred air, and such inimitable ease and composure in his flight and movement! He is a poet in very word and deed. His carriage is music to the eye. His performance of the commonest act, as catching a beetle, or picking a worm from the mud, pleases like a stroke of wit or eloquence. Was he a prince in the olden time, and do the regal grace and mien still adhere to him in his transformation? What a finely proportioned form! How plain yet rich his color,—the bright russet of his back, the clear white of his breast, with the distinct heart-shaped spots! The song of the wood-thrush is golden and leisurely. Its tone comes near to that of some rare stringed instrument. He is truly a royal minstrel, and considering his liberal distribution throughout our Atlantic seaboard, perhaps contributes more than any other bird to our sylvan melody.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

From "Wake Robin."

THE CROW

The crow may not have the sweet voice which the fox in his flattery attributed to him, but he has a good, strong, native speech nevertheless. How much character there is in it! How much thrift and independence! Of course,

his plumage is firm, his color decided, his wit quick. He understands you at once, and tells you so. Hardy, happy outlaws, how I love them. Alert, social, republican, always able to look out for themselves, not afraid of the cold and the snow, fishing when flesh is scarce, and stealing when other resources fail, the crow is a character I would not willingly miss from the landscape.

He is no interloper, but has the air and manner of being thoroughly at home and in rightful possession of the land. He is no sentimentalist, but apparently is always in good health and good spirits.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

From "Winter Sunshine."

THE ROBIN

When the day is sunny and the ground bare, you meet the robin at all points and hear him at all hours. At sunset, on the tops of the tall maples, with look heavenward, and in a spirit of utter abandonment, he carols his simple strain. And sitting thus amid the stark, silent trees, above the wet, cold earth, with the chill of winter still in the air, there is no fitter or sweeter songster in the whole round year. How round and genuine the notes are, and how eagerly our ears drink them in! The first utterance, and the spell of winter is thoroughly broken, and the remembrance of it afar off.

Hardy, noisy, frolicsome, neighborly, and domestic in his habits, strong of wing and bold in spirit, the robin is the pioneer of the thrush family, and well worthy of the finer artists whose coming he heralds and in a measure prepares us for.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

From "Wake Robin."

THE YELLOW BUTTERFLY

Between the dark storms and wintry rains there is a warm sunny interval of a week in February. Away one goes for a walk, and presently there appears a bright yellow spot among the furze, dancing along like a flower let loose. It is a sulphur butterfly, who thus comes before the earliest chiffchaff — before the watch begins for the first swallow. I call it the February pleasure, as each month has its delight. So associated as this butterfly is with early spring, to see it again after months of leaf and flower — after June and July — with the wheat in shock and the scent of the harvest in the land, is startling! The summer, then, is a dream! It is still winter; but, no, here are the trees in leaf, the nuts reddening, the hum of bees, and dry summer dust on the high wiry grass. The sulphur butterfly comes twice; there is a second brood; but there are some facts that are always new and surprising, however well known. I may say again, if only rare, how this butterfly would be prized!

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

From "The Open Air."

BUNKER HILL DAY

"The ground they gained, but we
The victory."

— GEORGE CALVERT.

BUNKER HILL

BEFORE dawn of June 16, 1775, about a thousand Americans, under Prescott, began the construction of redoubts on Breed's Hill, commanding the town of Boston, and during the day these were enlarged and strengthened despite the fire rained upon them by the British fleet. Next day, the seventeenth, at three in the afternoon, a force of about twenty-five hundred British regulars was sent across the Charles River and landed at the foot of Breed's Hill to attack the Americans.

The battle opened by a splendid but premature rush of the whole English force straight up the slope. The Americans, numbering about fifteen hundred, had been judiciously posted in two divisions of equal size, and met the advance by a carefully directed fire which drove the enemy back. After an interval of about fifteen minutes, a second charge, more deliberate than the first, was repelled with equal skill and courage. There was a second and longer interval. The Americans were at the end of their ammunition — there was but enough powder for one more round.

The English officers showed both courage and endurance. A second time the men were rallied, re-formed, and encouraged; a third time they moved upward with fixed bayonets, and aided by the enfilade of their battery suc-

NOTE. — Selections suitable for Bunker Hill Day will be found also under Patriot's Day, Independence Day, Washington's Birthday, and Flag Day.

cessfully stormed the redoubt at last. In the ensuing mêlée the Americans passed almost unhurt through the broken lines, those who had powder using it with deadly effect, formed in good order, and slowly retreated over Bunker Hill to Prospect Hill, near Cambridge, where they threw up trenches and stood to await the British attack. But the English were too much exhausted to follow up their advantage, and the battle of Bunker Hill, as it has ever since been called, remained technically indecisive.

Morally and historically this conflict was a victory for the united colonies. Its glory belongs to no single name, for the command was divided and ineffective, the slender resources of the provincials were not husbanded, and the battle took place where neither the council of war nor the committee of safety had intended. From the army of New England three hundred and four were wounded, a hundred and forty-five were either killed or missing. Many gallant leaders perished, among them Joseph Warren, whose fame calumny cannot dim. On the other hand, the men had fought bravely and behaved like veterans.

The English losses were enormous, a thousand and fifty-four killed or wounded, of whom one in ten were officers. The survivors, less than two thirds of the total number, felt a respect for the courage of their adversaries which disheartened the commander. He wrote to the ministry that the Americans were not the despicable rabble he had supposed. Franklin, in a letter to English friends, tersely expressed the whole matter, "Americans will fight; England has lost her colonies forever."

WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

From "The French War and the Revolution."

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

The seventeenth of June, 1775, saw the four New England Colonies standing here, side by side, to triumph or to fall together; and there was with them from that moment to the end of the war, what I hope will remain with them forever,— one cause, one country, one heart.

The battle of Bunker Hill was attended with the most important effects beyond its immediate results as a military engagement. It created at once a state of open, public war. There could now be no longer a question of proceeding against individuals, as guilty of treason or rebellion. That fearful crisis was past. The appeal lay to the sword, and the only question was, whether the spirit and resources of the people would hold out till the object should be accomplished.

All now saw, that if America fell, she would not fall without a struggle. Men felt sympathy and regard, as well as surprise, when they beheld these infant states, remote, unknown, unaided, encounter the power of England, and, in the first considerable battle, leave more of their enemies dead on the field, in proportion to the number of combatants, than had been recently known to fall in the wars of Europe.

When Louis the Fourteenth said, "I am the State," he expressed the essence of the doctrine of unlimited power. By the rules of that system, the people are disconnected from the State; they are its subjects, it is their lord. These ideas, founded in the love of power, and long supported by the excess and the abuse of it, are yielding, in our age, to other opinions; and the civilized world seems at last to be proceeding to the conviction of that fundamental and manifest truth, that the powers of government are but a trust, and that they cannot be lawfully exercised but for the good of the community. As knowledge is more and more

extended, this conviction becomes more and more general. Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams. The prayer of the Grecian champion, when enveloped in unnatural clouds and darkness, is the appropriate political supplication for the people of every country not yet blessed with free institutions:

“Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore,
Give me to see, — and Ajax asks no more.”

Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and wortier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of States. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us.

Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let our object be, **OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY.** And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

Bunker Hill Oration, June 17, 1825.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

CARNATION DAY

"His work is done, his toil is o'er;
A martyr for our land he fell —
The land he loved, that loved him well;
Honor his name forevermore!"

— RICHARD TITHERINGTON.

THE STORY OF CARNATION DAY

THE wearing of carnations on September 14, of each year, has become a custom, especially among National and State legislators, and persons of political prominence everywhere, as a fitting way to honor the memory of William McKinley, twenty-fifth President of the United States, who died on that day of 1901, from a bullet wound received at the hands of an assassin.

William McKinley was born at Niles, Ohio, January 29, 1843. He enlisted as a private at the outbreak of the Civil War, and served until its close, rising to the rank of major. He studied law, and in 1876 was elected to Congress. He served until 1891, and was then elected Governor of Ohio. In 1896 he was chosen President of the United States, and was re-elected in 1900.

At the Pan-American Exposition held at Buffalo, in the summer of 1901, September 5 was set apart as President's Day, and on the afternoon of that day President McKinley spoke to an audience of over thirty thousand people. The address was remarkable for the fact that it indicated a change of attitude in regard to the high protective tariff policy, of which he had always been a fervid champion. He said, among other things:

"Business life, whether among ourselves or with other peoples, is ever a sharp struggle for success. Without

competition we should be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming and manufacture, and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no further advanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be.

"The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. Let us ever remember that our interest is in accord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war."

The next day, September 6, a reception was held in the Temple of Music, on the Exposition grounds, at which all who wished were invited to pass in line and shake hands with the President. In the line was a man whose right hand was bound up with a handkerchief. This concealed a revolver, and as the President extended his hand, the assassin fired twice. One bullet passed through the President's stomach. Surgical aid was instantly at hand, and for a few days it was thought the President would recover, but the tide turned against him and he died on the fourteenth. The body was taken to Washington, where it lay in state in the capitol, and thence to his home town, Canton, Ohio, where it was buried.

AT MCKINLEY'S BIER

Our President is dead. We can hardly believe it. We had hoped and prayed, and it seemed that our hopes were to be realized and our prayers answered, when the emotion of joy was changed to one of grave apprehension. Still we waited, for we said: "It may be that God will be gracious

and merciful unto us." It seemed to us that it must be His will to spare the life of one so well beloved and so much needed.

Thus alternating between hope and fear, the weary hours passed on. Then came the tidings of defeated science and of the failure of love and prayer to hold its object to the earth. We seemed to hear the faintly muttered words: "Good-by, all, good-by. It is God's way. His will, not ours, be done," and then "Nearer My God, to Thee." So, nestling nearer to his God, he passed out into unconsciousness, skirted the dark shores of the sea of death for a time, and then passed on, to be at rest. His great heart had ceased to beat. Our hearts are heavy with sorrow.

My friends and countrymen, with what language shall I attempt to give expression to the deep horror of our souls as I speak of the cause of his death? When we consider the magnitude of the crime that has plunged the country and the world into unutterable grief, we are not surprised that one nationality after another has hastened to repudiate the dreadful act. This gentle spirit, who hated no one, to whom every man was a brother, was suddenly smitten by the cruel hand of an assassin, and that, too, while in the very act of extending a kind and generous greeting to one who approached him under the sacred guise of friendship.

Could the assailant have realized how awful was the act he was about to perform; how utterly heartless the deed, methinks he would have stayed his hand at the very threshold of it. In all the coming years men will seek in vain to fathom the enormity of that crime.

Had this man who fell been a despot, a tyrant, an oppressor, an insane frenzy to rid the world of him might have sought excuse, but it was the people's friend who fell when William McKinley received the fatal wound. Himself a son of toil, his sympathies were with the toiler. No one

who has seen the matchless grace and perfect ease with which he greeted such can ever doubt that his heart was in his open hand. Every heart throb was for his countrymen. That his life should be sacrificed at such a time, just when there was abundant peace, when all the Americans were rejoicing together, is one of the inscrutable mysteries of Providence.

In the midst of our sorrow we have much to console us. He lived to see his nation greater than ever before. All sectional lines are blotted out. There is no South, no North, no East, no West. Washington saw the beginning of our national life. Lincoln passed through the night of our history and saw the dawn. McKinley beheld his country in the splendor of its noon. Truly he died in the fulness of his fame. With Paul he could say, and with equal truthfulness, "I am ready to be offered."

C. M. MANCHESTER.

DAVIS'S BIRTHDAY

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE IDOL OF THE SOUTH

JEFFERSON DAVIS, President of the Confederacy, was to the South what Lincoln was to the North, and June 3, the anniversary of his birth, is observed as a public holiday in most of the States which combined under his leadership, and sought to establish the Confederate States of America.

He was born in Christian County, Ky., June 3, 1808, and twenty years later was graduated from the military academy at West Point. He served through the Mexican War, and was afterwards elected to the United States Senate. He resigned his seat there early in 1861, and on February 22 was inaugurated President of the Confederate States of America, holding that position until the fall of the Confederacy in 1865. On May 10, 1865, he was arrested at Irwinstown, Ga., by a body of Union troops, and for nearly two years was imprisoned at Fortress Monroe, Va. He was indicted for treason, but was never tried, and was pardoned by the general amnesty act of December 25, 1868. He died at his home in Louisiana, December 6, 1889.

NOTE. — Selections suitable for Davis's Birthday will be found also under Memorial Day, Robert E. Lee, and "Stonewall" Jackson.

WAS JEFFERSON DAVIS A TRAITOR?

What are the unities of our race? They are: First, aversion to human bondage; second, race integrity; third, thirst for power and broad empire; fourth, love of confederate union; fifth, assertion of local liberty, if possible, within the bounds of geographical and governmental union; sixth, but assertion of local liberty and individual right under all circumstances, at all times, and at any cost. These traits are so strong as to be the natural laws of the race.

I shall maintain that the Southern people have been as true to these instincts as any portion of their race, and have made for them as great sacrifices; that the Southern Confederacy grew out of them, and only in a subsidiary degree in antagonism to any one of them; and I shall also maintain that Jefferson Davis is entitled to stand in the pantheon of the world's great men on a pedestal not less high than those erected for the images of Washington and Hamilton, Jefferson and Adams, Madison and Franklin, who, however varying in circumstances or in personality, were liberty-leaders and representatives of great ideals and great deeds.

But the South yielded to slavery, we are told. Yes; but did not all America do likewise? Do we not know that the Pilgrim Fathers enslaved both the Indian and African race, swapping young Indians for the more docile blacks, lest the red slave might escape to his native forest? Were not choice parcels of negro boys and girls consigned to Boston from the Indies and advertised and sold at auction until after independence was declared? Was not the first slave ship in America fitted out by the Pilgrim colony? Was not the first statute establishing slavery enacted in Massachusetts in 1641? Did not the united colonies of New England constitute the first American confederacy

that recognized slavery; and was not the first fugitive slave law originated at their bidding?

All this is true. Speak slowly, then, O man of the North, against the Southern slave owners, or the Southern chief, lest you cast down the images of your ancestors and their spirits rise to rebuke you for treading harshly on their graves. On days of public festival when you hold them up as patterns of patriotism, take care lest you be accused of passing the counterfeit coin of praise. Disturb not too rudely the memories of the men who defended slavery; say naught of moral obliquity lest the venerable images of Winthrop and Endicott be torn from the historic pages of the Pilgrim land, and the fathers of Plymouth Rock be cast into outer darkness.

When Independence was declared at Philadelphia, in 1776, America was yet a unit in the possession of slaves, and when the Constitution of 1787 was ordained, the institution still existed in every one of the thirteen States, save Massachusetts only. True its decay had begun where it was no longer profitable, but every State united in its recognition in the federal compact, and the very fabric of our representative government was built upon it, as three fifths of the slaves were counted in the basis of representation in the Congress of the United States, and property in it was protected by rigid provisions regarding the rendition of fugitive slaves escaping from one State to another.

Thus embodied in the Constitution, thus interwoven with the very integuments of our political system, thus sustained by the oath to support the Constitution, executed by every public servant and by the decisions of the supreme tribunals, slavery was ratified by the unanimous voice of the nation, and was consecrated as an American institution and as a vested right by the most solemn pledge and sanction that man can give.

Deny to Jefferson Davis entry to the Temple of Fame

because he defended it? Cast out of it first the fathers of the Republic. Brand with the mark of condemnation the whole people from whom he inherited the obligation, and by whom was imposed upon him the oath to support their deed. America must prostrate herself in sackcloth and ashes, repent her history, and revile her creators and her being ere she can call recreant the man of 1861 who defended the heritage and promise of a nation.

As we are not of the North but of the South, and are now, like all Americans, both of and for the Union, bound up in its destinies, contributing to its support and seeking its welfare, I feel that as he was the hero in war who fought the bravest, so he is the hero now who puts the past in its truest light, does justice to all, and knows no foe but him who revives the hates of a bygone generation.

If we lost by the war a Southern Union of thirteen States, we have yet a common part in a continental union of forty-two, to which our fathers gave their blood, and upon which they shed their blessings; and a people who could survive four years of such experience as we had in 1861-65 can work out their own salvation on any spot of earth that God intended for man's habitation. We are, in fact, in our father's home, and it should be, as it is, our highest aim to develop its magnificent possibilities and make it the happiest dwelling-place of the children of men.

JOHN M. DANIEL.

From the oration on the death of Jefferson Davis, delivered before the General Assembly of Virginia, January 25, 1890.

THE CHARACTER OF DAVIS

Jefferson Davis was a man of forceful intellect, a great student, and one of the ablest debaters in the national councils. He had the courage of his convictions and was scrupulously honest alike in public and private life. He

believed in the right of secession and maintained it on all suitable occasions. He was respected by all his associates in public life because of the sincerity that guided him in his expressions and actions. He was grave and dignified to a degree approaching austerity, but was always one of the most courteous of gentlemen.

His military education doubtless strengthened his national inclination to reserve and self-reliance. It was probably the chief error of Jefferson Davis that, like Grant, he carried into the administration of civil affairs the dominating qualities of the soldiers. The educated soldier is trained to despise what is called popular clamor, and the tendency is to command. Jefferson Davis commanded as President of the Confederacy. The one feature of his administration that stands out most distinctly is the fact that he did not seek to popularize himself by any of the many arts so commonly accepted by public men.

By his arrest, at the close of the war, and imprisonment for two years in Fortress Monroe, he was made the apparent victim of the vengeance of the government against the people who had been in rebellion, and the intense and aggressive hostility to Davis that had been exhibited among a large portion of the Southern people was speedily changed to forgetfulness of his real and imaginary errors and into warmest sympathy for him as the chosen sacrifice. It ended criticism of the Davis administration and brought out in vivid colors all his beneficent achievements for the South, while his errors were entirely effaced in sympathy for the one man who was made to suffer the indignity of long imprisonment solely because of his devotion to the rebellious Confederacy that had written the most lustrous annals of American heroism.

ALEXANDER R. MCCLURE.

From "Recollections of Half a Century."

THE HOPE OF THE SOUTH

We have entered upon a career of independence, and it must be inflexibly pursued through many years of controversy with our late associates of the Northern States. We have vainly endeavored to secure tranquillity and obtain respect for the rights to which we were entitled. As a necessity, not a choice, we have resorted to the remedy of separation, and henceforth our energies must be directed to the conduct of our own affairs, and the perpetuity of the Confederacy which we have formed. If a just perception of mutual interest shall permit us peaceably to pursue our separate political career, my most earnest desire will have been fulfilled. But if this be denied us, and the integrity of our territory and jurisdiction be assailed, it will but remain for us with firm resolve to appeal to arms and invoke the blessing of Providence on a just cause.

It is joyous in the midst of perilous times to look around upon a people united in heart, when one purpose of high resolve animates and actuates the whole, where the sacrifices to be made are weighed in the balance, against honor, right, liberty, and equality. Obstacles may retard, but they cannot long prevent, the progress of a movement sanctioned by its justice and sustained by a virtuous people. Reverently let us invoke the God of our fathers to guide and protect us in our efforts to perpetuate the principles which by his blessing they were able to vindicate, establish, and transmit to their posterity, and with a continuance of his favor, ever gratefully acknowledged we may hopefully look forward to success, to peace, to prosperity.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

From the Inaugural Address, Montgomery, Ala., February 18, 1861.

DISCOVERY DAY

"He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: 'On! sail on!'"

— JOAQUIN MILLER.

WHY WE CELEBRATE DISCOVERY DAY

AT dawn of the twenty-first day of October, 1492, the fleet of three tiny vessels which, under command of Christopher Columbus, had sailed out from the port of Palos, many weeks before, and had kept bravely on through unknown seas, westward and ever westward, guided by the iron hand of the Admiral, came within sight of a low and level land. Frantic with joy, the sailors, under the lead of their commander, hastened ashore. The Spanish banner was unfurled, and Columbus took possession of the country in the name of the King of Spain. He named the island he had found San Salvador. It was one of the West Indies. Such, in barest outline, was the discovery of America.

In June, 1892, the National Congress directed President Harrison to issue a proclamation recommending that the people of the United States set apart October 21, of that year, to be observed by public demonstrations and by suitable exercises in the schools and elsewhere as Discovery Day — the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus in the New World. This was done, and the day was fittingly celebrated.

Since then, in each succeeding year, the twenty-first of October has been very generally observed in the schools as

NOTE. — Selections suitable for Discovery Day will be found also under Flag Day, Independence Day, and Washington's Birthday.

Discovery Day, with exercises intended to impress upon the minds of the children not only the magnificence of Columbus's achievement, but their duty as patriotic citizens toward the land which he discovered. And this is as it should be; for when that little fleet set out from Palos, it started on the grandest voyage history has ever known; and the new world which he discovered was destined to become the home of the most enlightened government ever established by man.

FOUR CENTURIES COMPLETED

The spectacle America presents this day is unique, without precedent in history. From ocean to ocean, in city, village and country-side, children of the States are marshaled and marching under the banner of the nation; citizens are gathering around the schoolhouse.

Four hundred years ago this morning the Pinta's gun broke the silence and announced the discovery of this hemisphere.

It was a virgin world. Human life hitherto upon it had been without significance. In the Old World for thousands of years civilized men had been trying experiments in social order, and they had been found wanting. But here an untouched soil lay ready for a new experiment in civilization. From the dawn of time nature had been preparing this place for the civilization of enlightenment.

In the fulness of time, Columbus came. All things were ready. A new method was present for a new civilization. New forces had come to light of late,—the mariner's compass, gun-powder, printing, the spur of intellectual awakening; these were new things for Europe, and full of overturning power in the Old World. But in the New World they were to work together in a mighty harmony.

To-day we reach our most memorable mile-stone. We look backward and we look forward.

Backward, we see the first mustering of modern ideas; their long conflict with Old World theories, also transported hither. We see stalwart men and brave women, one moment on the shore, then disappearing in dim forests. We hear the ax; we see the flames of burning cabins, and hear the cry of the savage. We see the never-ceasing wagon-trains, always toiling westward. We behold log cabins becoming villages, then cities. We watch the growth of institutions out of little beginnings — schools becoming an educational system; meeting-houses leading into organic Christianity; town-meetings growing to political movements; county discussions developing Federal governments. We see these hardy men, with intense convictions, grappling, struggling, often amid battle-smoke, and some idea characteristic of the New World always triumphing. We see settlements knitting together into a nation with singleness of purpose. And under it all, and through it all, we fasten on certain principles ever operating and regnant, — the leadership of manhood; equal rights for every soul; universal enlightenment as the source of progress. These are the principles that have shaped America; these principles are the true Americanism.

Our institution more than any other has wrought out the achievements of the past, and is to-day most trusted for the future. Our fathers in their wisdom knew that the foundations of liberty, equality, and fraternity must be universal education. The free school, therefore, was conceived the corner-stone of the Republic.

We, therefore, on this anniversary of America, present the Public School as the proudest and noblest expression of the principle of enlightenment which Columbus grasped by faith. We uplift the system of free and universal education as the master-force which, under God, has been

informing each of our generations with the peculiar truths of Americanism. America, therefore, gathers her sons around the schoolhouse to-day as the institution closest to the people, most characteristic of the people, and fullest of hope for the people.

To the thirteen millions now in the American schools, the command of the coming years belongs. We, the youth of America, who to-day unite to march as one army under the sacred flag, understand our duty. We pledge ourselves that the flag shall not be stained, and that America shall mean equal opportunity and justice for every citizen, and brotherhood for the world.

FRANCIS BELLAMY.

From address for the National School Exercises, October 26, 1892.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

It was on Friday morning, the 21st of October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the New World.

On landing, he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude.

Columbus then, rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him, as admiral and viceroy representing the persons of the sovereigns.

The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They thronged about the Admiral with overflowing zeal, some embracing him, others kissing his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage were now most devoted and

enthusiastic. Some begged favors of him, as if he had already wealth and honors in his gift. Many abject spirits, who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him, and promising the blindest obedience for the future.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

From "Christopher Columbus."

THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS

In the spring of 1493, while the court was still at Barcelona, letters were received from Christopher Columbus, announcing his return to Spain and the successful achievement of his great enterprise, by the discovery of land beyond the western ocean. The delight and astonishment, raised by this intelligence were proportioned to the skepticism with which his project had been originally viewed. The sovereigns were now filled with a natural impatience to ascertain the extent and particulars of the important discovery; and they transmitted instant instructions to the Admiral to repair to Barcelona as soon as he should have made the preliminary arrangements for the further prosecution of his enterprise.

It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach they rose from their seats, and, extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedent marks of condescension to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile.

It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneers, skepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power, successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

From "Ferdinand and Isabella."

COLUMBUS THE DISCOVERER OF AMERICA

Neither realism nor romance furnishes a more striking and picturesque figure than that of Christopher Columbus.

The perils of the sea, in his youth, upon the rich argosies of Genoa, or in the service of the licensed rovers, who made them their prey, had developed a skilful navigator and intrepid mariner. They had given him a glimpse of the possibilities of the unknown, beyond the highways of travel, which roused an unquenchable thirst for adventure and research.

The study of the narratives of previous explorers, and diligent questionings of the daring spirits who had ventured far towards the fabled West, gradually evolved a theory, which became in his mind so fixed a fact that he could inspire others with his own passionate beliefs.

To secure the means to test the truth of his speculations, this poor and unknown dreamer must win the support of kings, and overcome the hostility of the Church. He never doubted his ability to do both, though he knew of no man living who was so great in power or lineage or learning

that he could accomplish either. His unshaken faith that Christopher Columbus was commissioned from Heaven, both by his name and by divine command, to carry "Christ across the sea," to new continents and pagan peoples, lifted him so far above the discouragements of an empty purse and a contemptuous court that he was proof against the rebuffs of fortune or of friends.

It was a happy omen of the position which woman was to hold in America, that the only person who comprehended the majestic scope of his plans, and the invincible quality of his genius, was the able and gracious queen of Castile. Isabella, alone of the dignitaries of that age, shares with Columbus the honors of the great achievement. She arrayed her kingdom and her private fortune behind the enthusiasm of this mystic mariner, and posterity pays homage to her wisdom and her faith.

The mighty soul of the great admiral was undaunted by the ingratitude of princes and the hostility of the people, by imprisonment and neglect. He died as he was securing the means and preparing a campaign for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem from the infidel. He did not know, what time has revealed, that while the mission of the crusades of Bouillon and Richard of the Lion Heart was a bloody and fruitless romance, the discovery of America was the salvation of the world. The one was the symbol, the other the spirit; the one death, the other life. The tomb of the Saviour was a narrow and empty vault, precious only for its memories of the supreme tragedy of the centuries; but the new continent was to be the home and temple of the living God.

All hail, Columbus, discoverer, dreamer, hero, and apostle! We, here, of every race and country, recognize the horizon which bounded his vision and the infinite scope of his genius. The voice of gratitude and praise for all the blessings which have been showered upon mankind by his

adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither marble nor brass can fitly form his statue. Continents are his monument, and unnumbered millions, present and to come, who enjoy in their liberties and their happiness the fruits of his faith, will reverently guard and preserve from century to century his name and fame.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

EASTER

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply."

—CHARLES WESLEY.

WHAT EASTER IS

EASTER is the festival of Christ's resurrection, and is the most joyous day observed by the church which He founded. It corresponds with the Passover of the Jews, and in the early church *pascha* designated the festival of the crucifixion. Later, it came to represent both the crucifixion and the resurrection, and after the fourth century it was limited to the latter feast. The term Easter was first used when Christianity was introduced among the Saxons, and is traced to *Eostre*, a Saxon goddess, whose festival was celebrated annually in the spring.

Easter is the celebration of an event and not of an anniversary. No one knows the exact date of the resurrection, and the date which should be celebrated was fixed by the Council of Nicæa in 325 A.D. It is a movable feast, occurring sometimes in March, sometimes in April, being the Sunday which follows that fourteenth day of the calendar moon which falls upon or next after the twenty-first day of March. The esteem in which it is held is indicated by its ancient title, "The Great Day."

NOTE.—Selections suitable for Easter will be found also under Spring.

EASTER MORNING

Not another day of the year comes upon the earth with such universal acceptance as this. Although every Sabbath day is now changed to be a day of rejoicing for the resurrection of the Son of God, yet this is the annual and all-inclusive day, and is the Sunday of Sundays, which proclaims the resurrection of Christ from the dead with the sounding joy and sympathy of the whole Christian world. Christ is risen! There is life, therefore, after death! His resurrection is the symbol and pledge of universal resurrection!

It was nineteen hundred years ago. The world had not then just begun. It had passed four thousand troubled years. Well might holy men deem the old ended and the new begun. Well might the hopeful expect, from the very hour of Christ's resurrection, new scenes, new power, and new life for men and nations. Yet how blindly did they expect! How utterly unlike expectation have been the results. If we could go back to the time of the resurrection of Christ, and learn what was the expectation of the most intelligent and the most instructed of the early Christian men respecting the future, we should doubtless see that every single element of it, so far as it related to the outward progress of Christ's kingdom in this world, was mistaken.

Where is Jerusalem, that to the early Christian was to be glorified under Christ? Where are the Jews to-day, that were to be God's favored people in a more illustrious reign and kingdom. Jerusalem is a stage for antiquarians and devout pilgrims. The temple is gone, the light of true faith is quenched, and a decaying superstition kindles its lurid fire in the place of it. From the day that the hand of the government was stretched out against Christ, it seems to have been paralyzed, and the fabled Wandering Jew is a symbol of the nation itself — a nation without a land; a

people without a government; a parasitic people, growing upon the boughs of other nations, as the mistletoe upon the oak.

On this morning, of old, the Greek people, broken in political power, were yet the repositories of literature, of philosophy, of art. They were the world's schoolmasters. But now the torch that kindled the whole world's literature has itself gone out. The name and the place of Greece remains, but Greece is but a remembrance; and missionaries from distant lands are carrying scanty coals and embers from modern altars to kindle again the fires long quenched upon those renowned places of antiquity that gave to the world its light.

The Roman at that time stood supreme, but the empire is dead ages ago. Rome was the center of power then. It is now the center of decrepitude. It then commanded the world. Now it subsists by the permission of foreign armies. Its armies were in the east, in Gaul, in Britain. Europe was its realm. Now Rome mutters anathemas with the permission of a usurping French emperor, and is saved from the indignation of the Italian people by a mercenary army.

So long ago did the Jewish national life cease, and the Grecian and the Roman, that there has been time since for vast intermediate formations. The complex and transitional nations of the Middle Ages have had time for growth and for decay, and they have passed away, and still another growth, with modern civilization, is developed — and all since the first incoming of this morning of the resurrection that seemed to promise immediate victory to the world.

And now, a little more than eighteen hundred years after the resurrection, the day illustrious above all others, the day that brought to light and life the longed-for truths of immortality, the day that glows with the light of the natural

sun, not only, but through morning portals pours the effulgence of the great spirit world beyond, the light of the land of God — how strangely has it come every year again, shining upon all the earth! It came annually for a hundred years, and not a Christian temple did it see, and only hidden and dispersed Christians. It came for two hundred years more, and yet no fanes had been built. The root of Christianity had spread, and some leaves had crept along the ground like a hidden vine, but no tree of life spread its branches, a covert and a shade, for full three hundred years after the first shining of this day.

But now, in these later years, the whole Christian world celebrates this day again. Five hours ago our fatherland began its hymns and chants; but even before that, the solemn-sounding joy had spread through all the Russian land. Across the sea the light brought joy to many a ship; and glancing on the shore, ten thousand spires flashed the glad illumination, and trembled to the rolling organ beneath, that sounds forth the Christian's exultation. It is the Lord's day, and the annual day of resurrection.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

EASTER BELLS

With the dawn of Easter Day comes the pealing of the Easter bells. Who can hear them unmoved? Who can listen to their merry music without a glad uplifting of the heart? For the Easter message is one of joy and hope.

The faces we see on Easter morning are bright faces; and the words we hear are pleasant words; for this is the great festival of the Christian year, the day of rejoicing at victory over death; and he who learns its lesson may face the future with courage and serenity, confident that

"God's in his heaven;
All's right with the world."

So the bells peal out their message to all mankind. From every spire in the land come the glad sounds. They are borne far out to sea, and the sailors hear them; they are carried far up the mountains, and the hunters hear them; they are borne far over the plains, into the solitary places of the earth, where the sad and lonely hear them. And hearing them, they are less sad and less lonely, for they know that there is One who loves them and who is their Friend.

THE EASTER SEASON

There are great merits about Easter as an annual feast-day. It says to us: "Put on your best clothes, think your best thoughts, and come out and be as good and happy as you can. The Lord of Christendom is risen; the spring is coming back; life begins again in the fields and parks and gardens. Let us be grateful to our Maker for life; let us rejoice in the present all we honestly can, and take as hopeful a view of the future as common sense permits."

These are pleasant thoughts that Easter offers to the hospitality of our minds. As the buds begin to swell and the grass to be green again, we see everywhere work being done for us. We may cut the grass and trim its borders, but we can't make it grow. We may trim the trees and dig about their roots, but the buds don't swell because of us.

There is comfort for us in these considerations. The good Lord has not put upon us the whole responsibility of regulating even the little corners of the universe that we dwell in. The earth revolves, the sun rises and sets, the seasons recur, things grow, fire burns and the rains fall upon the earth, without any care or planning on our part. Our dwelling-place is provided; all we have to do is to make ourselves fit to live in it.

Come! brethren, come! Let us renew our hopes, and resolve afresh to live more fully up to our chances. It is

a world of such delightful possibilities! It is so fair to look at; it smells so sweet; its airs, as the spring gets into them, are so gentle and reassuring! Let us hope again that mankind is growing fitter to adorn so admirable a setting; that grace abounds somewhat more from year to year; and that individual humans, like you and me, grow more and more practical in our realization that we must be good if we would hope to be happy. We who are here — who don't know where we came from; who go, who knows where to — what more do we know than that this is our chance at earth; our chance to adorn creation; our chance to prove that we are in some measure fit to live here, and suited, perhaps, to be eventually transplanted?

From "Times and Seasons." EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN.

THE WHITE HARE

Among the many customs which mark the observance of Easter Day, none is more widespread than that of colored eggs for the children. It originated in Germany, where the Easter hare is almost as important a figure in nursery lore as is St. Nicholas in that of Christmas. The children are taught to believe that if they are good and mind their parents, and are truthful and kind to one another, a snow-white hare will steal into the house on Easter Eve, when everybody is asleep, and secrete in odd corners any number of beautifully colored eggs for the good children, but none for the bad ones.

Has Gretchen been naughty? Has Hans been good? These are the questions which agitate their little minds all the evening, and when they are finally tucked into bed, it is not to sleep, but to watch for the white hare. But they never see him, for he is a very timid and wily animal, and not until they are fast asleep does he steal into the house.

They are out of bed at sunrise. How about the white hare? Has anybody seen it? No; but mother is certain she heard a noise, though father doubts whether they have been good enough for the white hare really to pay them a visit. However, they may look — perhaps in some odd corner he may have left an egg or two. The search begins — for a long time in vain — then finally an egg is found, a wonderful egg, a gorgeous egg, and then another and another, until there can be no doubt that the white hare thinks them very good children indeed.

This pretty custom has spread from Germany to England and America, and everywhere, on Easter morning, the children are searching for the proofs that the wonderful white hare loves them.

EMANCIPATION DAY

"Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's untrained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?"

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE DAY OF FREEDOM

ON the first day of January, 1863, President Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring that thereafter all persons held as slaves in the States in rebellion against the Union should be free, and that their freedom would be maintained by the army and navy of the United States. The issuing of this proclamation had been foreshadowed on the 22d of the preceding September, when the President had issued a preliminary proclamation declaring that on January 1, 1863, "all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free." As the rebellion had continued, the second proclamation was issued as promised.

Both January 1 and September 22 are observed as Emancipation Day, but the latter more generally than the former, for the reason that, while the slaves were not actually freed until the first of January, the preliminary proclamation made that freedom certain. In the schools, too, September 22 is a more natural and convenient date for holding appropriate exercises.

NOTE. — Selections suitable for Emancipation Day will be found also under Lincoln's Birthday, Memorial Day, John Brown, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Selections from Flag Day and Independence Day may also be used.

It should be remembered that in neither of these proclamations did the President touch the institution of slavery itself. He had no lawful power to do so, whatever his wishes might be. He had freed the slaves in such States as were in rebellion against the Union as a war measure, on the principle that a belligerent has the right to confiscate or to destroy the property of an enemy. But he could not free the slaves in such States as Kentucky and Missouri, which were not in rebellion, and they therefore continued slaves until Congress, in 1865, adopted the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution, abolishing forever the institution of slavery in the United States. This amendment, which was ratified by thirty-one out of thirty-six States, was proclaimed December 18, 1865, and settled the question of slavery in America forever.

A FORECAST OF EMANCIPATION

Peace has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill — fields held sacred in the history of human freedom — shall lose their luster. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature, not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton, not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown, but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown, which a faithless soldiery proffered, and at a later day upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war.

What glory of battle in England's annals will not fade by the side of that great act of justice, by which her Legislature, at a cost of one hundred million dollars, gave freedom to eight hundred thousand slaves? And when the day shall come (may these eyes be gladdened by its beams!)

that shall witness an act of greater justice still,—the peaceful emancipation of three millions of our fellow-men “guilty of a skin not colored as our own,” nor held in gloomy bondage under the Constitution of our country,—there shall be a victory, in comparison with which Bunker Hill shall be as a farthing-candle held up to the sun. That victory shall need no monument of stone. It shall be written on the grateful hearts of uncounted multitudes, that shall proclaim it to the latest generation. It shall be one of the links in the golden chain by which humanity shall connect itself with the throne of God.

CHARLES SUMNER.

Oration July 4, 1845, Tremont Temple, Boston.

THE FREEDMEN

Emancipation Day! How sacred ought this anniversary be to every member of the negro race. For to the negro it means more than Magna Charta to the English, the Fall of the Bastille to the French, or the Declaration of Independence to the people of America. All these were, indeed, slaves in a sense; they were subject to despotic and arbitrary power, from which it was difficult or impossible to obtain redress; they were forced to suffer injustice and oppression, to fight for a cause they hated, and to support the government which destroyed them. But, even at its worst, how different was their slavery from that from which the negro race was freed!

For the negro was the property not of the State or of the nation, but of a single individual, who could do with him as he willed — who could not only compel him to labor, but could sell him, misuse him, even kill him. He had no rights in his body or in the produce of his hands. He had no chance for intellectual improvement or moral culture. He was a *slave* in all that the word implies.

Behold what a single day does for him! It breaks his

shackles, it sets him upright on his feet, a free man among free men; it places his destiny in his own hands; it permits him to fashion his own future; it plants hope in his heart. No longer need he look forward to an endless procession of to-morrows different in no wise from yesterday. From that moment his life was what he should choose to make it.

That was what emancipation meant to the negro. That is the transformation wrought by that document which Abraham Lincoln signed on the first day of January, 1863. Surely no more wonderful transformation was ever wrought in any race; surely no people have such an Independence Day to celebrate!

JOHN TREMAINE.

THE END OF SLAVERY

Slavery is dead, — buried in a grave that never gives up its dead! Let it rest! Every benefit which slavery conferred upon those subject to it, all the ameliorating and humanizing tendencies it introduced into the life of the African, all the elevating agencies which lifted him higher in the scale of rational moral being, were the elements of the future and inevitable destruction of the system.

The mistake that was made by the Southern defenders of slavery was in regarding it as a permanent form of society, instead of a process of emergence and transition from barbarism to freedom. If at this day the North or the American Union were to propose to re-establish the institution, it would be impracticable. The South could not, and would not, accept it as a boon. The existing industrial of capital and labor, had there been no secession, no war, would of themselves have brought about the death of slavery.

L. Q. C. LAMAR.

From address at dedication of the Calhoun monument, Charleston, S. C.
April 26, 1888.

FLAG DAY

"Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty."

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OUR YOUNGEST HOLIDAY

FLAG Day is one of the youngest of our national anniversaries, but seems destined to become one of the most widely observed, especially in the schools. And this is as it should be, for there is no surer way of awakening the sentiment of patriotism in the breasts of the children. They should be taught to love the Flag, and to honor it; they should be told the story of the sacrifices that have been made for it; it should be to them the symbol of their country, the "Flower of Liberty," to be reverenced and cherished. So it is eminently fitting that in the schools all over this broad land, one day in the year should be set aside as Flag Day, when these stories may be told and this duty taught.

Flag Day was first officially recognized on June 14, 1897, when the Governor of New York ordered that the Stars and Stripes be raised on all public buildings in the State, in commemoration of the one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of the adoption by Congress of our present national ensign. On the same day, Flag Day was observed at Philadelphia, and since then the custom has spread until to-day, on the fourteenth of June, in each year, nearly every public building in the country, as well as thousands of private ones, display the Stars and Stripes.

Note. — Selections suitable for the Flag Day will be found also under Independence Day, Patriots' Day, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, Lincoln's Birthday, and Francis Scott Key.

The question of a national flag had been under consideration from the very outbreak of the Revolution, but it was by no means an easy one to settle, and it was not until June 14, 1777, that Congress adopted the famous resolution:

"Resolved, that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

After the adoption of this flag, a new stripe was for a time added with every new State; but Congress soon saw that to continue this would be to mar the flag's beauty, so the stripes were reduced to the original thirteen, and the stars were made to correspond with the number of States, a star being added on the Fourth of July following the admission of each State.

There is no other flag which represents so accurately the history of the country to which it belongs as does the Stars and Stripes. And none can equal it in grace and beauty of design — one half as broad as it is long, the first stripe at the top red, the next white, the alternating colors making the last stripe red, and the blue field for the stars being the width and square of the first seven stripes. Truly, the flag of our country is not only to be honored for its history and loved for its associations, but is also to be admired for its beauty.

Since very few of our public schools remain in session so late as June 14, it has been suggested that Flag Day be observed on September 11, when the first national flag, made in accordance with the directions of Congress, was unfurled by Washington at the battle of the Brandywine.

THE NATIONAL BANNER

All hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart, and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be en-

trusted! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory, and patriotic hope, on the dome of the capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the entented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast!

Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar! Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never in any cause be stained with shame!

Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday-triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart! First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been borne victoriously across the continent and on every sea, may virtue and freedom and peace forever follow where it leads the way!

EDWARD EVERETT.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, which belong to the nation which sets it forth.

When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three-cornered Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long-buried but never dead principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a fiery ground set forth the banner of Old Eng-

land, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy, which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner, too; and wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive, and such glorious tidings.

The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light. As at early dawn the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then, as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only light, and every fold significant of liberty.

Let us, then, twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart-strings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battle-fields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas and amid the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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THE TWO BANNERS OF AMERICA

It makes the blood tingle and the cheeks glow to read how men have gone into battle under the inspiration of the "red, white and blue." It is enough to make the nation weep for joy, their devotion to the dear old flag; "Old Glory," they call it.

I saw a young sergeant in the hospital at Fredericksburg. He was dying there with the "Stars and Stripes" about him. Arms, haversack, canteen, blanket, all were lost; but he had clung to "Old Glory." His lips moved; we stooped to listen. He was making his last charge: "Come on, boys! our country and our flag forever;" and, wrapped in stars, he went up among the stars.

Lift aloft, then, the "star-spangled banner." Unfurl it to the breeze that every zephyr may kiss the sacred folds, red with the blood of God's heroes, white with God's justice, and blue with heaven's own azure. Bear it upward and onward, O braves of a free people! until over the whole vast extent of liberty's soil shall again be seen "the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, once more full high advanced."

I believe that God has made this whole land a cradle of liberty; and is rocking, rocking it to and fro, to and fro, with omnipotent arms; and, as the nations hear the thunder of that rocking, we pray God that it may never cease till liberty shall need rocking no more in her cradle, but shall stand up, fair and young and strong — true liberty, liberty for the body and liberty for the soul, and shall walk as a queen through the land, the daughter of our Christianity, the nursling of God and America.

Yet above the banner of the Constitution, above the banners of the American soldiers and sailors, above even the "Stars and Stripes," high over all, let us raise the banner of the cross, that we and the world may read its sacred motto: "Immanuel — God with us." And then, with the

mystic cords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone over all this broad land, swelling again the chorus of the Union, we shall go on, giving light to the nations and liberty to man and honor to God!

HERRICK JOHNSON.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

The flag of the Union — what precious associations cluster around it! Not only have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well-won battle-fields of the Revolution, and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule; but think where their descendants have carried it and raised it in conquest or protection!

Through what clouds of dust and smoke has it passed — what storms of shot and shell — what scenes of fire and blood! Not only at Saratoga, at Monmouth, and at Yorktown, but at Lundy's Lane and New Orleans, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec.

It is the same glorious old flag which, inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship," was hoisted on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry, just on the eve of his great naval victory, — the same old flag which our great chieftain bore in triumph to the proud city of the Aztecs, and planted upon the heights of her national palaces.

Brave hands raised it above the eternal regions of ice in the Arctic seas, and have set it up on the summits of the lofty mountains of the distant West. Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes? What countries and seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its guardian folds and defy the world?

With what joy and exultation have seamen and tourists

gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation's glory, received from it the full sense of security, and drawn from it the inspiration of patriotism! How many have lived for it, and how many have died for it! How many heroes have its folds covered in death!

And wherever that flag has gone it has been a herald of a better day — it has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization, and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it. All who sigh for the triumph of righteousness and truth salute and love it.

A. P. PUTNAM.

THE NATIONAL ENSIGN

Behold it! Listen to it! Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. "There is no language or speech where their voices are not heard." There is magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a solution for every doubt and perplexity. It has a word of good cheer for every hour of gloom or of despondency.

Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of later struggles. It speaks of victories, and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and the dead. But before all and above all other associations and memories, whether of glorious men, or glorious deeds, or glorious places, its voice is ever of Union and Liberty, of the Constitution and the Laws.

Behold it! Listen to it! Let it tell the story of its birth to these gallant volunteers, as they march beneath its folds by day, or repose beneath its sentinel stars by night! Let it recall to them the strange, eventful history of its rise and progress; let it rehearse to them the wonderful tale of its trials and its triumphs, in peace as well as in war; and never

let it be prostituted to any unworthy or unchristian purpose of revenge, predation, or rapine.

And may a merciful God cover the head of each one of its brave defenders in the hour of battle!

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP.

GLORIOUS OLD BANNER

Is it any wonder that the old soldier loves the flag under whose folds he fought and for which his comrades shed so much blood? He loves it for what it is and for what it represents. It embodies the purposes and history of the Government itself. It records the achievements of its defenders upon land and sea. It heralds the heroism and sacrifices of our Revolutionary fathers who planted free government on this continent and dedicated it to liberty forever. It attests the struggles of our army and the valor of our citizens in all the wars of the Republic. It has been sacrificed by the blood of our best and our bravest. It records the achievements of Washington and the martyrdom of Lincoln. It has been bathed in the tears of a sorrowing people. It has been glorified in the hearts of a freedom-loving people, not only at home but in every part of the world.

Our flag expresses more than any other flag; it means more than any other national emblem. It expresses the will of a free people, and proclaims that they are supreme and that they acknowledge no earthly sovereign but themselves. It never was assaulted that thousands did not rise up to smite the assailant. Glorious old banner!

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

From address delivered at Cleveland, Ohio, July 4, 1894.

FLOWER DAY

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A DAY FOR THE FLOWERS

PERHAPS no one tendency of the present day promises more for health and happiness than what may be called the return to nature. Just when it seemed that life had become most artificial and farthest removed from nature, came the turn of the tide. Apostles of fresh air, and sunshine, and God's Out-of-Doors arose, and soon made thousands of converts. We had forgotten that house meant "hiding-place"; we had shut out the air and the sunlight; but all that is rapidly changing. We are learning that human beings were meant to live in the open air, and that it is the greatest tonic and restorative that exists in the world.

Along with this return to nature has come renewed interest in nature's manifestations — the trees, the hills, and especially the flowers. For what would this old world be without the flowers — and by flowers we mean not only the gorgeous blooms of lily and rose and golden-rod, but those of the tiniest wayside "weed." There isn't, really, any such thing as a "weed," as the word is generally used; they are all flowers, and all equally wonderful. A "weed" is merely a flower which grows where it isn't wanted.

Especially in the schools has this interest in flowers been encouraged, and appropriate exercises are now held in

NOTE. — Selections suitable for Flower Day will be found also under Arbor Day, Bird Day, and The Changing Year.

almost all of them, at various times during the year, to commemorate Flower Day. Good programs for such celebrations are easily arranged, for some of the most beautiful bits of prose and verse in the language have been written about the flowers.

God Almighty first planted a Garden. And indeed it is the Purest of Humane Pleasures, it is the Greatest Refreshment to the Spirits of Man.

LORD BACON.

THE PRISONER AND THE FLOWER

There is a beautiful story in French of a prisoner who became exceedingly attached to a flower. He was put in prison by Napoleon because he was supposed to be an enemy of the government. Walking one day in the yard adjoining his cell, he saw a plant pushing up between the stones. How it came there he could not tell. Perhaps some one carelessly dropped the seed. Or perhaps the seed was blown over the wall by the wind. Charney (for that was his name) felt a great interest in the little plant, and spent much time in looking at it. He soon saw some buds. He watched them as they grew larger and larger, and longed to see them open. And when the flowers came at last, he was filled with joy. They were beautiful and with a delightful fragrance.

He guarded the plant with great care from all harm, and one day shielded it from a hail-storm by bending over it as long as the storm lasted. It was something more than a pleasure and comfort to him, for it taught him some things that he had never learned before — although he was a very wise man. As he watched the development of the plant — it taught him more than he had ever learned from the wise men of the earth, it taught him that there

was a God. He felt that no one but God could make that flower.

The plant proved of great service to him, for the Empress Josephine hearing of his care and love for the solitary little plant in the prison yard, and being a great lover of flowers herself, interested herself in his behalf and persuaded the Emperor to grant him his freedom.

And when Charney left the prison he took the plant with him, for he was loth to part with the little companion of his prison life, that had taught him such lessons of wisdom.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS

Love of flowers and all things green and growing is with many men and women a passion so strong that it often seems to be a sort of primal instinct, coming down through generation after generation, from the first man who was put into a garden "to dress it and to keep it." People whose lives, and those of their parents before them, have been spent in dingy tenements, and whose only garden is a rickety soap-box high up on a fire-escape, share this love, which must have a plant to tend, with those whose gardens cover acres and whose plants have been gathered from all the countries of the world. How often in summer, when called to town, and when driving through the squalid streets to the ferries or riding on the elevated road, one sees these gardens of the poor. Sometimes they are only a Geranium or two, or the gay Petunia. Often a tall Sun-flower, or a Tomato plant red with fruit. These efforts tell of the love for the growing things, and of the care that makes them live and blossom against all odds. One feels a thrill of sympathy with the owners of the plants, and wishes that some day their lot may be cast in happier places where they too may have gardens to tend.

It has always seemed to me that the punishment of the

first gardener and his wife was the bitterest of all. To have lived always in a garden "where grew every tree pleasant to the sight and good for food," to have known no other place, and then to have been driven forth into the great world without hope of returning! Oh! Eve, had you not desired wisdom, your happy children might still be tilling the soil of that blessed Eden. The first woman longed for knowledge as do her daughters of to-day. When the serpent said that eating of the forbidden fruit would make them "as gods," what wonder that Eve forgot the threatening command to leave untouched the Tree of Life, and burning to be "wise," ate of the fateful apple and gave it to her Adam? And then, to leave the lovely place at the loveliest of all times in a garden, the cool of the day! Faint sunset hues tinting the sky, the night breeze gently stirring the trees, lilies and roses giving their sweetest perfume, brilliant Venus mounting her accustomed path, while the sleepy twitter of the birds alone breaks the silence. Then the voice of wrath, the Cherubim, the turning flaming sword!

HELENA RUTHERFORD ELY.

From "A Woman's Hardy Garden."

THE DISCIPLINE OF GARDENING

There is such a close affinity between a proper cultivation of a flower-garden, and a right discipline of the mind, that it is almost impossible for any thoughtful person that has made any proficiency in the one, to avoid paying a due attention to the other. That industry and care which are so requisite to cleanse a garden from all sorts of weeds will naturally suggest to him how much more expedient it would be to exert the same diligence in eradicating all sorts of prejudices, follies, and vices from the mind, where they will be as sure to prevail, without a great deal of care and

correction, as common weeds in a neglected piece of ground.

And as it requires more pains to extirpate some weeds than others, according as they are more firmly fixed, more numerous, or more naturalized to the soil; so those faults will be found the most difficult to be suppressed which have been of the longest growth, and taken the deepest root; which are more predominant in number, and most congenial to the constitution.

JOHN WILLIAM COLE.

CHILDREN AND FLOWERS

What do these children do who never have a chance to gather wild flowers — the flowers that bloom so lavishly; more than enough for everybody, in the dear country-places?

Never to have been where violets grow, or arbutus, or down in those lovely woods among the beds of linnæa! Never to have found the spring-beauty and the wood-sorrel, and the dog's-tooth violet, and Jack-in-the-pulpit! Never to have seen banks of scarlet columbine, and a whole milky-way of the silvery miterwort! Never to have come home from the pasture with lady's slippers and red lilies; or been on the meadows in cowslip time, or by the pond when the lilies were open! Never to have had all the golden-rod and asters one wanted!

It seems as if a child had not had his rightful share in this world when he has been limited to some pent-up court or narrow street. Every child is born with a love for flowers. Yet many a little one must be satisfied with the dandelion that comes up in the backyard, which the eager fingers reach for as a miser would for gold.

Every generous boy and girl who has been used to having wild flowers enough must have often longed to share them with those who had none; to send them by the barrel full;

to load down express wagons with daisies and lilies (oh, so many there are on the green meadows in mid summer!) and have them distributed all along those city by-ways, and in the hospitals where sick children are lying in pain. It would be like opening the doors and letting the country in; for they would carry with them the dew of the meadows, and the woodsy smells. You could almost seem to hear the cow-bells tinkle, the singing of birds, the gurgling of happy brooks, murmur of bees, and lowing of cattle, and the whistle of the farm boys at their work; for they all belong together.

AMANDA B. HARRIS.

"Wild Flower Papers."

A SAYING OF LINNÆUS

I often think, when working over my plants, of what Linnæus once said of the unfolding of a blossom: "I saw God in His glory passing near me, and bowed my head in worship." The scientific aspect of the same thought has been put into words by Tennyson:

"Flower in the crannied wall
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower, — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

No deeper thought was ever uttered by poet. For in this world of plants, which with its magician, chlorophyll, conjuring with sunbeams, is ceaselessly at work bringing life out of death, — and in this quiet vegetable world we may find the elementary principles of all life in almost visible operation.

JOHN FISKE.

From "Through Nature to God."

THE LOVE OF GARDENS

Like the love of music, books and pictures, the love of gardens comes with culture and leisure and with the ripening of the home life. The love of gardens, as of every other beautiful and refining thing, must increase to the end of time. More and more must the sympathies enlarge. There must be more points of contact with the world. Life ever becomes richer. Gardening is more than the growing of plants; it is the expression of desire.

L. H. BAILEY.

OF GARDENS

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music, than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight, than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet; especially the white double violet, which comes twice a year, about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the musk rose; then the strawberry leaves dying, with a most excellent cordial smell; then the flower of the vines — it is a little dust, like the dust of a bent, which grows upon the cluster, in the first coming forth; then sweet-briar; then wallflowers, which are very delightful, to be set under a parlor, or lower chamber window; then pinks and gillyflowers, especially the matted pink and clove gillyflower; then the flowers of the lime tree; then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of bean-flowers, I speak not, because they are field flowers; but those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three; that is, burnet, wild thyme, and water mints. Therefore you are

to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

FRANCIS BACON.

THE STORY OF THE SUNFLOWER

Clytie was a beautiful water-nymph in love with Apollo. But, alas! he did not love her. So she pined away, sitting all day on the cold, hard ground, with her unbound tresses streaming over her shoulders. Nine days she sat and tasted neither food nor drink, her own tears and the chilly dew her only food. She gazed on the sun when he rose, and as he passed through his daily course to his setting; she saw no other object, her face turned constantly to him. At last, they say, her limbs rooted to the ground, her face became a sunflower, which turns on its stem so as always to face the sun throughout its daily course; for it retains to that extent the feeling of the nymph from whom it sprang.

THE STORY OF THE NARCISSUS

Narcissus was a beautiful youth, who, seeing his image reflected in a fountain, became so enamored of it that he pined away and was finally changed into the flower that bears his name. Poetic legends regard this as a just punishment for his hard-heartedness to Echo, and other wood-nymphs and maidens, who had loved him devotedly.

The narcissus loves the borders of streams, and is admirably personified in the story, for bending on its fragile stem it seems to be always seeking to see its own image reflected in the waters.

THE STORY OF THE HYACINTH

Hyacinth was a beautiful youth beloved by Apollo. He was playing one day at discus-throwing with the god,

when Zephyrus, the West Wind, enraged at Hyacinthus for preferring Apollo to himself, caused one of the discus to rebound and strike him in the face. Apollo, in despair, seeing that he was unable to save his life, changed him into the flower which bears his name, on whose petals Grecian fancy traced *al, al*, the notes of grief.

THE VIOLETS

Has any one, I wonder, ever classed and enumerated the blues of violets? I am sure it must have taken all the words that ever represent blue. They are turquoise, they are amethystine; they are sapphire, azure, cerulean. They are like the blue ether; like blue precious stones; like eyes of blue. They pale into lavender; they darken to purple. There are varieties in sky-blue with purple streaks; in deep violet striped with a lighter tint; in palest blue, with heavy shadings; and some that lack but little of being red.

AMANDA B. HARRIS.

THE SPRING-BEAUTY

The first trees within sight from our house to show signs of spring are a line of willows a mile off. All at once, on some morning of a sunny April day, there is a faint tinge of what the old story-writers call "gosling green"; and that callow tint means that there will soon be wild-flowers on a bit of meadow sheltered by those same willows. It is an early spot: a coppice of oak and other trees protects it on the north; the iron track of the railroad and an embankment, curve around the lower side where the sun shines all day; and at the west are those fantastic trunks and a hedge-row — a real hedgerow which makes one think of England.

It is a famous covert for birds. When they make the mistake, which they often do, of arriving from the South

too soon, they are sure to wait in that comfortable nook until it is time to see about building their nests.

And that is the earliest place to find a few of the first spring flowers, such as meadow-rue, houstonia, wind-anemone, and violets. But I speak of it particularly on account of the spring-beauty. Somebody has described this dainty thing as "composed mostly of water," and as being "little more than a colored shadow." But that shadow is very pink, and distractingly pretty. If you look at it with a microscope, you will see that it is made of pink hair-lines on a ground of faint pink, and dots of pink on almost invisible stamens — little bits of color and minute proportions; but making a shape and flower presence incomparably lovely.

How natural it is to associate flowers with human beings, or to liken them to some one we know! I am sure you must have seen many a dear old grandmother in a much-ruffled night-cap, who made you think of a hollyhock. There are faces with such broad, beaming good-will in them, they are so round and so cheery, that they seem to have the day's brightness in them like the sunflower. Is not the arbutus like the sweetest maidenhood, like Shakespeare's Miranda? And is not the white lily like some noble woman you honor? And what are sweet-peas but a flock of little school-girls with their cape bonnets on?

AMANDA B. HARRIS.

"Wild Flower Papers."

FLOWERS AND FOLIAGE

Did you ever think how different the world would be — what a sad want there would be in it — if it wanted flowers? The green herbage and foliage are also beautiful both in form and in color. In winter, when the plants are withered, and the trees are bare, how bleak and dreary the country looks! When spring returns, how gladly we watch the

bursting of the buds, and behold the trees and plants putting forth anew their leaves and blossoms!

Bright flowers, green trees, and singing birds! our hearts are the lighter for them.

BLUETS

The bluets have, as the word denotes, a hue of azure. Not many are the flowers so favored with names as this golden-eyed darling of the pastures and fields. In botanical nomenclature it is *Houstonia cærulea*, to honor Dr. Houston, an English botanist, and because it is of such heavenly blue when it opens. With the Philadelphians it is "quaker-bonnet"—they could think of nothing else so coy and so bewitching to call it by. Again it is "Venus' pride," and "dwarf-pink." It is "innocence" for reasons that need no comments. And finally it is "fairy flax," fit for elfin spinning and daintiest fabric for the queen of the fairies to wear.

AMANDA B. HARRIS.

THE HEPATICA

There are many things left for May, but nothing fairer, if as fair, as the first flower, the hepatica. When at the maturity of its charms, it is certainly the gem of the woods. What an individuality it has! No two clusters alike; all shades and sizes; some are snow-white, some pale pink, with just a tinge of violet, some deep purple, others the purest blue, others blue touched with lilac. A solitary blue-purple one, fully expanded and rising over the brown leaves or the green moss, its cluster of minute anthers showing like a group of pale stars on its little firmament, is enough to arrest and hold the dullest eye.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

From "Signs and Seasons."

MAY FLOWERS

(*Trailing Arbutus*)

They were the first to greet the pilgrim fathers and mothers after that dreary winter. Was it not some compensation for the primrose and hyacinths under the hedge-rows in dear old England? It is pleasant to think of this bit of beauty in their lives. I know those women must have put them in some quaint mug or pitcher of Delft, and set them where the humble room could be made pleasanter for their sweetness and bloom. Perhaps the pilgrim daughters ventured to fix the clusters in their hair, or wear them on their bosoms.

The leaves are dwarfed and rusty, but how intense, like a burning bush, is the rose-red of the clusters, and how spicily sweet are they!

AMANDA B. HARRIS.

FOREFATHERS' DAY

"Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God!"

— FELICIA HEMANS.

FOREFATHERS' DAY

THE twenty-second day of December is celebrated by New Englanders and by New England Societies generally as the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Mass., in 1620. The first celebration was held at Plymouth itself in 1769, when the Old Colony Club gave a dinner at Thomas Southworth's inn in North Street, and at every annual recurrence of the day the descendants of the Pilgrims have made this their chief rallying-place.

December 22 is not really the date of the landing. The date, according to the old calendar, was December 11, and in changing to the new calendar, ten days should have been added, making the date December 21. By a curious error, eleven days were added, and the date so arrived at has been so consecrated by custom that it is doubtful if it will ever be changed to the right one.

But this is of little importance. It is not so much the actual stepping ashore of the Pilgrims which deserves to be celebrated as the spirit which brought them over-sea, in search of liberty and religious freedom. And the celebration calls upon the American people to honor not only the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower*, but all those early settlers of

NOTE.— Selections suitable for Forefathers' Day will be found also under Thanksgiving Day.

America who were actuated by the same high motives, and in whose hearts thrilled the same love of freedom and hatred of oppression.

“Forefathers’ Day” in its broadest acceptance, glorifies the memory of the Puritans from England, the Beggars from Holland, the Huguenots from France, the Covenanters from Scotland, the Scotch-Irish from Ireland, and any other people from any other nation, who, from noble and exalted motives, abandoned their native lands and devoted their lives to the founding and continuance of America upon those principles which should enable her to become the home of political and religious liberty, a Nation whose God is the Lord, and whose people rejoice in that chiefest among national and individual blessings, a God-given freedom.

THE MAYFLOWER

“And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught these sires of Empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life,—to plant fair Freedom’s tree.”

— CAMPBELL.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the *Mayflower* of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprised them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, in their scarcely seaworthy vessel.

The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the

dismal sound of the pump is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggered vessel.

I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draft of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the boundaries of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on this distant coast?

Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? Was it hard labor and spare meals? Was it disease? Was it the tomahawk? Was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved ones left beyond the sea? Was it some or all of these united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?

And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there have gone forth

a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?

EDWARD EVERETT.

ON NEW ENGLAND'S "FOREFATHERS' DAY"

This is a day dear to the sons of New England, and ever held by them in sacred remembrance. On this day, from every quarter of the globe, they gather in spirit round the Rock of Plymouth, and hang upon the urns of their Pilgrim Fathers the garlands of filial gratitude and affection. We have assembled for the purpose of participating in this honorable duty of performing this pious pilgrimage. To-day we will visit that memorable spot. We will gaze upon the place where a feeble band of persecuted exiles founded a mighty nation; and our hearts will exult with proud gratification as we remember that on that barren shore our ancestors planted, not only empire, but freedom. We will meditate upon their toils, their sufferings, and their virtues, and to-morrow return to our daily avocations, with minds refreshed and improved by the contemplation of their high principles and noble purposes.

Two centuries and a quarter ago a little tempest-tossed, weather-beaten bark, barely escaped from the jaws of the wild Atlantic, landed upon the bleakest shore of New England. From her deck disembarked a hundred and one careworn exiles. To the casual observer no event could seem more insignificant. The contemptuous eye of the world scarcely deigned to notice it. Yet the famous vessel that bore Cæsar and his fortunes carried but an ignoble freight compared with that of the *Mayflower*. Her little band of Pilgrims brought with them neither wealth nor power, but the principles of civil and religious freedom. They planted them for the first time in the Western Continent. They cherished, cultivated, and developed them

to a full and luxuriant maturity; and then furnished them to their posterity as the only sure and permanent foundations for a free government. Upon these foundations rests the fabric of our great Republic; upon these principles depends the career of human liberty. Little did the miserable pedant and bigot who then wielded the scepter of Great Britain imagine that from this feeble settlement of persecuted and despised Puritans, in a century and a half, would rise a nation capable of coping with his own mighty empire in arts and arms.

On the twenty-second day of December, 1620, according to our present computation, the footsteps of the Pilgrims pressed the famous rock which has ever since remained sacred to their venerated memory. Poets, painters, and orators have tasked their powers to do justice to this great scene. Indeed, it is full of moral grandeur; nothing can be more beautiful, more pathetic, or more sublime. Behold the pilgrims, as they stood on that cold December day — stern men, gentle women and feeble children — all uniting in singing a hymn of cheerful thanksgiving to the good God, who had conducted them safely across the mighty deep and permitted them to land upon that sterile shore. See how their upturned faces glow with a pious confidence which the sharp winter winds cannot chill, nor the gloomy forest shadows darken.

“Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
Nor the trumpet, that sings of fame;
Nor as the flying come,
In silence and in fear —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.”

Noble and pious band! your holy confidence was not in vain: your “hymns of lofty cheer” find echo still in the hearts of grateful millions. Your descendants, when

pressed by adversity, or when addressing themselves to some high action, turn to the "landing of the Pilgrims," and find heart for any fate — strength for any enterprise.

SERGEANT SMITH PRENTISS.

From address delivered before the New England Society of New Orleans, December 22, 1845.

THE PILGRIMS OF PLYMOUTH

A worthy New England deacon once described a brother in the church as a very good man Godward, but rather hard manward. It cannot be denied that some very satisfactory steps have been taken in the latter direction, at least, since the days of the Pilgrims. Our age is tolerant of creed and dogma, broader in its sympathies, more keenly sensitive to temporal need, and practically recognizing the brotherhood of the race; wherever a cry of suffering is heard, its response is quick and generous. It has abolished slavery, and is lifting woman from world-old degradation to equality with man before the law. Our criminal codes no longer embody the maxim of barbarism, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but have regard not only for the safety of the community, but to the reform and well-being of the criminal.

All the more, however, for this amiable tenderness do we need the counterpoise of a strong sense of justice. With our sympathy for the wrong-doer we need the old Puritan and Quaker hatred of wrong-doing; with our just tolerance of men and opinions a righteous abhorrence of sin. All the more for the sweet humanities and Christian liberalism which, in drawing men nearer to each other, are increasing the sum of social influences for good or evil, we need the bracing atmosphere, healthful, if austere, of the old moralities.

The Pilgrims were right in affirming the paramount

authority of the law of God. If they erred in seeking that authoritative law, and passed over the Sermon on the Mount for the stern Hebraisms of Moses; if they hesitated in view of the largeness of Christian liberty; if they seemed unwilling to accept the sweetness and light of the good tidings,—let us not forget that it was the mistake of men who feared more than they dared to hope, whose estimate of the exceeding awfulness of sin caused them to dwell upon God's vengeance rather than his compassion; and whose dread of evil was so great that, in shutting their hearts against it, they sometimes shut out the good.

Let us then be thankful for the assurances which the last few years have afforded us that

“The Pilgrim spirit is not dead,
But walks in noon’s broad light.”

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

From a letter on the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, December 22, 1870.

THE PILGRIMS AS STATESMEN

They were practical statesmen, these Pilgrims. They wasted no time theorizing upon methods, but went straight at the mark. They solved the Indian problem with shot-guns, and it was not General Sherman, but Miles Standish, who originated the axiom that the only good Indians are the dead ones. They were bound by neither customs nor traditions, nor committals to this or that policy. The only question with them was, Does it work? The success of their Indian experiment led them to try similar methods with witches, Quakers, and Baptists. Their failure taught them the difference between mind and matter. A dead savage was another wolf under ground, but one of themselves persecuted or killed for conscience sake sowed the seed of discontent and disbelief.

The effort to wall in a creed and wall out liberty was at once abandoned, and to-day New England has more religions, and not less religion, but less bigotry, than any other community in the world.

In an age when dynamite was unknown, the Pilgrims invented in the cabin of the *Mayflower* the most powerful of explosives. The declaration of the equality of all men before the law has rocked thrones and consolidated classes. It separated the colonies from Great Britain and created the United States. It pulverized the chains of the slaves and gave manhood suffrage. It devolved upon the individual the functions of government and made the people the whole source of power. It substituted the cap of liberty for the royal crown in France, and by a bloodless revolution has added to the constellation of American republics, the star of Brazil.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

THE HEROISM OF THE EARLY COLONISTS

If one were called on to select the most glittering of the instances of military heroism to which the admiration of the world has been most constantly attracted, he would make choice, I imagine, of the instance of that desperate valor in which Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans cast themselves headlong, at the passes of Greece, on the myriads of their Persian invaders.

Judge if, that night, as they watched the dawn of the last morning their eyes could ever see; as they heard with every passing hour the stilly hum of the invading host, its dusky lines stretched out without end, and now almost encircling them round; as they remembered their unprofaned home, city of heroes and the mother of heroes,—judge if, watching there, in the gateway of Greece, this sentiment did not grow to the nature of madness, if it did

not run in torrents of literal fire to and from the laboring heart; and when morning came and passed, and they had dressed their long locks for battle, and when, at a little after noon, the countless invading throng was seen at last to move, was it not with a rapture, as if all the joy, all the sensation of life, were in that one moment, that they cast themselves, with the fierce gladness of mountain torrents, headlong in that brief revelry of glory?

I acknowledge the splendor of that exploit in all its aspects. I admit its morality, too, and its useful influence on every Grecian heart, in that greatest crisis of Greece.

And yet, do you not think that whoso could, by adequate description, bring before you that winter of the Pilgrims,—its brief sunshine; the nights of storm, slow waning; the damp and icy breath, felt to the pillow of the dying; its destitutions, its contrasts with all their former experience in life, its utter insulation and loneliness, its deathbeds and burials, its memories, its apprehensions, its hopes; the consultations of the prudent; the prayers of the pious; the occasional cheerful hymn, in which the strong heart threw off its burden, and, asserting its unvanquished nature, went up, like a bird of dawn, to the skies;—do ye not think that whoso could describe them calmly waiting in that defile, lonelier and darker than Thermopylæ, for a morning that might never dawn, or might show them, when it did, a mightier arm than the Persian raised as in act to strike, would he not sketch a scene of more difficult and rarer heroism?

I have said that I deemed it a great thing for a nation, in all the periods of its fortunes, to be able to look back to a race of founders, and a principle of institution, in which it might rationally admire the realized idea of true heroism. That felicity, that pride, that help, is ours. Our past, with its great eras, that of settlement, that of independence, should announce, should compel, should spontaneously

evolve as from a germ, a wise, moral, and glowing future. Those heroic men and women should not look down on a dwindled posterity. That broad foundation, sunk below frost or earthquake, should bear up something more permanent than an equipment of tents, pitched at random, and struck when the trumpet of march sounds at next daybreak. It should bear up, as by a natural growth, a structure in which generations may come, one after another, to the great gift of the social life.

RUFUS CHOATE.

RESULTS OF PURITANISM

What has been the effect of Puritanism on the world? To ask that question is to answer it. It fought the priesthood in the Hebrew times, and insisted on genuineness and spirituality. It was personified in John Calvin when he wrought to perfect expression the truth that every individual may come into the immediate presence of God and is responsible to him alone. It inspired the Puritan Revolution. It sent the Pilgrims to Plymouth. It made this nation a republic, and has dominated the whole British Empire so that the Union Jack stands for a liberty quite as ample as that represented by the Stars and Stripes.

The history of America in large part is either the history of Puritanism, or of those who were made great by its ideals. Ideally this Republic rests on these four corner-stones: the right and privilege of the individual to come into the immediate presence of God; absolute freedom in all matters of religion; righteousness of character essential to public service; and, the universal brotherhood of man. These truths have commanded the loyalty of the best men in our churches; they have inspired our noblest preachers; they thrill in the music of poets like Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow; they are recognized by so many of our politicians as have learned

that the State was made for man and not man for the State. The most beneficent and enduring element in the political, social, literary, religious life of the world for two hundred years either has been the expression of the Puritan spirit, or from it has received inspiration.

AMORY HOWE BRADFORD.

From "Puritan Principles and the Modern World."

THE PURITANS

The Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels, or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from the dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself entrusted with the scepter of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them.

People, who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate, or on the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their

feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, and cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmity; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withheld by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE PURITAN

The Puritan came to America seeking freedom to worship God. He meant only freedom to worship God in his own way, not in the Quaker way, not in the Baptist way, not in the Church of England way. But the seed that he brought was immortal. His purpose was to feed with it his own barnyard fowl, but it quickened into an illimitable forest, covering a continent with grateful shade, the home of every bird that flies. Freedom to worship God is universal freedom, a free State as well as a free Church, and that was the inexorable but unconscious logic of Puritanism.

Banished, moreover, by the pitiless English persecution, the Puritans, exiles and poor in a foreign land, a colony in Holland before they were a colony in America, were compelled to self-government, to a common sympathy and

support, to bearing one another's burdens, and so by the stern experience of actual life they were trained in the virtues most essential for the fulfilment of their august but unimagined destiny.

The patriots of the Continental Congress seemed to Lord Chatham imposing beyond the lawgivers of Greece and Rome. The Constitutional Convention a hundred years ago was an assembly so wise that its accomplished work is reverently received by continuous generations as the children of Israel received the tables of the law which Moses brought down from the Holy Mount. Happy, thrice happy, the people which to such scenes in their history can add the simple grandeur of the spectacle in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, the Puritans signing the compact which was but the formal expression of the Government that voluntarily they had established — the scene which makes Plymouth Rock a stepping-stone from the freedom of the solitary Alps and disputed liberties of England to the fully developed, constitutional, and well-ordered Republic of the United States.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

HALLOWE'EN

"This is the nicht o' Halloween,
When a' the witchie might be seen;
Some o' them black, some o' them green,
Some o' them like a turkey bean."

— OLD SONG.

THE HISTORY OF HALLOWE'EN

FROM time immemorial, the last night of the month of October has been known as Hallowe'en, or All Hallow Even; and of all the nights of the year this is the one upon which supernatural influences most prevail. It is the great anniversary to fairies, gnomes, elves, and witches. The spirits of the dead wander abroad and join the companies of devils and witches and mischief-making elves which dance about the world, bringing terror and confusion to wonder-stricken mortals. Children born on this day preserve for many years the power to converse with the little people of the under-world, and never really lose it until they grow up and think themselves too wise to believe in fairies any longer.

But even to grown-up people, the fairies and elves reveal themselves upon this one night of the year. They are willing to give advice or warning; hence it is the night of all nights for divinations; and since the little people are very sentimental folk, with a lively interest and unerring instinct in affairs of the heart, it is upon this night especially that one may ascertain with certainty who one's future life-partner is to be, and how long a time is to elapse before the happy day.

Hallowe'en is a curious hodge-podge of pagan and Chris-

NOTE.—Selections suitable for Hallowe'en will be found also under Autumn.

tian beliefs and superstitions. The ancient Romans, long before the Christian era, held a feast on the first day of November, dedicated to Pomona, the Goddess of fruits and seeds. About the same date, the Druids annually celebrated their great autumn festival to the sun, which was a kind of Thanksgiving. They believed, moreover, that on the eve of this festival, Taman, the Lord of Death, called together the souls which had been lost during the year to sentence them anew for the twelve months to come. He might be propitiated by gifts and prayers and so induced to deal gently with the souls brought before him for judgment.

This was the origin of Hallowe'en, and from this foundation all the various rites and ceremonies which now mark the observance of the day had their rise. But what was once a ceremony of belief has now become a thing of sport; the evening which was once spent in serious incantations is now devoted to jollity and mirth; its observances are all a jest which young people lay upon themselves; not in the least believing in the consequences which they are told will surely follow; but, after all, half hoping that there may be something in it, and telling themselves that even the wisest men really know nothing about elves and fairies.

HALLOWE'EN CUSTOMS

Since the principal object of most Hallowe'en ceremonies is to determine as many facts as possible about one's future partner in life, nearly all the rites peculiar to the evening are designed to answer such questions as love-lorn lads and lasses would be supposed to ask.

Nuts possess a peculiar power of answering such questions. They are placed side by side, in pairs, along the bar of the grate, and named for supposed lovers. If a nut burns quietly and brightly, it indicates sincerity of affection;

if it cracks and jumps, it tells of inconstancy; while if the nuts burn quietly side by side the youth and maid so indicated will certainly be married. Or, as Charles Graydon puts it:

“These glowing nuts are emblems true
Of what in human life we view.
The ill-matched couple fret and fume,
And thus in strife themselves consume,
Or from each other wildly start,
And with a noise forever part.
But see the happy, happy pair
Of genuine love and truth sincere:
With natural fondness while they burn,
Still to each other kindly turn,
And as the vital sparks decay,
. . . Together gently sink away,
Till, life's fierce ordeal being past,
Their mingled ashes rest at last.”

Or, perchance, a puzzled maiden, to find out which lover is true and which unfaithful, throws two hazel-nuts into the hot coals, and gives a name to each. If one of the nuts bursts, then that lover is unfaithful; but if it burns with a steady glow until it becomes ashes, she knows that her lover's heart is true. Sometimes it happens, but not often, that both nuts will burn steadily, and then is the maiden sore perplexed. And often, alas, the one upon which she sets her heart jumps out of the coals with a loud pop, proclaiming his infidelity, and there is no more sleep for her that night. Gay tells of a happier ending:

“Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
That in a flame of brightest color blazed;
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut which did so brightly glow!”

Next to nuts in prophetic power come apples, and endless are the ways in which they may be consulted. Any maiden may learn at least the first letter of her future husband's name by peeling a pippin, taking the paring by one end in

her fingers, swinging it slowly three times round her head, saying, as she does so:

"Paring, paring, show to me
Husband mine that is to be,"

and then letting the paring drop behind her. Let her look at it over her left shoulder, and she will surely see that the paring has fallen in the shape of the initial of his name, though to the rest of the company any semblance of a letter may be wholly undiscernible.

Two cut apple-seeds stuck on the lids of the eyes are of immense assistance, on Hallowe'en, in assisting one to decide which of two lovers is really the more worthy and desirable. All that need be done is to name each of the seeds after a lover, and the seed which drops from the lid first points to him whose love has not the sticking quality of faithfulness. Of course, it is unfair to attempt to assist the fates by winking.

There are many ways in which one's future spouse may be actually conjured before one in the spirit. First of these is the hemp-seed method. Let the experimenter take a handful of hemp-seed and go out alone and unperceived, and sow the hemp-seed on the ground, dragging after him an old broom by way of harrow. As he sows the seed, he must say:

"Hemp-seed, I sow thee; hemp-seed, I sow thee;
Now let my true love come after me and pou thee."

Then, if he looks over his left shoulder, he ought to see the spirit of his future sweetheart coming after him and pulling the seed which he has just sown. He will never fail to do so if he sows the seed just at the stroke of midnight with his back to the moon. The charm is, of course, equally valuable for maidens.

Or, by the Irish method, just at midnight let the maiden fling from her window a ball of blue yarn, holding the end of the thread. Then, as she rewinds it from left to right,

let her say the Apostles' Creed backwards. When the rewinding is nearly finished, a hand in the darkness outside will grasp the yarn and hold it. Let her ask, firmly, "Who holds?" and the name of her future husband will be breathed in at the window. The very difficulty of this test renders it the more certain.

Or, at midnight on Hallowe'en, let the maiden wet the left sleeve of a shirt in a brook running south; then run back with it to her chamber and hang it on a chair before the fire to dry. She must hurry to bed, but not to sleep; for if she remains awake, she will certainly see her future husband enter the room and turn the drying garment. If she does not see him, it is either because she fell asleep, or because the brook did not run due south.

And, finally, comes the most satisfactory test of all. Let the maiden place on a table beside her bed a glass of water in which is a small sliver of wood. As she falls asleep, let her say over and over to herself:

"Husband true that is to be,
Come this night and rescue me."

During the night, she will surely dream of falling from a bridge into the dark, deep water beneath; but scarcely does she touch it, when a gallant figure springs in to her rescue, and she starts awake with his face engraven on her heart; for he it is whom the Fates have ordained to be her mate.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

"Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE BIRTHDAY OF LINCOLN

FEBRUARY 12, the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, is commemorated annually everywhere throughout the North. It is a legal holiday in eight States, and is widely observed by special exercises in the public schools, in clubs and societies, and in public meetings. Thus is kept alive the memory of that wise, witty, and God-fearing man who guided the country through the terrible struggle of the Civil War, who saved the Union and abolished slavery.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin County, Ky., February 12, 1809. His father, Thomas Lincoln, moved to Indiana in 1816, and to Illinois in 1830. He left his father's home soon after settling in Illinois, and after following various occupations was admitted to the bar in 1836. He served in the State and National legislatures, and in 1860 was nominated as candidate for President by the Republican party. The disunion of his opponents gave him an easy victory, and he was inaugurated March 4, 1861.

His election was the signal for the secession of the Southern States. Hostilities began with the attack on Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861, and continued without interruption.

NOTE.—Selections suitable for Lincoln's Birthday will be found also under Emancipation Day.

tion for four years, during which time Lincoln, by his courage and patience and wisdom, won a steadily increasing regard from his countrymen. He was re-elected President in 1864 by an overwhelming majority, and began his second term of office March 4, 1865. He saw the Rebellion virtually ended, and was occupied with plans for the reconstruction of the South, when he was shot by John Wilkes Booth, at Ford's Theatre, in Washington April 14, 1865, and died the following day.

The passing of time, so far from detracting from Lincoln's greatness, has only served to add to it by bringing out in their true proportions his qualities of mind and heart. A man who, at the beginning of his career, was regarded very generally as a mere uncouth, country bumpkin, he is now accorded a place in the veneration of his countrymen, second only to that of Washington. Rising, as he did, from social obscurity, through a youth of toil and poverty; fighting his way by hard work, earnest purpose, and integrity of character to the highest place of honor in the world, he stands an example and inspiration to youth unparalleled in history.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Human glory is often fickle as the winds, and transient as a summer day; but Abraham Lincoln's place in history is assured. He stands forth on the page of history, unique in his character, and majestic in his individuality. He was a leader of leaders. By instinct the common heart trusted him. He was of the people and for the people. He was temperate, without austerity; brave, without rashness; constant, without obstinacy. He put caution against hope, that he might not be premature; and hope against caution, that it might not yield to dread or danger. His marvelous hopefulness never betrayed him into impracticable measures. His love of justice was only equaled by his

delight in compassion. His regard for personal honor was only excelled by love of country. His self-abnegation found its highest expression in the public good. His integrity was never questioned. His honesty was above suspicion.

We are to judge men by their surroundings, and measure their greatness by the difficulties which they surmounted. Lincoln came into power in the largest and most violent political convulsion known to history. In nothing is the sagacity and might of Lincoln's statesmanship more apparent than in his determination to save the Union of these States. He would have the Union, with or without slavery. He preferred it without, and his preference prevailed. How incomparably worse would have been the condition of the slave in a Confederacy with a living slave for its cornerstone than in the Union of the States! Time has vindicated the character of his statesmanship, that to preserve the Union was to save this great nation for human liberty, and thereby advance the emancipated slave to education, thrift, and political equality.

BISHOP JOHN P. NEWMAN.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

On the day of his death, this simple Western attorney, who, according to one party was a vulgar joker, was the most absolute ruler in Christendom, and this solely by the hold his good-humored sagacity had laid on the hearts and understandings of his countrymen. Nor was this all, for it appeared that he had drawn the great majority, not only of his fellow-citizens, but of mankind also, to his side. So strong and so persuasive is honest manliness, without a single quality of romance or unreal sentiment to help it.

A civilian during times of the most captivating military achievement, awkward, with no skill in the lower tech-

nicalities of manners, he left behind him a fame beyond that of any conqueror, the memory of a grace higher than that of outward person, and of a gentlemanliness deeper than mere breeding. Never before that startled April morning did such multitudes of men shed tears for the death of one they had never seen, as if with him a friendly presence had been taken away from their lives, leaving them colder and darker. Never was funeral panegyric so eloquent as the silent look of sympathy which strangers exchanged when they met on that day. Their common manhood had lost a kinsman.

From "Abraham Lincoln."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

President Lincoln stood before us as a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, had never crossed the sea, had never been spoiled by English insularity or French dissipation; a quite native, aboriginal man, as an acorn from an oak; no aping of foreigners, no frivolous accomplishments, Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flat-boatman, a captain in the Black Hawk war, a country lawyer, a representative in the rural Legislature of Illinois; on such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid.

He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good-will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty, which it was very easy for him to obey. Then, he had what farmers called a long head; was excellent in working out the sum for himself; in arguing his case and convincing you fairly and firmly. Then, it turned out that he was a great worker; had pro-

digious faculty of performance; worked easily. A good worker is so rare; everybody has some disabling quality. But this man was sound to the core, cheerful, persistent, all right for labor, and liked nothing so well.

Then, he had a vast good-nature, which made him tolerant and accessible to all; fair-minded, leaning to the claim of the petitioner; affable and not sensible to the affliction which the innumerable visits paid to him while President would have brought to any one else. And how this good-nature became a noble humanity, in many a tragic case which the events of the war brought to him, every one will remember; and with what increasing tenderness he dealt when a whole race was thrown on his compassion. The poor negro said of him, on an impressive occasion, "Massa Linkum am eberywhere."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From "Miscellanies."

LINCOLN'S GREATNESS

Lincoln's greatness consisted not in his eloquence as an orator, nor his shrewdness as a lawyer, nor his tact as a diplomatist, nor his genius in planning and directing military affairs, nor his executive ability, but in his absolute self-control, his unselfishness, the full maturity of his wisdom, the strength of his convictions, his sound judgment, his absolute integrity, his unwavering adherence to the principles of truth, justice, and honor, his humanity, his love of country, his sublime faith in the people and in Republican institutions.

He was without malice or the spirit of resentment, without envy or jealousy, and he suppressed his passions to a degree beyond that of most men. He entered the Presidency with an inadequate conception of his own responsibilities, but when he saw his duty he did it with courage,

endurance, magnanimity, and unselfish devotion. In his eulogy of Lincoln, uttered a few days after the assassination, Ralph Waldo Emerson said:

"He grew according to the need; his mind mastered the problem of the day; and as the problem grew so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was a man so fitted to the event.

"In four years — four years of battle days — his endurance, his fertility, and resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of an heroic epoch."

WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

From "The True Abraham Lincoln."

LINCOLN'S HUMANITY

No custodian of absolute power ever exercised it so benignly as did Abraham Lincoln. His interposition in behalf of men sentenced to death by court-martial became so demoralizing that his generals in the field united in a round-robin protest. Both Grant and Sherman cut the wires between army headquarters and the White House, to escape his interference with the iron rule of military discipline.

A characteristic story is told by John B. Ally, of Boston, who, going to the White House three days in succession found each day in one of the outer halls a gray-haired old man, silently weeping. The third day, touched by this not uncommon spectacle, he went up to the old man and ascertained that he had a son under sentence of death, and was trying to reach the President.

"Come along," said Ally, "I'll take you to the President."

Mr. Lincoln listened to the old man's pitiful story, and then sadly replied that he had just received a telegram from the general commanding imploring him not to interfere. The old man cast one last heart-broken look at the President, and started shuffling toward the door. Before he reached it, Mr. Lincoln called him back.

"Come back, old man," he said, "Come back! The generals may telegraph and telegraph, but I am going to pardon that young man."

Thereupon he sent a despatch directing sentence to be suspended until execution should be ordered by himself. Then the old man burst out crying again.

"Mr. Lincoln," said he, "that is not a pardon; you only hold up the sentence of my boy until you can order him to be shot!"

Lincoln turned quickly and, half smiles, half tears, replied, "Go along, old man, go along in peace; if your boy lives until I order him to be shot, he'll grow to be as old as Methuselah."

HENRY WATTERSON.

From address delivered at Chicago, February 12, 1895.

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

There are rare instances when the sympathy of a nation approaches those tenderer feelings which are generally supposed to be peculiar to the individual and to be the happy privilege of private life; and this is one. Under any circumstances we should have bewailed the catastrophe at Washington; under any circumstances we should have shuddered at the means by which it was accomplished. But in the character of the victim, and even in the accessories of his last moments, there is something so homely and innocent that it takes the question, as it were, out of all the pomp of history and the ceremonial of diplomacy,—

it touches the heart of nations and appeals to the domestic sentiment of mankind.

When such crimes are perpetuated the public mind is apt to fall into gloom and perplexity, for it is ignorant alike of the causes and the consequences of such deeds. But it is one of our duties to reassure them under unreasoning panic and despondency. Assassination has never changed the history of the world. Let us not, therefore, sanction any feeling of depression, but rather let us express a fervent hope that from out the awful trials of the last four years, of which the least is not this violent demise, the various populations of North America may issue elevated and chastened, rich with the accumulated wisdom and strong in the disciplined energy which a young nation can only acquire in a protracted and perilous struggle. Then they will be enabled not merely to renew their career of power and prosperity, but they will renew it to contribute to the general happiness of mankind.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

From a Speech in Parliament, 1865.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

The time had come when he who should untie the Gordian knot of slavery was to appear. Thousands of the best and bravest had grappled with the problem in vain. Many a gallant knight had graven "liberty" upon his helm, only to find himself sooner or later doing battle for slavery. The high and the low had been baffled. What seemed at the beginning an insoluble enigma had grown daily more intricate and difficult. Slavery, which had grown from a little speck to cover half the political horizon, had, from the first, falsified all theories. Instead of dying, it had flourished; instead of losing strength, it had gained power; instead of yielding to the sentiment of the world, it openly defied it.

It has become the fashion in these later days to look upon

Lincoln as the accident of an accident, rather than as the man of the age — the greatest of all who have borne the name American. It was not luck but intellect that brought him from obscurity to the forefront of the greatest movement in history. He alone of all the men of that time had the sagacity to discover the key of the position, to unite all the discordant elements in the attack upon it, and to hold them up in the conflict till the victory was won.

Those who saw the apparent ease with which he achieved these results only half realized his greatness. Pure, simple, unassuming, kindly, touched with sadness and relieved with mirth, but never stained with falsehood or treachery or any hint of shameful act; his heart was tender as his life was grand — he stands in history a little child in his humility, a king in power. Offspring of the sadly-smitten South; a nursling of the favored North; giant of the great West — his life was the richest fruitage of the liberty he loved!

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

Never did two such orbs of experience meet in one hemisphere, as the joy and the sorrow of the same week in this land. The joy of final victory was as sudden as if no man had expected it, and as entrancing as if it had fallen a sphere from heaven. It rose up over sobriety, and swept business from its moorings, and ran down through the land in irresistible course. Men embraced each other in brotherhood that were strangers in the flesh. They sang, or prayed, or, deeper yet, many could only think thanksgiving and weep gladness.

In one hour, under the blow of a single bereavement, joy lay without a pulse, without a gleam, or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky,

disheveling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket and forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and upon the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow — noon and midnight without a space between.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and States are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead — dead — dead — he yet speaketh!

Is Washington dead? Is Hampton dead? Is David dead? Is any man dead that ever was fit to live? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the Infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here: God makes it joy and triumph there. Pass on, thou victor!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Discourse at Plymouth Church on Sunday after Lincoln's Assassination.

AMERICAN IDEALS

Every great nation owes to the men whose lives have formed part of its greatness not merely the material effect of what they did, not merely the laws they placed upon the statute books or the victories they won over armed foes, but also the immense but indefinable moral influence produced by their deeds and words themselves upon the national character.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the material effects of the careers of Washington and of Lincoln upon the United

States. Without Washington we should probably never have won our independence of the British crown, and we shall almost certainly have failed to become a great nation, remaining instead a cluster of jangling little communities, drifting toward the type of government prevalent in Spanish America. Without Lincoln we might perhaps have failed to keep the political unity we had won; and even if, as is possible, we had kept it, both the struggle by which it was kept and the results of this struggle would have been so different that the effect upon our national history could not have failed to be profound.

Yet the nation's debt to these men is not confined to what it owes them for its material well-being, incalculable though this debt is. Beyond the fact that we are an independent and united people, with half a continent as our heritage, lies the fact that every American is richer by the heritage of the noble deeds and noble words of Washington and of Lincoln.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A TRIBUTE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

So let him lie here in our midst to-day, and let our people go and bend with solemn thoughtfulness and look upon his face and read the lessons of his burial. As he paused here on his journey from his Western home and told us what by the help of God he meant to do, so let him pause upon his way back to his Western grave and tell us, with a silence more eloquent than words, how bravely, how truly, by the strength of God he did it. God brought him up as he brought David up from the sheepfolds to feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance. He came up in earnestness and faith, and he goes back in triumph. As he pauses here to-day, and from his cold lips bids us bear witness how he has met the duty that was laid on him, what can

we say out of our full hearts but this — “He fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power.”

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Philadelphia, 1865.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

November 19, 1863.

MAY DAY

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

— JOHN MILTON.

THE FIRST OF MAY

THE first day of the month of May has, from time immemorial, been celebrated as the time when nature's fertility was renewed, and when the swinging seasons again brought summer to the north. In England, the ancient Druids, thousands of years ago, celebrated the feast of Bel on the first of May, by lighting immense fires in his honor, and even to this day this custom survives among the Irish and the Scotch Highlanders, among whom the feast is still known as Beltine,—that is, "the day of Bel's fire."

In England, the customs which mark the observance of May Day suggest a Roman origin, and it is these customs very largely that we in America have inherited. With us, as in England, the occasion is a feast of flowers, a reminiscence of the worship of Flora, the goddess of flowers.

One by one, various customs have been added. The May Queen was chosen and crowned with flowers, and a May-pole erected, around which every one was expected to dance. The May-pole, decorated with ribbons and flowers, was set up in country places on May Day eve, but in London and other large towns there were May-poles permanently standing in the streets. For over fifty years, a

NOTE. — Selections suitable for May Day will be found also under Spring and Flower Day.

famous one, one hundred and thirty-four feet in height, stood in the Strand.

In England, May Day festivities have gradually fallen into disuse, except in the country districts, but in this country they still survive to some extent, even in the larger towns. May Day, in New York City, finds Central Park crowded with children gathered to celebrate the occasion, and there are kings and queens and May-poles and all the rest of it. Throughout the country everywhere there are parties dancing about the May-pole, and the occasion is one of the prettiest open-air festivals of the year.

MAY DAY

The keeping of May Day dates back to the Romans in the worship of their goddess Flora, who presided over fruits and flowers. The Druids kept the day by bonfires on the hilltops on May-eve. It has long been observed in Italy, Russia, and Germany. In France, under the Gothic arch of an old church porch, a little girl may often be seen robed in white, crowned with periwinkle and narcissus, and holding in her hand an olive scepter. People give money as they pass, and this is used for the May festival.

In England, in the days of King Henry VIII, he and his Queen Katherine used to go a-Maying with their subjects. Chaucer tells of it in his "Court of Love"; and of all the May flowers he loved the daisy best; and I think he was right:

"That of all the flowers in the mede
Men love, I most these flowers white and red,
Such as men callen daisies in our town."

In the north of England all the boys and girls used to rise before daylight on May Day, and with music and the blowing of horns go to the woods in companies, and bring home branches of hawthorn at sunrise to deck their homes.

A May-pole, sometimes a hundred and thirty feet high, trimmed with garlands, was set up in the midst of the village, and the lads and lassies danced about it all day long. In some places, and at Edinburgh still, laughing maidens go out in the early morning to wash their faces in May dew, which is said to make people beautiful.

Within the present century the country milk-maids of England used to garland the cow, and dance around her to the music of the fiddle. The cow probably did not enjoy the affair very greatly. At an earlier time a man would dance in this procession, carrying a framework on his head, half covering his body, on which were hung silver flagons and dishes set in flowers. In some places little girls go about from house to house bearing garlands and singing this quaint old song:

“Remember us poor Mayers all,
And thus we do begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

“We have been rambling all this night
And almost all this day.
And now, returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

“The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May.”

SARAH K. BOLTON.

I GO A-MAYING

May Day can be as commonplace a date as any other of the series making the round year. We make much of many a holiday of our own appointment, and practically nothing of this one, set apart by Nature herself as a time to rejoice. He is wise who on this auspicious day flees from the en-

tanglements of civilization and turns savage; gets again as near Nature as he can, and asks of every bird and tree and flower to be his boon companion. There is many a word in our common speech of which we know but half the meaning; happiness is one of them. Go a-Maying and see if I am not right.

Our journey never need be long. An old apple-tree is an appropriate goal. When we have fathomed what trunk, branches, leaves, blossoms, and their attendant bees and birds stand for, and can tell our less observant brethren what May Day means, then we do not need a day out-of-doors; but I have never met such a man. Not all the lectures, sermons, books, and museums in the land can take Nature's place. To be with her daily is the greatest of our blessings, but this cannot always be. If, at best, we must choose an occasional day, never omit this magical date. As I have done and am doing — go a-Maying.

Innocent as the blossom, joyous as the bird; earnest as earth's manifold activities, this is she who wishes only that they who ramble abroad this day may be like unto her and so remain.

CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

From "The Rambles of an Idler."

THE ENGLISH MAY DAY

On the Calends, or first of May, commonly called May Day, the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some neighboring wood, accompanied with music and blowing of horns, where they break down branches from the trees, and adorn them with nosegays and crowns of flowers; when this is done, they return with their booty homeward, about the rising of the sun, and make their doors and windows to triumph with their flowery spoils; and the after part of the day is chiefly

spent in dancing round a tall pole which is called a May-pole; and, being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there as it were consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, without any violation being offered to it the whole circle of the year.

VINCENT BOURNE.

THE MAY-POLE

This morn, thinking to distract my thoughts from their troubles and uncertainties, I went forth with John to behold them raise the May-pole, all bedecked with flowers, and streaming ribbons wreathed upon great hooks hanging from the top of the pole. This they raised with vast shoutings of merry voices. This done, sundry youths and maidens took each one a ribbon that hung from the pole, and with music danced in and out and back and forth, but ever around the pole and nigher it, till with their dancing they had woven the ribbon in pretty patterns from the top to the bottom, many standing around watching the joyous sight.

All morning they have been dancing and making merry, the Landlord of the Bull's Head having broached a great barrel of October ale for their pleasure.

HOWARD PYLE.

From "A May-Day Idyl."

MAY CAROLS

"And green leaf and blossom and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving, all come back together."

All over the world the songs of May-time and their melodies are to be found celebrating the brightest time of the whole year, when all is anticipation in Nature. Winter's ramparts are broken down; indeed, this marvelous unbinding of Winter is Spring's first herald.

Then follows a time of heavenly beauty, the sunshine of fairyland, and the awakening of blossom. This is the herald of flowerland. The larches proudly bear their pink buds, the wild cherry trees follow with their rose-hued bells of foam, the daffodils are here in all their luster of green and amber, and "the shafts of blue fire," the hyacinths, are the world's carpet, and earth's song of joy is at its fullest, for "Spring has come!"

Small wonder is it that this feeling which Spring imparts to the whole world should express itself in special verse, music, rites, and ceremonies, with which no other season of the year is honored. In England and America the festival is celebrated in May, and some authorities declare its origin to have been a goddess's festival that fell then; but in Greece Spring ceremonies were held in March, and in all warmer countries than our own they naturally fall earlier in the year. Such being the case is more than sufficient testimony that these rites and ceremonies merely followed the dates of Spring according to Nature's geography, and that whenever or wherever they appeared their derivation was simply the necessity in all times of some symbolic utterance for the ecstasy of joy with which men hail the Spring.

"Now the leaves come back to the trees, the sap-filled bud swells with the tender twig, and the fertile grass that long lay unseen finds hidden passages and uplifts itself in the air. Now is the field fruitful, now is the time of the birth of cattle, now the bird prepares its house and home in the bough," and therefore now some link must be established between the children of men and the returned glory of the earth.

So the May carols and songs really represent an unconscious nature worship, curiously mixed up with the faiths and follies of other days. What to-day have we in exchange for the fascinating May-Day revels of the olden time?

May is still the same. Still does the hawthorn riot in sweetness, still do the cherry blossoms and hyacinths cover the earth with their opal and sapphire hues. But the spirit of May-time seems to have left the country folk that not so long ago almost worshiped it, and innocently blissful revelings no longer "make country-houses gay."

A. M. WAKEFIELD.

PATRIOTS' DAY

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE EMBATTLED FARMERS

NOT only in Massachusetts, but in many other States of the Union, is the anniversary observed of the day which marked the opening of the American Revolution. It was on April 19, 1775, that a little company of minutemen drew up before the British at Concord, Mass., and fired "the shot heard round the world." The story of that day is familiar to every boy and girl in America — how Paul Revere set out at midnight to give warning of the approach of the British column; how farmer, and mechanic, and laborer sprang to arms and hastened to attack the invaders, who, confident and aggressive at dawn, were scampering back to Boston in terror at sunset, with a loss of nearly three hundred dead and wounded.

It is that victory which Patriots' Day commemorates, and on its anniversary the story should be told again in every schoolroom in America. It is a story to stir the blood, to fire that patriotism and pride of country which should glow eternally in every American breast.

THE MINUTEMAN

The minuteman of the Revolution! Who was he? He was the husband, the father, who left the plow in the furrow,

NOTE. — Selections suitable for Patriots' Day will be found also under Bunker Hill Day, Independence Day, Flag Day, and Washington's Birthday.

the hammer on the bench, and, kissing wife and children, marched to die or to be free. The minuteman of the Revolution! He was the old, the middle-aged, the young. He was Captain Miles, of Acton, who reproved his men for jesting on the march. He was Deacon Josiah Haines, of Sudbury, eighty years old, who marched with his company to South Bridge, at Concord, then joined in that hot pursuit at Lexington, and fell as gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill.

He was James Hayward, of Acton, twenty-two years old, foremost in that deadly race from Concord to Charlestown, who raised his piece at the same moment as a British soldier, each exclaiming, "You are a dead man." The Briton dropped, shot through the heart. Young Hayward fell, mortally wounded. "Father," said he, "I started with forty balls; I have three left. I never did such a day's work before. Tell mother not to mourn too much, and tell her whom I love more than my mother, that I am not sorry I turned out."

This was the minuteman of the Revolution! The rural citizen, trained in the common school, the town-meeting, who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down not a man, but a system. With brain, and heart, and conscience all alive, he opposed every hostile order of the British Council. The cold Grenville, the brilliant Townshend, the reckless Hillsborough derided, declaimed, denounced, laid unjust taxes, and sent troops to collect them, and the plain Boston Puritan laid his finger on the vital point of the tremendous controversy and held to it inexorably.

Intrenched in his own honesty, the king's gold could not buy him. Enthroned in the love of his fellow-citizens, the king's writ could not take him. And when on the morning at Lexington, the king's troops marched to seize him, his sublime faith saw, beyond the clouds of the moment, the

rising sun of America, and careless of himself, mindful only of his country, he exultantly exclaimed, "Oh, what a glorious morning!" He felt that a blow would soon be struck that would break the heart of British tyranny. His judgment, his conscience, told him the hour had come.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THE STORY OF LEXINGTON

April the 19th, 1775, was the fatal day marked out by mysterious Heaven for tearing away the stout infant colonies from the old mother country. Early that morning, General Gage sent a detachment of about 1,000 men from Boston to destroy some military stores which the Americans had accumulated in the town of Concord, near Lexington.

On coming to the place they found the town militia assembled on the green, near the road. "*Throw down your arms and disperse, you rebels!*" was the cry of the British officer, which was immediately followed by a general discharge from the soldiers, whereby eight of the Americans were killed, and several wounded. The provincials retired; but, finding that the British still continued their fire, they returned it with good interest, and soon strewed the green with the dead and wounded.

Such fierce discharges of musketry produced the effect that might have been expected in a land of freemen, who saw their gallant brothers suddenly engaged in the strife of death. Never before had the bosoms of the swains experienced such a tumult of heroic passions. Then, throwing aside the implements of husbandry, and leaving their teams in the half-finished furrows, they flew to their houses, snatched up their arms, and bursting forth from their wild, shrieking wives and children, hastened to the

glorious field where Liberty, heaven-born goddess, was to be bought with blood.

Pouring in now from every quarter, were seen crowds of sturdy peasants, with flushed cheeks and flaming eyes, eager for battle. Even age forgot its wonted infirmities, and hands long palsied with years threw aside the cushioned crutch and grasped the deadly firelock. Fast as they came up, their ready muskets began to pour forth the long red streams of fiery vengeance.

The enemy fell back appalled. The shouting farmers, swift-closing on their rear, followed their steps with death, while the British, as fast as they could load, wheeling on their pursuers, returned the deadly fire. But their flight was not in safety! Every step of their retreat was stained with blood: every hedge or fence by which they passed, concealed a deadly foe.

They would, in all probability, have been cut off to a man, had not General Gage *luckily recollect*ed that, born of Britons, these Yankees might possess some of the family valor, and therefore sent one thousand men to support the detachment. This reinforcement met the poor fellows, faint with fear and fatigue, and brought them safely into Boston.

MASON L. WEEMS.

NEW ENGLAND AND VIRGINIA

There are circumstances of peculiar and beautiful correspondence in the careers of Virginia and New England which must ever constitute a bond of sympathy, affection, and pride between their children. Not only did they form respectively the great northern and southern rallying points of civilization on this continent; not only was the most friendly competition or the most cordial co-operation, as circumstances allowed, kept up between them during

their early colonial existence, — but who forgets the generous emulation, the noble rivalry, with which they continually challenged and seconded each other in resisting the first beginnings of British aggression, in the persons of their James Otises and Patrick Henrys?

Who forgets that while that resistance was first brought to a practical test in New England, at Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, Fortune reserved for Yorktown of Virginia the last crowning battle of Independence? Who forgets that while the hand by which the original Declaration of Independence was drafted, was furnished by Virginia, the tongue by which the adoption of that instrument was defended and secured, was furnished by New England, — a bond of common glory, upon which not Death alone seemed to set his seal, but Deity, I had almost said, to affix an immortal sanction, when the spirits by which that hand and voice were moved, were caught up together to the clouds on the same great Day of the Nation's Jubilee.

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

"When law can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their color dare not show,
Then I will change the color, too, I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to wearin' o' the green."

— OLD BALLAD.

THE FEAST OF ST. PATRICK

ON the seventeenth day of March, Irishmen, wherever they are, unite in celebrating the festival of St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland. Green is everywhere in evidence — the shamrock, wherever it can be obtained — and eyes are bright and hearts tender with memories of the green isle of Erin, which has always preserved so strong a place in the affections of its children.

Of St. Patrick himself very little is known. It is not even certain whether March 17 was the date of his birth or his death, or whether it was really the date of either. According to the best authorities, he was born about 386 A.D., near Glastonbury, England; in his sixteenth year he was carried away by pirates and taken to the north of Ireland, where he was sold as a slave. There he soon became a noted Evangelist, and eventually rose to the rank of Bishop. He founded three hundred and sixty-five churches and planted a school by the side of each; he organized an archiepiscopal see, established one or two colonies, and changed the people of Ireland from wild pagans to civilized Christians.

The most popular of the countless legends concerning St. Patrick is that which gives him credit for driving all the snakes and similar vermin out of Ireland. Not only has it maintained its vitality better than many a sober truth

could have done, but it has been strengthened and improved by successive generations of story-tellers. Here is an extract from one of the most popular of Irish songs which tells the story as it is current to-day:

"There's not a mile in Ireland's isle where the dirty vermin musters;
Where'er he put his dear forefoot he murdered them in clusters.
The toads went hop, the frogs went flop, slap-dash into the water,
And the beasts committed suicide to save themselves from slaughter."

It is impossible to say when the seventeenth of March was set apart as St. Patrick's Day, and observed as the national festival of Ireland. But, however it may have started, the day has become a great popular holiday, not only in the Emerald Isle itself, but in every city where a crowd of Irishmen can be got together to parade and listen to addresses in praise of their birthplace. The shamrock is worn not only as Ireland's national flower, but also in commemoration of the fact that when St. Patrick was preaching the doctrine of the Trinity, he made use of this plant, bearing three leaves upon one stem, as a symbol of the great mystery.

IRELAND TO BE RULED BY IRISHMEN

If I read Irish history aright, misfortune and calamity have wedded her sons to their soil with an embrace yet closer than is known elsewhere, and the Irishman is still more profoundly Irish; but it does not follow that because his local patriotism is strong he should be incapable of an imperial patriotism. I say the Irishman is as capable of loyalty as another man. But if his loyalty has been checked, why, it is because the laws by which he is governed do not present themselves to him as they do to us in England or Scotland, with a native and congenial element.

Let us show to Europe and America that we, too, can face the political problems which America had to face

twenty years ago, and which many countries in Europe have been called on to face and have not feared to deal with. I ask that we shall practise as we have very often practised, and that in our own case we shall be firm and fearless in applying the doctrines we have often inculcated in others, that the concession of local self-government is not the way to sap and impair, but to strengthen and consolidate, unity. I ask that we should learn to rely less upon mere written stipulations and more upon those better stipulations written on the heart and mind of man. I ask that we should apply to Ireland the happy experience we have gained in England and Scotland, where a course of generations has now taught us, not a dream or a theory, but as a matter of practice and of life, that the best and surest foundation we can find to build on is the foundation afforded by the affections and convictions and will of man, and that it is thus, by the decree of the Almighty, that far more than by any other method we may be enabled to secure at once the social happiness, the power, and the permanence of the Empire.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

From address delivered April 8, 1886.

IRISH HEROISM

If I were a sculptor, I would chisel from the marble my ideal of a hero. I would make it the figure of an Irishman sacrificing his hopes and his life on the altar of his country, and I would carve on its pedestal the name of Robert Emmet.

If I were a painter, I would make the canvas eloquent with the deeds of the bravest people who ever lived, whose proud spirit no power can ever conquer and whose loyalty and devotion to the hopes of free government no tyrant can ever crush. And I would write under the picture, "Ireland."

If I were a poet, I would melt the world to tears with the pathos of my song. I would touch the heart of humanity with the mournful threnody of Ireland's wrongs and Erin's woes. I would weave the shamrock and the rose into garlands of glory for the Emerald Isle, the land of martyrs and memories, the cradle of heroes, the nursery of liberty.

Tortured in dungeons and murdered on scaffolds, robbed of the fruits of their sweat and toil, scourged by famine and plundered by the avarice of heartless power, driven like the leaves of autumn before the keen winter winds, this sturdy race of Erin's sons and daughters have been scattered over the face of the earth, homeless only in the land of their nativity, but princes and lords in every other land where merit is the measure of the man.

ROBERT L. TAYLOR.

IRELAND SHALL BE FREE

Among the nations of the earth, Ireland stands number one in the physical strength of her sons and in the beauty and purity of her daughters. Ireland, land of my forefathers, how my mind expands and my spirit walks abroad in something of majesty, when I contemplate the high qualities, inestimable virtues, and true purity and piety and religious fidelity of the inhabitants of your green fields and productive mountains. The richest harvests that any land can produce are those reaped in Ireland; and then here are the sweetest meadows, the greenest fields, the loftiest mountains, the purest streams, the noblest rivers, the most capacious harbors — and her water power is equal to turn the machinery of the whole world.

Oh, my friends, it is a country worth fighting for — it is a country worth dying for; but above all, it is a country worth being tranquil, determined, submissive, and docile for; disciplined as you are in obedience to those who are

breaking the way, and trampling down the barriers between you and your constitutional liberty. I will see every man of you having a vote, and every man protected by the ballot from the agent or landlord. I will see labor protected, and every title to possession recognized, when you are industrious and honest. I will see prosperity again throughout your land; — the busy hum of the shuttle and the tinkling of the smithy shall be heard again. We shall see the nailer employed even until the middle of the night, and the carpenter covering himself with his chips. I will see prosperity in all its gradations spreading through a happy, contented, religious land. I will hear the hymn of a happy people go forth at sunrise to God in praise of his mercies — and I will see the evening sun set down amongst the uplifted hands of a religious and free population. Every blessing that man can bestow and religion can confer upon the faithful heart shall spread throughout the land. Stand by me — join with me — I will say be obedient to me, and Ireland shall be free.

From address delivered September, 1843.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

IRELAND'S FREEDOM

It is a remarkable fact that while America, throughout the length and breadth of her country, does her very utmost to show her sympathy with Ireland and send her practical help to our people; while there is scarcely any hand save America's between the starvation of large masses of the western peasantry, England alone of almost all the civilized nations does scarcely anything, although close beside Ireland, to help the terrible suffering and famine which now oppress that country. I speak a fact when I say that if it had not been for the help which has gone from America during the last two months among these, our people would have perished ere now of starvation.

We are asked: "Why do you not recommend emigration to America?" and we are told that the lands of Ireland are too crowded. The lands of Ireland are not too crowded; they are less thickly populated than those of any civilized country in the world; they are far less thickly populated — the rich lands of Ireland — than any of your Western States. No! we will stand by our country, and whether we are exterminated by famine to-day, or decimated by English bayonets to-morrow, the people of Ireland are determined to uphold the God-given right of Ireland to take her place among the nations of the world.

We cannot give up the right of Ireland to be a nation, and though we may devote all our energies to remove the deadly upas tree of Irish landlordism, yet still you will trust us and believe that above and before all we recognize and are determined to work for the right of Ireland to regain her lost nationhood. We believe that Ireland is eminently fitted to take her place among the nations of the world. A people who can boast of such a history as ours has shown that although we may be kept down for a time, we cannot long continue deprived of our rights. And I, for one, feel just as convinced that Ireland will be a nation some day or other, as I feel convinced that in a year or two the last vestiges of landlordism will have disappeared from the face of our country.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

From a speech delivered at St. Louis, March 4, 1880.

AMERICA AND IRELAND

There is another nation that understands Ireland, whose statesmen have always spoken words of brave encouragement, of tender sympathy, and of manly hope for Ireland in her dark days, and that nation is the United States of America — the mighty land placed by the Omnipotent Hand between the Far East on the one side, to which she

stretches out her glorious arms over the broad Pacific, while on the other side she sweeps with uplifted hand over the Atlantic and touches Europe. A mighty land, including in her ample bosom untold resources of every form of commercial and mineral wealth; a mighty land, with room for three hundred millions of men. The oppressed of all the world over are flying to her more than imperial bosom, there to find liberty and the sacred right of civil and religious freedom. Is there not reason to suppose that in the future which we cannot see to-day, but which lies before us, that America will be to the whole world what Rome was in the ancient days, what England was a few years ago, the great storehouse of the world, the great ruler — pacific ruler by justice of the whole world, her manufacturing power dispensing from out her mighty bosom all the necessaries and all the luxuries of life to the whole world around her? She may be destined, and I believe she is, to rise rapidly into that gigantic power that will overshadow all other nations.

When that conclusion does come to pass, what is more natural than that Ireland — now, I suppose, mistress of her destinies — should turn and stretch all the arms of her sympathy and love across the intervening waves of the Atlantic, and be received an independent State into the mighty confederation of America? Mind, I am not speaking treason. Remember I said distinctly that all this is to come to pass after Macaulay's New Zealander has arrived. America will require an emporium for her European trade, and Ireland lies there right between her and Europe, with her ample rivers and vast harbors, able to shelter the vessels and fleets. America may require a great European storehouse, a great European hive for her manufactures. Ireland has enormous water-power, now flowing idly to the sea, but which will in the future be used in turning the wheels set to these streams by American-Irish capital and Irish industry. If ever that day come, if ever that union come,

it will be no degradation to Ireland to join hands with America, because America does not enslave her States; she accepts them on terms of glorious equality; she respects their rights, and blesses all who cast their lot with her.

FATHER "TOM" BURKE.

The peroration of the fifth address against Froude, New York, 1872.

THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM

Who will dare talk to me of despair? Who is abject enough to despair of the cause of right, and truth, and freedom? In Ireland, indeed, truth has long been called a lie by act of Parliament, and that ancient passion for liberty has been well-nigh, as the enemy hopes, crushed and trampled out of her; but, after all, Irishmen are not negroes — they still belong to that family of the human race whence sprung the heroes and the demi-gods. High hearts and strong hands are bred there still, and the cup of slavery is still a bitter draft, as of old, and the sting of universal contempt is maddening, and time and chance wait on all men, and steel still cuts, and fire still burns — and heaven is above us all.

The graves, indeed, of two millions of our famished, murdered nation will not give up their dead, though the graves are shallow and the dead coffinless. The seven years of Ireland's sore agony in the talons of British civilization have been endured — they cannot be erased from the calendar — they cannot be forgotten, they shall not be forgiven. Nations have no future state, and therefore national punishments and compensations come in this world; and as surely as "sorrow tracketh crime," that foul British Empire will be brought to a strict accounting — Ireland will yet have her victory and her revenge.

JOHN MITCHELL.

Delivered from the Dock at Dublin, May 26, 1848.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

"Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's Day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine."

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE DAY OF SAINT VALENTINE

HOW did St. Valentine's Day originate? The question has had many answers, but none of them very satisfactory. Custom has decreed that on the fourteenth day of February, young persons of both sexes shall exchange missives comic or sentimental, in which the foibles of the receiver or the love of the sender are set forth in verse or pictured in bright colors. But certainly the good Saint, who gives his name to the day, was never guilty of such conduct.

The etymologists, those grave, scientific persons who make a study of the origin of words, declare that the use of valentine is really a mistake. They say that v and g are frequently interchangeable in popular speech, and cite the words gallant and valiant, which both come from the Latin *valens*, or strong. Now the Norman word *galantin*, a lover of the fair sex, a gallant, was frequently pronounced valantin, and hence it is argued that by a natural confusion of words, the saintly Bishop Valentine was established as the patron saint of lovers, although he really had nothing at all to do with them.

Whatever its origin, certain it is that the day was observed in England as early as the fourteenth century, and in the latter part of the sixteenth century St. Francis de Sales tried to reform the customs attached to it, though with but

indifferent success. Pepys, the incomparable diarist, refers frequently to St. Valentine's Day, and under date of February 14, 1667, has this entry:

"This morning came up to my wife's bedroom little Will Mercer to be her valentine, and brought her name writ upon blue paper, in gold letters, done by himself very pretty; and we were both well-pleased with it."

This was the origin of the modern valentine, whether it consists only of a card with a pretty sentiment, or of an elaborate confection of lace and ribbon, adorned with doves and Cupids and bleeding hearts. It may also, perhaps, have been the origin of the modern "comic," a vulgar and repulsive method of giving annoyance which, it is hoped, no right-minded boy or girl would be guilty of using.

THE FESTIVAL OF LOVE

It wasn't in the past our custom to ponder on the way of St. Valentine's Day — sufficient to us that it was. But now, left with only the shadow of the thing on our hands, we are trying to console ourselves by finding out more about it than we ever knew before. We are interested in the fact that one of the most austere saints in the Christian calendar and the most mischievous little god of pagan mythology have become all tangled up in the name and observance of one day in each year, the fourteenth of February. If the good bishop gave his name to the day, certain it is that Eros, on mischief bent, is its presiding genius.

Is it not good to set aside a day dedicated to all the sweets of life? Is it not a mistake that we are losing our grasp on a day that keeps our hearts young and appreciative of romance and sentiment? If in the worst state of blues or misery, we will but set our faces in the semblance of a smile, the smile will creep into them, willy-nilly. If we but frame our hearts one day in the year into a semblance of loving,

the love will creep into them, and give reality to the semblance. It will keep the wrinkles of worry and weariness from our lives by making the warm blood to stir in every vein.

We are losing so rapidly our pretty customs and holidays, in these practical times, when all growths of the imagination and sentiment are so promptly pruned away, that a plea for St. Valentine's Day, its simple, original observance, may meet the pruning knife on the instant.

There are those, however, with a tender romance still flourishing in their hearts, like a rose-garden hidden behind a high box hedge. These keep up the thought of the day in secrecy; little gifts, flowers, fruit, a book, yea, valentines themselves, find their quiet way into another's keeping, bringing a ray of joy.

Imagination and love of romance are still alive in our hearts, but if we persist in smothering them, just so much shall we hamper our true growth, mentally and spiritually. So I dare to suggest, with the authority of all the poets bracing me, that we reinstate Cupid as guardian spirit of the fourteenth of February; indulge our imaginations in a frolic, and leave the glowing embers of tenderness, kindness, and charity to warm the fingers and hearts of all who approach.

Thus will our hands perform the offices of St. Valentine's Day as priests of the heart, and thus will the good Christian Bishop St. Valentine, and Love, which is the Christian attribute, become reconciled, and the day be a joyful testimonial to both.

MILICENT OLMSTEAD.

VALENTINE'S DAY

Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine!
Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Arch-flamen of Hymen. Immortal Go-between; who and what

manner of person art thou? Art thou but a name, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humanity to seek perfection in union? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitered father in the calendar; not Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril. Thou comest attended with ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is

"Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings."

Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crosier, thy mystical arrow is borne before thee.

In other words, this is the day on which those charming little missives, ycleped Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that bringeth good tidings. It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, "That is not the postman, I am sure." Visions of Love, of Cupids, of Hymens — delightful eternal commonplaces, which, "having been, will always be"; which no schoolboy nor schoolman can write away; having your irreversible throne in the fancy and affections, — what are your transports when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger, not to break the emblematic seal, burst upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some youthful fancy, not without verses —

"Lovers, all
A madrigal,"

or some such device, not over-abundant in sense. But all valentines are not foolish. A young man wishing to repay a young maiden for many a favor she had done him, he wrought, unseen and unsuspected, a wondrous work. It was on the finest gilt paper with borders, full, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but of all the prettiest

stories of love from Ovid and older poets than Ovid (he was a scholar). There was Pyramus and Thisbe, and Dido was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, and swans more than sang in Cayster — in short, a work of magic. This on Valentine's eve he commended to the common post; but the humble medium did its duty, and, from his watchful stand, the next morning he saw the cheerful messenger knock; and by and by he saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the Valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. It was like some fairy present.

Good-morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia, and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans of old Bishop Valentine.

CHARLES LAMB.

TEMPERANCE DAY

“Well observe
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught,
In what thou eat’st and drink’st.

— JOHN MILTON.

SPREADING THE TEMPERANCE IDEA

FOR many years, the churches, and the various organizations which are the advocates of temperance, have been laboring to have certain lessons on the use of intoxicants and narcotics included among the studies in every school in this broad land, and in many States they have succeeded in having this instruction required by law. They claim, and very rightly, that the time to teach temperance is when the child is young, before any habits are contracted which tend to blunt the force of the temperance argument; and that it can be most effectively taught, not by denouncing intemperance as wrong and sinful, but by showing it to be harmful to both mind and body.

This is the line along which the teaching of temperance in the schools is being pushed, and it is believed that the results cannot fail to be felt in time all over the country.

WATER

Sweet, beautiful water! — brewed in the running brook, the rippling fountain, and the laughing rill — in the limpid cascade, as it joyfully leaps down the side of the mountain, Brewed in yonder mountain top, whose granite peaks glitter like gold bathed in the morning sun — brewed in the sparkling dewdrop; sweet, beautiful water! — brewed

NOTE. — See also Frances E. Willard.

in the crested wave of the ocean deeps, driven by the storm, breathing its terrible anthem to the God of the Sea — brewed in the fleecy foam, and the whitened spray as it hangs like a speck over the distant cataract — brewed in the clouds of heaven: sweet, beautiful water! As it sings in the rain shower and dances in the hail storm — as it comes sweeping down in feathery flakes, clothing the earth in a spotless mantle of white — always beautiful! Distilled in the golden tissues that paint the western sky at the setting of the sun, and the silvery tissues that veil the midnight moon — sweet, health-giving, beautiful water! Distilled in the rainbow of promise, whose warp is the raindrop of earth, and whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven — sweet, beautiful water!

JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE COMING MAN

The Coming Man, so long as he enjoys good health, — which he usually will from infancy to hoary age, — will *not* drink wine, nor, of course, any of the coarser alcoholic dilutions. To that unclouded and fearless intelligence, science will be the supreme law. Science, or, in other words, the law of God as revealed in Nature, life, and history, and as ascertained by experiment, observation, and thought, — this will be the teacher and guide of the Coming Man.

It will also be an article of his religion not to commit any of those sins against his body the consequences of which can be postponed by drinking wine. He will hold his body in veneration. He will feel all the turpitude and shame of violating it. He will know that mental acquisitions gained at the expense of physical power are not culture, but effeminacy. He will honor a rosy and stalwart ignoramus, who is also an honest man, faithfully standing

at his post; but he will start back with affright and indignation at the spectacle of a pallid philosopher.

The Human Race is now on trial for its life! Perhaps man has nearly run his course in this world, and is about to disappear, like the mammoth, and give place to some nobler kind of creature who will manage the estate better than the present occupant. Certainly we cannot boast of having done very well with it, nor could we complain if we should receive notice to leave. Let us go on eating, drinking, smoking, over-working, idling. In that case, of course, there will be no Coming Man, and we need not take the trouble to inquire what he will do.

JAMES PARTON.

From "Smoking and Drinking."

DANGER AHEAD

For many years it has been a matter of wonder to me that so little care is taken by parents and teachers to inform children and young people, and that, thoroughly, of the danger which invariably threatens all persons who contract the alcoholic and tobacco habits.

But very little, if anything, was said about this when I was a boy, but, somehow, I escaped that great danger, while many, if not most of my playfellows and schoolmates, fell victims to those habits, and died from the effects, many years ago. My parents, and all my ancestors, both maternal and paternal, were Friends; and it is an important part of the discipline of those excellent people, so to live that their personal influence shall always be for the right, and never for the wrong. It is in that way, perhaps, that I imbibed the conviction, very early in life, that the use of intoxicating drinks of any kind, and of tobacco, as well, was always dangerous, and safe — never.

Young people cannot know much about the world, nor about men; and thus they are led to accept habits, man-

ners, and customs as right and proper, because supported by the example and practice of very respectable people. That, surely, is a very dangerous rule to follow, because there are always a great many people who are called respectable, and yet it would be very perilous for young persons to follow their example and habits. No one was ever injured in health or morals by abstinence from tobacco and strong drink, while millions have been ruined by indulgence in both, or either of them.

NEAL DOW.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching; how many of them? Sixty thousand! Sixty full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard. Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children and our children's children. Tramp, tramp, tramp — the sounds come to us in the echo of the footsteps of the army just expired. Tramp, tramp, tramp — the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing; tramp, tramp, tramp — comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death.

The prosperity of the liquor interest depends entirely upon the maintenance of this army. It cannot live without it. It never did live without it. So long as the liquor interest maintains its present prosperous condition, it will cost America the sacrifice of sixty thousand men every year. The effect is inseparable from the cause. The cost to the country of the liquor traffic is a sum so stupendous that any figures which we would dare to give would convict us of trifling. The amount of life absolutely destroyed, the amount of industry sacrificed, the amount of bread

transformed into poison, the shame, the unavailing sorrow, the crime, the poverty, the pauperism, the brutality, the wild waste of vital and financial resources, make an aggregate so vast, so incalculably vast, that the only wonder is that the American people do not rise as one man and declare that this great curse shall exist no longer.

Temperance laws are being passed by the various legislatures, which they must sustain or go over body and soul to the liquor interest and influence. Steps are being taken on behalf of the public health, morals, and prosperity, which they must approve by voice and act, or they must consent to be left behind and left out. There can be no concession and no compromise on the part of temperance men, and no quarter to the foe. The great curse of our country and our race must be destroyed.

Meantime, the tramp, tramp, tramp, sounds on,— the tramp of sixty thousand yearly victims. Some are besotted and stupid, some are wild with hilarity and dance along the dusty way, some reel along in pitiful weakness, some wreak their mad and murderous impulses on one another, or on the helpless women and children whose destinies are united to theirs, some stop in wayside debaucheries and infamies for a moment, some go bound in chains from which they seek in vain to wrench their bleeding wrists, and all are poisoned in body and soul, and all are doomed to death.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

WHEN I AM A MAN

When I am a man — and I'm going to be one sometime — there are several things I mean to find out. One is, why men make themselves sick learning to chew stuff that even the pigs will not eat. It makes their breath smell bad; it makes their teeth grow black; it makes their faces

yellow; and it makes every clean person want to get away from them. I wonder why they do it.

Another thing is, why boys begin to drink wine, and cider, and ale, and beer, and keep on taking something a little stronger, till they get to be drunkards. My father says nobody means to be a drunkard at first, but when they begin they cannot well stop. I think the safest way is not to begin.

I am a temperance boy, a teetotal temperance boy, and I mean to be a teetotal temperance man. Then I shall know a great deal more than I do now, and I'll make you another speech.

TEMPERANCE APHORISMS

O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! — WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The smaller the drink, the clearer the head, and the cooler the blood; which are great benefits in temper and business. — WILLIAM PENN.

Temperance is reason's girdle and passion's bridle, the strength of the soul and the foundation of virtue. — JEREMY TAYLOR.

Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. — THE BIBLE.



GREAT AMERICANS

A GREAT MAN

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
 For neither praise nor self:
Content to know, and be unknown:
 Whole in himself.

Strong is that man, he only strong,
To whose well-ordered will belong,
 For service and delight,
All powers that, in the face of Wrong,
 Establish Right.

And free is he, and only he,
Who, from his tyrant passions free,
 By Fortune undismayed,
Hath power upon himself, to be
 By himself obeyed.

If such a man there be, where'er
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,
 He cannot fare amiss.
Great nature hath him in her care,
 Her cause is his.

OWEN MEREDITH.

GREAT AMERICANS

"Great truths are portions of the soul of man;
Great souls are portions of Eternity."

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JOHN ADAMS

*Born at Braintree, Mass., October 19, 1735; died at Quincy, Mass., July 4, 1826. The second President of the United States, and a political writer of great force and ability. (See also *Independence Day*.)*

THE CHARACTER OF JOHN ADAMS

JOHN ADAMS was an admirable specimen of the New England Puritan of his generation, not excessively strait-laced in matters of doctrine, but religious by habit and by instinct, rigid in every point of morals, conscientious, upright, pure-minded, industrious. He had many admirable qualifications for success, of which by no means the least was his firm resolution to succeed; for throughout his life any resolution which he seriously made was pretty sure to be carried through.

History depicts no race less fitted by character, habits, and traditions to endure oppression than the colonists of New England. Numerically the chief proportion of them were allied with the men who had successfully defied and overthrown the British monarchy. In nearly every respect John Adams was a typical New Englander of the times; at least it may be said that in no one individual did the colonial character find a more respectable or more comprehensible development than in him. It was inevitable from the outset that he should be a patriot. At first, of

course, older and better known men took the lead, and he was fain to follow with unequal steps the vigorous strides of the fiery Otis, and of that earliest of genuine democrats, Samuel Adams. But he pressed steadily forward, first to the side of his distinguished cousin, and ere long in advance of him.

To Adams belongs the chief credit for having not only defended the Declaration of Independence triumphantly in debate, but for having brought his fellow-delegates to the point of passing votes which, prior to the formal declaration, involved it as a logical conclusion. His earnestness in this cause appears to have been greater than that of any other member; he pressed upon his object as a beleaguered army presses upon a city; he captured one outwork after another; his intensity of purpose affected others, as it always will; his tenacity was untiring; his eloquence was never silent. The same result would without doubt have been reached had John Adams never existed, so that in a certain sense of the words, the Declaration was not due to him; but as that phrase is ordinarily used, to signify that his efforts were the most conspicuous visible impulse, it is proper to say that the achievement was his work.

JOHN T. MORSE, JR.

SAMUEL ADAMS

Born at Boston, Mass., September 27, 1722; died there, October 2, 1803. One of the leaders of the Revolution.

THE SERVICE OF SAMUEL ADAMS

If the remark that Bancroft somewhere makes is just, that "American freedom was more prepared by courageous counsel than successful war," it would be hard to exaggerate the work of Samuel Adams in securing it. It was as a manager of men that he was greatest. Such a

master of the methods by which a town meeting may be swayed, the world has never seen. He knew precisely what springs to touch. Always clear-headed and cool in the most confusing turmoil, he had ever at command a simple but most effective style of speech.

Quite careless was he as regards wealth, as regards his position before his contemporaries and in history. Time and again the credit for great measures which he originated was given to men who were simply his agents, and there was never a remonstrance from him. Papers which would have established his title to a position among the greatest, he destroyed by his own hand, or left at hap-hazard.

We are accustomed to call Washington the "Father of his country." It would be useless to dispute his right to the title. He and no other will bear it through the ages. He established our country's freedom with the sword, then guided its course during the first critical years of its independent existence. It is impossible to see how, without Washington, the nation could have ever been. His name is and should be greatest. But after all is "Father of America" the best title for Washington? Where and what was Washington during those long preliminary years while the nation was taking form? A quiet planter, who in youth, as a surveyor, had come to know the woods; who in his young manhood had led bodies of provincials with some efficiency in certain unsuccessful military expeditions; who in maturity had sat, for the most part in silence, among his talking colleagues in the House of Burgesses, with scarcely a suggestion to make in all the sharp debate, while the new nation was shaping. There is another character in our history to whom was once given the title, "Father of America"—a man to a large extent forgotten, his reputation overlaid by that of those who followed him,—no other than this man of the town meeting, Samuel Adams. As far as the *genesis* of America is concerned, Samuel Adams can

more properly be called "Father of America" than Washington.

JAMES K. HOSMER.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

Born near New Orleans, May 4, 1780; died at New York, January 27, 1851. A noted American naturalist, chiefly celebrated for his drawings of birds. (See also Bird Day.)

THE WORK OF AUDUBON

AUDUBON was born the same year the Declaration of Independence was made, on a plantation in Louisiana, where he acquired as a mere child his love for natural objects. As early as he could remember, he says, he took an interest in the animal creation, and because he could not be always with the birds, he brought the birds to him, as well as he could, by taking their portraits, in a rude, uninstructive way. The taste thus early developed became the master passion of his life.

Provided with a rough leathern dress, with a knapsack that contained his pencils and colors, and with a good trusty gun at his side, he wandered for days and even months in search of animals to describe and paint. At one time we find him watching for hours in the tangled canebrakes of Kentucky, where some shy songster is silently rearing her brood; at another, he is seen scaling the almost inaccessible mountains, where the eagle hovers over its rocky nest; now he is floating in a frail skiff down the rushing tide of the Mississippi, and is carried on he knows not whither by the flood; there the jealous Indian prowls about his lonely path, or lurks beneath the tree in which he sleeps, waiting for an opportunity to put an end to his life and his uncomprehended labors together; here he begs shelter and food in some lonely log-cabin of the frontiers. But wherever he is, whatever lot betides,—in

difficulty and danger, as well as in the glow of discovery and success, — the same high, genial enthusiasm warms him, the same unfaltering purpose sustains and fortifies his soul.

The hero on the battle-field never marched to victory more firmly than he marched to the conquests of science and art. What opulent experiences, what varieties and revulsions of feeling, what dread despairs and exulting hopes were involved in that long, solitary career!

There are those who will long cherish his name; the little wren will whisper it about our homes, the robin and the reed-bird pipe it from the meadows, the ring-dove will coo it from the dewy depths of the woods, and the mountain eagle scream it to the stars.

PARKE GODWIN.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

Born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813: died at Brooklyn, N. Y., March 8, 1887. A noted clergyman, lecturer, and reformer.

BEECHER'S LIFE-WORK

VARIED as were his talents, universal as were his interests, Henry Ward Beecher gave himself to one work with a singleness of aim which I have never seen paralleled in any man of my acquaintance except Phillips Brooks. Their aims were different: Mr. Beecher's broader and more comprehensive; Phillips Brooks's more exclusively individual and spiritual. Phillips Brooks was purely a preacher. His one aim in life was to impart life. He believed correctly that he could do this best by the full use of his own personality in the pulpit.

Mr. Beecher's estimate of his own function was a broader one. That function was to impart spiritual life, but it was also to instruct in the application of the principles of spirit-

ial life to all the various problems both of personal experience and of social order. His greatness consisted in his distinctive perception of moral principles, in his practical common sense in the application of those principles to current questions of human existence, and in his varied literary and oratorical ability in presenting those principles as far and as well as to win for them the assent of all sorts of men, our aim to insure in all sorts of men a genuine loyalty to those principles.

In this life work it is inspiring, guiding, and illuminating the idea of men as so great men in the way of righteousness, he gave himself with absolute singleness of aim and with undeviating purpose. He preached, he lectured, he spoke on political platforms; he wrote and in all subjects, social and individual, grave and gay, secular and religious. But always back of his work, insuring it, controlling it, was the ambition, the purpose, to help men to a happier, a better, a truer life.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

A TRIBUTE TO BEECHER

Inheriting in a rare degree both bodily and mental vigor, Henry Ward Beecher was himself endowed with a most quick, varied, and commanding genius, and was furnished with a range and readiness of physical gift and mental faculty, a wealth of poetic and emotional sensibility, a spiritual insight and an enthusiasm for the truths which kindle and master men, such as have made him supreme among the preachers and orators of his time. These extraordinary gifts he uniformly devoted to the service of his fellow-men; and this with a fervor, bravery and constancy that have made him a foremost champion of human liberty and the rights of the oppressed.

Philanthropy was his vital breath. He was a friend of the weak and the poor. He was the advocate of the down-

trodden. He was the foe of slavery and the lover and liberator of the slave. And yet, in this vehement and lifelong warfare against tyranny he maintained candor of judgment and kindness of temper. Those whom he defended he also warned and counseled. Those whom he assailed he nevertheless pitied and forgave. No man and no class of men were wholly alien from his sympathy.

Man was his favorite study; and the love of men and of all men his supreme passion. His chosen field of service was, therefore, the ministry of the Christian Gospel. Its office was to him as broad as philanthropy itself. The pulpit was his home and his throne. Its maxims of justice and charity were the burden of his message. Christ was his glory. Love was the central theme of his speech, and the moral elevation and salvation of men the chief object of his regard.

From the resolutions adopted by the Brooklyn Clerical Union.

BEECHER THE PATRIOT

As a patriot, Henry Ward Beecher has engraven himself for immortality upon American history. He has plead for the poor, the oppressed, and the despised, with more eloquence than he would have plead for his own life at the stake. He began his ministry with espousing the cause of the slave, when to be an abolitionist was to be execrated. He continued that devotion through storm and obloquy till the last fetter was broken, and the last chattel was an enfranchised citizen of the Republic.. The service of humanity and his country with him has been the service of God. As an inspiring force in the history of the Republic his fame is assured.

EDWARD P. INGERSOLL.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE

Born at West Brownsville, Pa., Jan. 31, 1830; died at Washington, D. C., Jan. 27, 1893. An American statesman, and unsuccessful candidate of the Republican party for President in 1884.

BLAINE, THE PLUMED KNIGHT

THE Republicans of the United States demanded as their leader in the great contest of 1876 a man of intelligence, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political opinions. They demanded a statesman, they demanded a reformer after, as well as before, the election. They demanded a politician in the highest, broadest, and best sense — a man of superb moral courage. They demanded a man acquainted with public affairs, — with the wants of the people, — with not only the requirements of the hour, but with the demands of the future.

The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this Government should protect every citizen at home and abroad; who knows that any government which will not defend its defenders and protect its protectors is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man whose political reputation is spotless as a star. The man who has, in full, heaped, and rounded measure, all these splendid qualifications is the present grand and gallant leader of the Republican party — James G. Blaine.

Our country, crowned with the vast and marvelous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of the past and prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who is the grandest combination of heart, conscience, and brain beneath her flag. Such a man is James G. Blaine.

This is a grand year; a year filled with the recollections

of the Revolution, filled with proud and tender memories of the past, with the sacred legends of liberty; a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountains of enthusiasm; a year in which the people call for a man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the field; a year in which we call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander; for the man who, like an intellectual athlete, has stood in the arena of debate and challenged all comers, and who, up to the present moment, is a total stranger to defeat.

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor. For the Republicans to desert this gallant leader now is as though an army should desert their General upon the field of battle.

Gentlemen of the convention, in the name of the great Republic, the only republic that ever existed upon this earth; in the name of all her defenders and all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers dead upon the field of battle; and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so vividly remembers, Illinois—Illinois nominates for the next President of this country that prince of parliamentarians, that leader of leaders, James G. Blaine.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

From the speech nominating Blaine for President in the Republican National Convention at Cincinnati, June 15, 1876.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

Born at Boston, December 13, 1835; died there, January 23, 1893. A bishop of the Episcopal church and noted pulpit orator.

“THE IDEAL MINISTER”

THREE is no art to do for personalities what photography can do for scenes and faces. The achievements of a man, the effect of his personality and its mediums of expression, can be described in words. But the personality itself is a thing which eludes reproduction in the terms of human speech. With Phillips Brooks this indefinable gift of personality was the dominating element of power.

The gifts of circumstance, physique, and temperament played an important part in making him what he was. Joined with the physical superiority was the corresponding temperament of the optimist. The union of these qualities in many persons would have served to have repelled the natures more sensitive to the unequal things of life. But in public and in private utterances a third quality of sympathy was blended with these other two in such a manner as to make them far less a means of suggesting the unattainable than of communicating strength. “To look up into his honest, clear eyes,” wrote Lucy Larcom, when she was first making his acquaintance, “was like seeing the steady lights in a watch-tower.” This, then, was the physical presence which of itself expressed what men and women needed to know.

The spiritual gifts, to which his intellect brought many and important aids, gave him his true distinction. In an age commonly called the most material he rose up and presented a living proof of his belief that all men could be touched and stirred by the utterance of genuine spiritual

truth. Doctor Holmes described him as "the ideal minister of the American gospel." And so he was, the interpreter of the unseen, spiritual things so hidden behind the temporal and seen that it is all too easy for a people like ours to forget their existence. To readjust a favorite expression of his own, Bishop Brooks was a window of clear glass, through which the light, which was to him the light of life, shone down, with the least possible loss of clearness through transmission, into the lives of men.

Like the actor and the orator, unlike the poet and the painter, the preacher must yield up the fullest power of his work when his voice is silenced and his personality removed. But the preacher who is also a teacher of positive truth cannot wholly perish. He passes on to others something of the spirit which was in him. The chief torch is extinguished, and it seems at first as if little or no light would be left. But soon our eyes begin to see the rush-lights and the candles which have lit themselves at the torch; and, though no one of them is so bright as this was, yet their total light makes the gray world a far more tolerable place. Moreover, many lights are still to be lit which will owe their quality of brightness to the torch they have never known. So surely has it been and will be with the influence of Phillip Brooks.

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

JOHN BROWN

Born at Torrington, Conn., May 9, 1800; executed at Charleston, Va., December 2, 1859. A celebrated American abolitionist. On the night of October 16, 1859, he seized the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Va., at the head of a small band of followers, with a view to arming the negroes and inciting them to fight for freedom. He was captured October 18, tried for treason by the Commonwealth of Virginia, and hanged December 2. (See also Emancipation Day.)

JOHN BROWN

JOHN BROWN, the founder of liberty in Kansas, was born in Torrington, Litchfield County, Conn., in 1800. When he was five years old his father emigrated to Ohio, and the boy was there set to keep sheep and to look after cattle and dress skins; he went bareheaded and barefooted and clothed in buckskin. He said that he loved rough play, could never have rough play enough; could not see a seedy hat without wishing to pull it off. But for this he needed that the playmates should be equal; not one in fine clothes and the other in buckskin; not one his own master, hale and hearty, and the other watched and whipped.

But it chanced that in Pennsylvania, where he was sent by his father to collect cattle, he fell in with a boy whom he heartily liked and whom he looked upon as his superior. This boy was a slave; he saw him beaten with an iron shovel, and otherwise maltreated; he saw that this boy had nothing better to look forward to in life, whilst he himself was petted and made much of; for he was much considered in the family where he then stayed, from the circumstance that this boy of twelve years had conducted alone a drove of cattle a hundred miles. But the colored boy had no friend and no future. This worked such indignation in

him that he swore an oath of resistance to Slavery as long as he lived. And thus his enterprise to go into Virginia and run off five hundred or a thousand slaves was not a piece of spite or revenge, a plot of two years or of twenty years, but the keeping of an oath made to Heaven and earth forty-seven years before.

He grew up a religious and manly person, in severe poverty; living to ideal ends, without any mixture of self-indulgence or compromise, such as lowers the value of benevolent and thoughtful men we know; abstemious, refusing luxuries, not sourly and reproachfully, but simply as unfit for his habit; quiet and gentle as a child in the house. And, as happens usually to men of romantic character, his fortunes were romantic. Walter Scott would have delighted to draw his picture and trace his adventurous career.

It is impossible to see courage, and disinterestedness, and the love that casts out fear, without sympathy. All women are drawn to him by their predominance of sentiment. All gentlemen, of course, are on his side. I do not mean by "gentlemen," people of scented hair and perfumed handkerchiefs, but men of gentle blood and generosity, "fulfilled with all nobleness," who, like the Cid, give the outcast leper a share of their bed; like the dying Sidney, pass the cup of cold water to the wounded soldier who needs it more. For what is the oath of gentle blood and knighthood? What but to protect the weak and lowly against the strong oppressor?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

JOHN BROWN'S MISTAKE

John Brown's effort was peculiar. It was not a slave insurrection. It was an attempt by white men to get up a revolt among slaves, in which the slaves refused to participate. In fact, it was so absurd that the slaves, with all their ignorance, saw plainly enough it could not succeed.

That affair, in its philosophy, corresponds with many attempts, related in history, at the assassination of kings and emperors. An enthusiast broods over the oppression of a people till he fancies himself commissioned by heaven to liberate them. He ventures the attempt, which ends in little else than in his own execution. Orsini's attempt on Louis Napoleon, and John Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry, were, in their philosophy, precisely the same.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From a speech at Cooper Institute, New York, February 27, 1860.

THE HIGHER LAW

In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted — the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended, certainly, to have made a clean thing of the matter, as I did last winter when I went into Missouri and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again, on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection.

I have another objection; and that is, it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fully proved (for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case) — had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in that interference, it would have been all right, and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

The court acknowledged, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament. That teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me, further, to "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them." I endeavor to act up to that instruction. I say, I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done — as I have always freely admitted I have done — in behalf of this despised poor, was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments — I submit: so let it be done!

JOHN BROWN.

From his speech to the Court which in December, 1859, sentenced him to death.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Born at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794; died at New York City, June 12, 1878. A noted American poet.

BRYANT, POET AND MAN

WHEN Bryant died, in the flowery season that had inspired his sweetest lyric, the general pause and hush were singularly impressive. To the death of no other American, for a long time before and after, could be applied so aptly that Indian metaphor of the sound of the fall of a great oak in the forest. He stood alone, — in certain respects an incomparable figure. He had become not only a representative citizen, journalist, poet, but the serene, transfigured ideal of a good and venerable man.

As a writer he had been before the public from a date near the beginning of the century, and so changeless through all its changes that his critics, in estimating the poet just dead, really were judging the poet of fifty years before, instead of guessing at the verdict of time upon his productions. Howsoever they might differ as to the measure of Bryant's gift, and of Bryant the man, one thing was sure: no minor personage could gain, and retain to the last, such a hold upon popular interest, honor, deferential esteem. Others, before reaching his years, have had their rise and decline, outlasting themselves. But here was one who steadily grew to be the emblem of our finest order of citizenship, possibly its most acceptable type.

There is good reason at the base of every sustained opinion of the sort. What gave Bryant just this degree of special eminence? Not alone that he was a virtuous man and a patriot in every sense; a journalist, linked with traditions of sturdy service in the past; a clear and vigorous writer and thinker; a wise and reverend sage, most sound of body and mind. Beyond and including all these, he was a poet. It may be placed to the credit of the art of song that, being a person of such attributes, the addition of the poetic gift made him a bright, particular star.

Yet he must be considered not only as an American poet, who represented his country at a certain time, but as a man speaking for himself. And in this wise, first seeking a key to his literary value, we see that he had become a most satisfying type of the Republican, joining the traditional gravity, purity, and patriotic wisdom of the fore-fathers with the modernness and freshness of our own day. His life, public and private, was in keeping with his speech and writings. He always held in view liberty, law, wisdom, piety, faith; he never whined nor found fault with conditions of nature; he was robust, but not tyrannical; frugal, but not too severe; grave, yet full of shrewd and kindly humor.

Absolute simplicity characterized him. He was, indeed, an "old man for counsel"; what he learned in youth from the lives and precepts of Washington, Hamilton, and their compeers, that he taught and practised to the last.

American poets have been true to their own land in expressing its innate freedom, patriotism, aspiring resolve. Throughout Bryant's life his scattered poems upon political events, at home and abroad, have been consecrated to freedom and its devotees. He breathed a spirit of independence with the wind of his native hills.

From "Poets of America." EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE POET OF THE COUNTRY

If ever there were poet of whom it is not necessary to ask whether he lives in town or country, it is Bryant. Not even Burns gives more unmistakable signs of the inspiration of rural sights and sounds. Winds breathe soft or loud; sunshine or shadow flits over the landscape; leaves rustle and birds sing wherever his verses are read. The ceiling overhead becomes a forest with green boughs waving; the carpet turns to fresh grass, and the air we breathe is moist and fragrant with mosses and hidden streams. No need of carrying the book out-of-doors to aid the illusion; its own magic is irresistible, and brings out-of-doors wherever it goes.

And it is under the open sky that Mr. Bryant is seen in his true character. It is here that the natural sweetness of disposition shines gently forth under the influences of Nature, so dear to the heart and tranquilizing to the spirits of her child. Here the eye puts on its deeper and softer luster, and the voice modulates itself to the tone of affection, sympathy, and enjoyment. Little children cluster about the grave man's steps, or climb his shoulders in triumph.

CAROLINE H. KIRKLAND,

BRYANT'S GIFT

No American poet has been endowed with a finer genius for perfection than Bryant, or has had in so high a degree the artistic gift of imaginative description. It is this that gives his pictures and impressions of American landscape such vitality and power. There is something of the painter in Bryant's display of the power of imaginative description, With an observant eye for such traits as painters notice, he produces pictures of nature as perfect as the pictorial powers of languages will allow.

If, however, it is with the eye of an artist that Bryant sees nature, it is with the feelings of a Puritan. The form under which natural beauty presents itself to Bryant is moral beauty, and the grandeur of his New England hill-sides always takes on through his vision something of the moral sublime. Everything that is lovely and gracious and elevating in the external world presents itself in association with the ideas of purity and holiness. Man brought evil into the world, but nature, though sharing the doom of mortality, remains undefiled as it came from the hand of its Creator.

It is fitting that the love of nature should have been so expressed by the first American poet. He supplies, in his feeling toward nature, a little of that pristine freshness of delight in all created things which is needed to give spiritual perspective to our literature. It was the wilderness that called Europe to the Western World, and Bryant has caught the sentiment of the wilderness and preserved some memory of what it meant for those who came to find in it a refuge and a holy tabernacle.

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

AN ENGLISH ESTIMATE

Those who hereafter may read the poems of Bryant, Whittier, or Longfellow, will find it difficult to understand that they wrote just while the development of the United States was most striking; and that they penned their finished lines in the vicinity of mighty rivers, pathless forests, and untrodden prairies.

Longfellow was a poet who had in a remarkable degree the gift of inspiring his readers with affection for him. His dulcet verses are likely long to be attractive. Some of his touching and simple ballads are pretty sure to be familiar to generations yet to come. The purity of his thoughts, his affinity to all that is noblest in human nature, and his unfailing command of refined, harmonious language, may continue to draw to him readers who will not be deterred by the judgment of critics that he was not a great poet. He himself well knew that he was not in the first rank. He had in the youth of both countries ardent admirers; and there was a time when even their elders used to say that he was to prove another Tennyson. But poetry at its best is a fabric spun only by the strongest brains. The elegance and refinement and ingenuity of the *Golden Legend* are far away from mediocrity, but the author of that poem does not belong to the same strong, swift-souled race as Byron or Shelley.

From the *London Times*.

THE PATRIARCH OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

When Cooper died, the restless city paused to hear Bryant's words of praise and friendship. When Irving followed Cooper, all hearts turned to Bryant. Now Bryant has followed Cooper and Irving, the last of that early triumvirate of American literature. The broad and simple

outline of his character and career had become universally familiar, like a mountain or a sea. A patriarch of our literature, the oldest of our poets, he felt the magic of human sympathy, the impulse of his country and the political genius of his race.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THE NAME OF BRYANT

The name of Bryant cannot be mentioned by any friend to American letters without respect as well as admiration. The hold that he has on the profoundest feelings of his countrymen is to be referred to the genuineness, delicacy, depth, and purity of his sentiment. He is so genuine that he testifies to nothing in scenery or human life of which he has not had a direct personal consciousness. He follows the primitive bias of his nature rather than the caprices of fancy. His compositions always leave the impression of having been born, not manufactured or made.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

THE CHARACTER OF BRYANT

It is the glory of this man that his character outshone even his great talent and his large fame. Distinguished equally for his native gifts and his consummate culture, his poetic inspiration and his exquisite art, he is honored and loved to-day even more for his stainless purity of life, his unswerving rectitude of will, his devotion to the higher interests of his race, his unfeigned patriotism, and his broad humanity.

WILLIAM HENRY BELLOWS.

THE POET OF NATURE

What Wordsworth did for English poetry, in bringing back the taste for nature, as the counterpart of humanity,

Bryant did for America. Before their day we had praises of the seasons and passages of poetry in which cataracts, sunsets, rainbows, and garden flowers were faithfully described; but nature as a whole, as a presence, the very garment of God, was almost unheeded and unknown. When we consider what Bryant's poems have done to form the taste and feed the sentiment of two generations, we shall begin to estimate the value of his influence.

And when we recall in all his writings not a thought or feeling that is not pure, uplifting, and reverent, we can partly measure the gratitude we owe to a benefactor whose genius has consecrated the woods, and fields, and brooks, and wayside flowers, in a way intelligible to plainer minds and yet above the criticism of the most fastidious and cultivated.

He loved and honored human nature; he feared and revered his Maker; and he was no backward-looking praiser of the times that had been and a mere accuser and defamer of the times that are. This made his poetry, as it made his prose and his whole influence, wholesome, hopeful, nutritious; young, without being inexperienced; ripe, without tending to decay. The very absence of those false colors which give immediate attractiveness to the clothing of some contemporary poetry gives his undyed and natural robes a fadeless charm which future generations will not forget to honor.

WILLIAM HENRY BELLOWS.

AARON BURR

Born at Newark, N. J., February 6, 1756; died at Port Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y., September 14, 1836. One of the most picturesque characters in American history.

BURR AND HAMILTON

IT has been the usual practice for nearly a hundred years to refer to Aaron Burr as a thorough villain, who took the life of a gentle and innocent man. If I should attempt to describe the man and liken him to another, that man would be Alexander Hamilton.

They were the same age within ten months; they were the same height within an inch; their weight was the same within five pounds, and in temperament and disposition they resembled each other as brothers seldom do. Each was passionate, ambitious, proud.

Both were public speakers and lawyers of such eminence that they took their pick of clients. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge says that so great was Hamilton's renown as a lawyer that clients flocked to him because the belief was abroad that no judge dare decide against him. With Burr it was the same. Each man had served on Washington's staff, each had a brilliant military record; each had acted as second in a duel; each recognized the honor of the code.

Stern political differences arose, not so much through matters of opinion and conscience, as through ambitious rivalry. Neither was willing the other should rise, yet both thirsted for place and power. Burr ran for the Presidency and was sternly, bitterly opposed as "a dangerous man" by Hamilton.

At the election, one more electoral vote would have given the highest office of the people to Aaron Burr; it was he tied with Jefferson. The matter was thrown into the House

of Representatives, and Jefferson was given the office, with Burr as Vice-President. Burr considered, and perhaps rightly, that were it not for Hamilton's assertive influence he would have been President of the United States.

Burr, smarting under the sting, sent a note to Hamilton, asking whether the language he had used concerning him ("a dangerous man") referred to him politically or personally. Hamilton replied evasively, saying he could not recall all he might have said during fifteen years of public life, and adding, "I must abide the consequences."

When fighting men use fighting language they invite a challenge. It was sent by the hand of Pendleton. Hamilton accepted. Being the challenged man, he was given the choice of weapons. He chose pistols at ten paces. At seven o'clock on the morning of July 11, 1804, the participants met on the heights of Weehawken, overlooking New York Bay. With pistols primed and cocked, the men were stationed facing each other, thirty feet apart.

Both were pale, but free from any visible nervousness or excitement. Each was asked if he had anything to say, or if he knew of any way by which the affair could be terminated then and there. Each answered quietly in the negative. Pendleton, standing fifteen feet to the right of his principal, said: "One — two — three — present!" and as the last final sounding of the letter "t" escaped his teeth, Burr fired, followed almost instantly by the other.

Hamilton arose convulsively on his toes, reeled, and Burr, dropping his smoking pistol, sprang towards him to support him, a look of regret on his face. The ball had passed through Hamilton's body, breaking a rib, and lodging in the second lumbar vertebra. The bullet from Hamilton's pistol cut a twig four feet above Burr's head. Hamilton died the following day, first declaring that he bore Colonel Burr no ill-will.

Colonel Burr said he very much regretted the whole

affair, but the language and attitude of Hamilton forced him to send a challenge or remain quiet and be branded as a coward. He fully realized before the meeting that if he killed Hamilton it was a political death for him, too.

Burr fled the country. Three years afterwards he was arrested for treason in trying to found an independent state within the borders of the United States. He was tried and found not guilty.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

Born in Abbeville District, S. C., March 18, 1782: died at Washington, March 31, 1850. A noted American statesman.

CALHOUN, THE MAN

NO one ever saw John C. Calhoun for the first time without being forcibly impressed with his mental superiority. There was that in his air and in his appearance which carried with it the assurance that he was no common man. In person he was tall and slender. His features were harsh and angular in their outlines, presenting a combination of the Greek and the Roman. A serene and almost stony calm was habitual to them when in repose, but when enlivened in conversation or debate, their play was remarkable — the lights were brought out into bolder relief, and the shadows thrown into deeper shade.

His character was marked and decided. He was firm and prompt, manly and independent. He was easy in his manners, and affable and dignified. His attachments were warm and enduring. He was kind, generous and charitable; honest and frank; faithful to his friends, but unforgiving toward his enemies. He never shrank from the performance of any duty, however painful it might be. He possessed pride of character in no ordinary degree, and withal,

not a little vanity, which is said always to accompany true genius.

The death of Calhoun was a loss to the Union, but to South Carolina the blow was peculiarly severe. For more than forty years she had trusted and confided in him, and she never found him faithless or remiss in his duty. He had received many honors at her hands, but not one was undeserved,—she owed him a debt of gratitude which she could never repay. She has produced many distinguished men; but her soil contains no nobler dust than that of John Caldwell Calhoun.

JOHN S. JENKINS.

HENRY CLAY

Born in Hanover County, near Richmond, Va., April 12, 1777; died at Washington, D. C., June 29, 1852. A celebrated American statesman and orator; candidate for the Presidency in 1824, 1832, and 1844.

CLAY, THE ORATOR

HENRY CLAY was without question the greatest parliamentary orator, and one of the greatest popular speakers, America has ever had. Webster excelled him in breadth of knowledge, in keenness of reasoning, in weight of argument, and in purity of diction. But Clay possessed in a far higher degree the true oratorical temperament,—that force of nervous exaltation which makes the orator feel himself, and appear to others, a superior being, and almost irresistibly transfuses his thoughts, his passions, and his will into the mind and heart of the listener. Webster would instruct and convince and elevate, but Clay would overcome his audience. There could scarcely be a more striking proof of his power than the immediate effect

we know his speeches to have produced upon those who heard them.

In the elements, too, which make a man a leader, Clay was greatly the superior of Webster, as well as of all other contemporaries, excepting Andrew Jackson. He had not only in rare development the faculty of winning the affectionate devotion of men, but his personality imposed itself without an effort so forcibly upon others that they involuntarily looked to him for direction, waited for his decisive word before making up their minds, and not seldom yielded their better judgment to his will-power.

Almost everything he said or did was illuminated by a grand conception of the destinies of his country, a glowing national spirit, a lofty patriotism. Whether he thundered against British tyranny on the seas, or urged the recognition of the South American sister republics, or advocated protection and internal improvements, or entreated for compromise and conciliation regarding the tariff and slavery; whether what he advocated was wise or unwise, right or wrong, — there was always ringing through his words a fervid plea for his country, a zealous appeal in behalf of the honor and the future greatness and glory of the Republic, or an anxious warning lest the Union, and with it the greatness and glory of the American people, be put in jeopardy. It was a just judgment which he pronounced upon himself when he wrote: "If any one desires to know the leading and paramount object of my public life, the preservation of this Union will furnish him the key."

CARL SCHURZ.

CHARACTER OF HENRY CLAY

He was indeed eloquent — all the world knows that. He held the keys to the hearts of his countrymen, and he turned the wards within them with a skill attained by no

other master. But eloquence was, nevertheless, only an instrument, and one of many that he used.

His conversation, his gestures, his very look was magisterial, persuasive, seductive, irresistible. And his appliance of all these was courteous, patient, and indefatigable. Defeat only inspired him with new resolution. He divided opposition by his assiduity of address, while he rallied and strengthened his own bands of supporters by the confidence of success which, feeling himself, he easily inspired among his followers.

His affections were high, and pure, and generous, and the chiefest among them was that one which the great Italian poet designated as the charity of native land. In him, that charity was an enduring and overpowering enthusiasm, and it influenced all his sentiments and conduct, rendering him more impartial between conflicting interests and sections than any other statesman who has lived since the Revolution.

We are rising to another and more sublime stage of national progress — that of expanding wealth and rapid territorial aggrandizement. Our institutions throw a broad shadow across the St. Lawrence, and, stretching beyond the valley of Mexico, reach even to the plains of Central America, while the Sandwich Islands and the shores of China recognize their renovating influence.

Wherever that influence is felt, a desire for protection under those institutions is awakened. Expansion seems to be regulated, not by any difficulties of resistance, but by the moderation which results from our own internal constitution. No one knows how rapidly that restraint may give way. Who can tell how far or how fast it ought to yield.

Sir, who among us is equal to these mighty questions? I fear there is no one. Nevertheless, the example of Henry Clay remains for our instruction. His genius has passed to the realms of light, and his virtues still live here for our emulation. With them there will remain, also, the protec-

tion, and favor of the Most High, if by the practice of justice and the maintenance of freedom we shall deserve them.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

HENRY CLAY

Before all hearts and minds in this august assemblage, the vivid image of one man stands. To some aged eye he may come forth from the dim past as he appeared in the neighboring city of his native State, a lithe and ardent youth, full of promise, of ambition, and of hope. To another he may appear as in a distant State, in the courts of justice, erect, high-strung, bold, wearing fresh forensic laurels on his young and open brow.

A great mind, a great heart, a great orator, a great career has been consigned to history. She will record his rare gifts of deep insight, keen discrimination, clear statement, rapid combination, plain, direct, and convincing logic. She will love to dwell on that large, generous, magnanimous, open, forgiving heart. She will linger with fond delight on the recorded and traditional stories of an eloquence that was so masterful and stirring, because it was but himself struggling to come forth in the living words — because, though the words were brave and strong, and beautiful, and melodious, it was felt that behind them there was a soul, braver, stronger, more beautiful, and more melodious than language could express.

She will point to a career of statesmanship which has, to a remarkable degree, stamped itself on the public policy of the country, and reached in beneficent practical results, the fields, the looms, the commercial marts, and the quiet homes of all the land, where his name was with the departed father, and is with the living children, and will be with successive generations, the honored household word.

REV. DR. BUTLER.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Born at Burlington, N. J., September 15, 1789; died at Cooperstown, N. Y., September 14, 1851. An American novelist.

COOPER, NOVELIST AND MAN

COOPER is one of the people's novelists. It is with the masses he has found favor chiefly. The sale of his works has known no abatement since his death. It is a proof of his real greatness that he triumphs over defects which would utterly destroy the fame of a writer of inferior power. Whatever its other demerits, Cooper's best work never sins against the first law of fictitious composition, that the story should be full of sustained interest. It has power, and power always fascinates. Moreover, he had a story to tell. The permanence of his reputation is due largely to this fact.

His strength lies in the description of scenes, in the narration of events. In the best of these he has had no superiors, and very few equals. The moment his imagination is set on fire with the conception of adventure, vividness and power come unbidden to his pen. His best works are a moving panorama, in which the mind is no sooner sated with one picture than its place is taken by another equally fitted to fix the attention and to stir the heart.

The uniform excellence of Cooper lies in the pictures he gives of the life of nature. Forest, ocean, and stream are the things for which he really cares. He looked at Nature with the eye of a painter; he fills the imagination even more than he does the sight.

To this it is just to add one word which Cooper himself would have regarded as the highest tribute that could be paid to what he did. Whatever else we may say of his

writings, their influence is always a healthy influence. He hated whatever was mean and low in character. It is with beautiful things and with noble things that he teaches us to sympathize. The air which breathes through all his fiction is as pure as that which sweeps the streets of his mountain home. It is as healthy as nature itself.

The fearlessness and truthfulness of his nature are conspicuous in almost every incident of his career. The only thing to which he unquestioningly submitted was the truth. There was a royalty in his nature that disdained even the semblance of deceit. With other authors one feels that the man is inferior to his work. With him it is the very reverse. America counts on the scanty roll of her men of letters the name of no one who acted from purer patriotism or loftier principle. She finds among them all no manlier nature, and no more heroic soul.

THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY.

GEORGE DEWEY

Born at Montpelier, Vt., December 26, 1837. Admiral in U. S. Navy. On May 1, 1898, in Manila Bay, in command of the American Asiatic squadron, he completely destroyed the Spanish squadron of sixteen vessels, without losing a man.

ADMIRAL DEWEY

ADMIRAL DEWEY has done more than add a glorious page to our history; more even than do a deed the memory of which will always be an inspiration to his countrymen, and especially his countrymen of his own profession. He has also taught us a lesson which should have profound practical effects, if only we are willing to learn it aright.

In the first place, he partly grasped and partly made his

opportunity. Of course, in a certain sense, no man can absolutely make an opportunity. There were a number of admirals who during the dozen years preceding the Spanish war were retired without the opportunity of ever coming where it was possible to distinguish themselves; and it may be that some of these lacked nothing but the chance. Nevertheless, when the chance does come, only the great man can see it instantly and use it aright. In the second place, it must always be remembered that the power of using the chance aright comes only to the man who has faithfully and for long years made ready himself and his weapons for the possible need. Finally, and most important of all, it should ever be kept in mind that the man who does a great work must invariably owe the possibility of doing it to the faithful work of other men, either at the time or long before. Without his brilliancy their labor might be wasted, but without their labor his brilliancy would be of no avail.

Admiral Dewey performed one of the great feats of all time. At the very outset of the Spanish war he struck one of the two decisive blows which brought the war to a conclusion, and as his was the first fight, his success exercised an incalculable effect upon the whole conflict. He set the note of the war. He had carefully prepared for action during the months he was on the Asiatic coast. He had his plans thoroughly matured, and he struck the instant that war was declared. There was no delay, no hesitation. As soon as news came that he was to move, his war-steamers turned their bows toward Manila Bay. There was nothing to show whether or not Spanish mines and forts would be efficient; but Dewey, cautious as he was at the right time, had not a particle of fear of taking risks when the need arose. In the tropic night he steamed past the forts, and then on over the mines to where the Span-

ish vessels lay. What material inferiority there was on the Spanish side was nearly made up by the forts and mines. The overwhelming difference was moral, not material. It was the difference in the two commanders, in the officers and crews of the two fleets, and in the naval service, afloat and ashore, of the two nations. On the one side there had been thorough preparation; on the other, none that was adequate. It would be idle to recapitulate the results. Steaming in with cool steadiness, Dewey's fleet cut the Spaniard's to pieces, while the Americans were practically unhurt. Then Dewey drew off to breakfast, satisfied himself that he had enough ammunition, and returned to stamp out what embers of resistance were still smoldering. The victory insured the fall of the Philippines.

From "The Strenuous Life."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

Born at Brandon, Vt., April 23, 1813; died at Chicago, June 3, 1861. A Democratic politician, and unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency in 1860, when he was defeated by Lincoln. Nicknamed "The Little Giant."

THE DEATH OF DOUGLAS

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS was born at Brandon, Vermont, April 23, 1813, being but forty-eight years of age at the time of his decease. He was descended from Puritan ancestors by both his parents. After acquiring such an education as could be obtained at the common school and the academy, not having the means to perfect it by a collegiate course, at the early age of twenty he emigrated to the State of Illinois, where he taught school for a short time, and, in 1834, was admitted to the bar to practise law.

In 1835 he was made State's attorney, and from that day till the day of his death was almost constantly engaged in the public service of either the State or the nation.

So prominent was the part he took in public affairs, so intimate the connection between his own rise and fame, and the progress and renown of his State and the nation, that the history of one would be incomplete without that of the other. No great public movement has taken place since he entered public life which has not felt the influence of his will and his intellect; perhaps no one man, since the Government began, ever exercised a greater influence over the masses of the people than he. No one ever gathered around him more devoted followers or more enthusiastic admirers, who were willing to do and dare more for another than were his friends for him.

What this charm was which so linked the popular heart to him that it never faltered even under circumstances apparently the most discouraging seems almost mysterious. This feeling of attachment followed him to the grave, and was never more manifest than after his decease, when he had become alike indifferent to the adulation of friends or the censure of enemies, and when his power had forever departed either to reward the one or punish the other. It was then, if ever, as his body lay lifeless in the city of Chicago, that the true feeling of a people would manifest itself; and it did manifest itself, not only there, but throughout the nation, to an extent scarcely, if ever, witnessed since the death of the Father of his Country. The badges of mourning were seen displayed not only from the public buildings and the mansions of the rich, but the cottages of the poor, the carts of the workmen, and the implements of the laborer, were everywhere to be seen draped with the habiliments of woe, all the more touching as they were simple and plain. The people's favorite in life, he was followed by their lamentations in death. He was emphat-

ically a self-made man, and the history of his life affords a striking illustration of what industry and energy, united with a strong will, can accomplish. LYMAN TRUMBULL.

Delivered in the United States Senate, July 9, 1861.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS AND HIS PLACE IN HISTORY

Scarcely with any of our public men can Douglas be compared. The people like to compare him to Jackson for his energy and honesty. He was like the great triumvirate — Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, — but “like in difference.” Like them in his gift of political foresight, still he had a power over the masses not possessed by them. Like Clay, in his charm to make and hold friends and to lead his party; like Webster, in the massive substance of his thought, clothed in apt words; like Calhoun, in the tenacity of his purpose and the subtlety of his dialectics; he yet surpassed them all in the homely sense, the sturdy strength, and indomitable persistence with which he wielded the masses and electrified the Senate.

In the onslaught of debate he was ever foremost; his crest high and his falchion keen. His style was of that plain and tough fiber which needed no ornaments. He had a felicity in the use of political language never equaled by any public man. He had the right word for the right place. His interrogative method, and his ready and fit replies, gave dramatic vivacity to his debates. Hence the newspapers readily copied them and the people retentively remembered them. Gleams of humor were not infrequent in his speeches as in his conversation. His logic had the reach of the rifled cannon, which annihilated while it silenced the batteries of his opponents.

If it be true that every man is himself a cause, a country, or an age; if the height of a nation is the altitude of its best

men, then, indeed, are these enlarged liberalities, which are now fixed as American institutions, but the lengthened shadow of Stephen A. Douglas. This is the cause — self-government in State and Territory — with which he would love most to be identified in his country's history. Placed at the head of the Territorial Committee, it was his hand which, on this basis, fashioned Territory after Territory, and led State after State into the Union. These States, faithful to his fostering, will ever remain as monuments to his greatness!

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX.

From a speech in the House of Representatives, July 9, 1861.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Born at Boston, Mass., May 25, 1803; died at Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882. A famous essayist and poet — America's most distinctive man of letters.

EMERSON

EMERSON is undoubtedly a master on the New England scale — *such* a master as the land and race are capable of producing. He stands out clear and undeniable. The national type, as illustrated by that section of the country, is the purest and strongest in him of any yet. He can never suffer eclipse. Compared with the English or German master, he is undoubtedly deficient in viscera, in moral and intellectual stomach; but, on the other hand, he is of a fiber and quality hard to match in any age or land. From first to last he strikes one as something extremely pure and compact, like a nut or an egg. Great matters and tendencies lie folded in him, or rather are summarized in his pages. He writes short but pregnant chapters on great themes, as in his "English Traits," a book

like rich preserves put up pound for pound, a pound of Emerson to every pound of John Bull.

In fact Emerson is an essence, a condensation; more so, perhaps, than any other man who has appeared in literature. Nowhere else is there such a preponderance of pure statement, of the very attar of thought over the bulkier, circumstantial, qualifying, or secondary elements. He gives us net results. He is like those strong, artificial fertilizers. A pinch of him is equivalent to a page or two of Johnson, and he is pitched many degrees higher as an essayist than even Bacon. He has had an immediate stimulating effect upon all the best minds of the country; how deep or lasting this influence will be remains to be seen.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

EMERSON'S FAITH

Judged by his life, Emerson comes very near our best ideal of humanity. His writings, whether in prose or verse, are worthy of admiration, but his manhood was the underlying quality which gave them their true value. It was in virtue of this that his rare genius acted on so many minds as a trumpet call to awaken them to the meaning and the privileges of this earthly existence with all its infinite promise. No matter of what he wrote or spoke, his words, his tones, his looks, carried the evidence of a sincerity which pervaded them all. He shaped an ideal for the commonest life, he proposed an object to the humblest seeker after truth. Look for beauty in the world around you, he said, and you shall see it everywhere. Look within, with pure eyes and simple trust, and you shall find the Deity mirrored in your own soul. Trust yourself because you trust the voice of God in your inmost consciousness.

There are living organisms so transparent that we can see their hearts beating and their blood flowing through

their glassy tissues. So transparent was the life of Emerson; so clearly did the true nature of the man show through it. What he taught others to be, he was himself. His deep and sweet humanity won him love and reverence everywhere among those whose natures were capable of responding to the highest manifestations of character. Here and there a narrow-eyed secretary may have avoided or spoken ill of him; but if He who knew what was in man had wandered from door to door in New England as of old in Palestine, we can well believe that one of the thresholds which "those blessed feet" would have crossed, to hallow and receive its welcome, would have been that of the lovely and quiet home of Emerson.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ON READING EMERSON

Emerson's writings call for thought in the reader. They demand that one should stop and ask questions, should translate what one has read into one's own ordinary speech, and inquire again if it is true. No one should read Emerson who is not willing to have his own weakness disclosed to him, and who is not prepared also to test what he finds by a standard which is above both writer and reader.

HORACE E. SCUDDER.

THE SPIRIT OF EMERSON

More than any of the other great writers of the age, Emerson is a Voice. He is almost impersonal. He is pure from the taint of sect, clique, or party. He does not argue, but announces; he speaks when the spirit moves him, and not longer. Better than any contemporary, he exhibits the might of the spoken word. He helps us to understand the enigma how Confucius and Buddha and Socrates and

greater teachers still should have produced such marvelous effects by mere oral utterance. Our modern instructors, for the most part, seem happily born in an age of print. With Emerson the printing press seems an accident; he uses it because he finds it in his way, but he does not need it.

He is a characteristically American voice. His attitude is perfect, manly and independent. He was thoroughly possessed with the ideas of the Declaration of Independence, and when some one sneered at them as "glittering generalities" — "Glittering generalities!" cried Emerson indignantly, "they are blazing ubiquties!"

Emerson's thought rests upon two sure pillars — God and man — God, "reappearing with all his parts in every moss and cobweb"; Man's soul "calling the light its own, and feeling that the grass grows and the stone falls by a law inferior to and dependent on its nature." "His essential teaching," says Professor Norton, "has become part of the unconsciously acquired creed of every young American of good and gracious nature."

RICHARD GARNETT.

EMERSON'S HOPE FOR AMERICA

Emerson's faith in America is justified whether we trust in the capacities of the individual soul, or whether our expectation grows from the promises of a new civilization. America brings together the races of the world as no nation or time ever did before, and Emerson's hope for America may yet be justified by a literature in harmony with the new time.

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

EDWARD EVERETT

Born at Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794; died at Boston, January 15, 1865. A celebrated American statesman and orator.

THE CAREER OF EVERETT

THE public career of Edward Everett affords a remarkable illustration of the demands of an enlightened republic upon her intellectual citizens. Instead of proposing to himself a vocation accordant with his tastes, or an aim suggested by his peculiar ambition, the nobly endowed son of a free and progressive commonwealth is led by the force of circumstances and the instinct of patriotism to dedicate his powers and acquisitions to the public service.

The utility of his knowledge, the weight of his character, his facility in affairs, and grace of expression are used to vindicate, sustain, or adorn the interests of his native land. In Congress he united the most graceful oratory with a methodical and unwearied attention to the details of legislative business. As a foreign minister, the dignity and tact, as well as varied acquisition, he carried into the social circle, and his remarkable gift as an occasional speaker, gained for him universal respect, and for his country peculiar honor. As a man of letters, in every branch of public service, and in society and private life, he combined the useful with the ornamental, with a tact and faithfulness almost unprecedented.

If Webster is the Michael Angelo of American oratory, Everett is the Raphael. Webster's oratory is remarkable for grasping the bold and essential, while Everett instinctively catches and unfolds the grace of the occasion, whatever it be. Crowned with the graces of true oratory, his eloquence is as unfaltering and appropriate when uttered to a royal society as to a delegation of Sac and Foxes, and as

readily attunes itself to the fading memory of the illiterate old soldier, as to the quick sympathies of the youthful scholar.

GEORGE S. HILLIARD.

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT

Born at Campbell's Station, Tenn., July 5, 1801; died at Portsmouth, N. H., August 14, 1870. One of the most famous admirals of the American navy.

FARRAGUT

THE fame of naval heroes has always captivated and charmed the imaginations of men. The romance of the sea that hangs about them, their picturesque and dramatic achievements, the deadly perils that surround them, their loyalty to the flag that floats over them, their triumphs snatched from the jaws of defeat, and death in the hour of victory, inspire a warmer enthusiasm and a livelier sympathy than is awarded to equal deeds on land. What American heart has not been touched by that picture of Lawrence, expiring in the cabin of the beaten Chesapeake, with "Don't give up the ship" on his dying lips? What schoolboy has not treasured up in his memory the bloody fight of Paul Jones with the Serapis, the gallant exploits of Perry on Lake Erie, of McDonough on Lake Champlain, and the other bright deeds which have illuminated the brief annals of the American navy?

We come together to-day to recall the memory of one of the dearest of these idols of mankind — of one who has done more for us than all of them combined — of one whose name will ever stir, like a trumpet, the hearts of his grateful countrymen — David Glasgow Farragut.

Much as the country owes to Farragut for the matchless services which his brain and courage rendered in the day

of her peril, she is still more indebted to him for the unconditional loyalty of his large and generous heart. Born, bred, and married in the South, with no friends and hardly an acquaintance except in the South, his sympathy must all have been with her. The approaching outbreak of hostilities found him on waiting orders at his home at Norfolk, surrounded by every influence that could put his loyalty to the test, in the midst of officers of the army and the navy all sworn, like him, to uphold the flag of the Republic, but almost to a man meditating treason against it.

At ten o'clock in the morning of the eighteenth of April, 1861, news came to Norfolk that the ordinance of secession had passed — and Farragut's mind was made up; he announced to his faithful wife that for his part he was going to stick to the flag; and at five o'clock in the afternoon he had packed their carpetbags, and taken the first steamboat for the North. That "Stick to the Flag" should be carved on his tombstone and on the pedestals of all his statues as it was stamped upon his soul. "Stick to the Flag" shall be his password to posterity, to the latest generations, for he stuck to it when all about him abandoned it. He was

"Faithful found
Among the faithless — faithful only he."

The sun would set upon us, if we were to undertake to tell this afternoon the story of the capture of New Orleans. The world knows it by heart; how, when Farragut gave the signal at two o'clock in the morning, the brave Bailey, in the *Cayuga*, led the way, and how the great admiral, in the *Hartford*, in two short hours carried his wooden fleet in triumph through that storm of lightning from the forts, and scattered and destroyed the whole fleet of rebel gunboats and ironclads, and how it pleased Almighty God, as he wrote at sunrise to his wife, to preserve his life through a fire such as the world had scarcely known.

The battle at Mobile Bay has long since become a favor-

ite topic of history and song. As a signal instance of one man's intrepid courage and quick resolve, converting disaster and threatened defeat into overwhelming victory, it had no precedent since Nelson at Copenhagen, defying the orders of his superior officer and refusing to obey the signal to retreat, won a triumph which placed his name among the immortals.

When Nelson's lieutenant on the *Elephant* pointed out to him the signal of recall on the Commander-in-chief, the battered hero of the Nile clapped his spyglass with his only hand to his blind eye, and exclaimed: "I really do not see any signal. Keep mine for closer battle flying. That's the way to answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast!" and so he went on and won the great day.

When the *Brooklyn* hesitated among the fatal torpedoes in the terrible jaws of Fort Morgan, at the sight of the *Tecumseh* exploding and sinking with the brave Craven and his ill-fated hundred in her path, it was one of those critical moments on which the destinies of battle hang.

Napoleon said it was always the quarters of an hour that decided the fate of a battle; but here a single minute was to lose or win the day, for when the *Brooklyn* began to back, the whole line of Federal ships were giving signs of confusion, while they were in the very mouth of hell itself, the batteries of Fort Morgan making the whole of Mobile Point a living flame. It was the supreme moment of Farragut's life. If he faltered, all was lost. If he went on in the torpedo-strewn path of the *Tecumseh*, he might be sailing to his death. It seemed as though Nelson himself were in the maintop of the *Hartford*. "What's the trouble?" was shouted from the flagship to the *Brooklyn*. "Torpedoes!" was the reply. "Damn the torpedoes," said Farragut. "Four bells, Captain Drayton; go ahead full speed." And so he led his fleet to victory.

The golden days of peace have come at last, as we hope,

for many generations. The great armies of the Republic have long since been disbanded. Our peerless navy, which at the close of the war might have challenged the combined squadrons of the world, has almost ceased to exist. But still we are safe from attack from within and from without. The memory of its heroes is "the cheap defense of the nation, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprises forever." Our frigates may rot in the harbor. Our ironclads may rust at the dock, but if ever again the flag is in peril, invincible armies will swarm upon the land and steel-clad squadrons leap forth upon the sea to maintain it. If we only teach our children patriotism as the first duty, and loyalty as the first virtue, America will be safe in the future as in the past.

We can always be sure of fleets and armies. But shall we always have a Grant to lead the one and a Farragut to inspire the other? Will our future soldiers and sailors share, as theirs almost to the last man shared, their devotion, their courage, and their faith? Yes, on this one condition: that every American child learn from his cradle, as Farragut learned from his, that his first and last duty is to his country, that to live for her is honor, and to die for her is glory.

JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE.

From address at the unveiling of the Saint-Gaudens' statue of Farragut, May 25, 1881.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Born at Boston, Mass., January 17, 1706; died at Philadelphia, Pa., April 17, 1790. A celebrated statesman, philosopher, and author.

ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF FRANKLIN

FRANKLIN is dead! Restored to the bosom of the Divinity is that genius which gave freedom to America,

and rayed forth torrents of light upon Europe. The sage whom two worlds claim — the man whom the history of empires and the history of science alike contend for — occupied, it cannot be denied, a lofty rank among his species. Long enough have political cabinets signalized the death of those who were great in their funeral eulogies only. Long enough has the etiquette of courts prescribed hypocritical mournings. For their benefactors only should nations assume the emblem of grief; and the representatives of nations should commend only the heroes of humanity to public veneration.

We live under a form of government and in a state of society in which the world has never yet exhibited a parallel. Is it then nothing to be free? How many nations in the whole annals of humankind have proved themselves worthy of being so? Is it nothing that we are Republicans? Were all men as enlightened, as brave, as proud as they ought to be, would they suffer themselves to be insulted with any other title? Is it nothing that so many independent sovereignties should be held together in such a confederacy as ours? What does history teach us of the difficulty of instituting and maintaining such a policy, and of the glory that, of consequence, ought to be given to those who enjoy its advantages in so much perfection and on so grand a scale?

For can anything be more striking and sublime than the idea of an imperial republic, spreading over an extent of territory more immense than the empire of the Cæsars, in the accumulated conquests of a thousand years — without prefects, or proconsuls, or publicans — founded in the maxims of common sense — employing within itself no arms but those of reason — and known to its subjects only by the blessings it bestows or perpetuates, yet capable of directing against a foreign foe all the energies of a military despotism — a republic in which men are completely insignificant, and principles and laws exercise, throughout

its vast dominion, a peaceful and irresistible sway, blending in one divine harmony such various habits and conflicting opinions, and mingling in our institutions the light of philosophy with all that is dazzling in the associations of heroic achievement, and extended domination, and deep-seated and formidable power!

COMTE DE MIRABEAU.

Delivered in the French Assembly, June 11, 1790.

FRANKLIN'S WIT

For nine years Benjamin Franklin represented the United States in France, and was the pride and pet of the people. His sound sense, his good humor, his distinguished personality, gave him the freedom of society everywhere. He had the ability to adapt himself to conditions, and was everywhere at home.

Once he attended a memorable banquet in Paris, shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War. Among the speakers was the English Ambassador, who responded to the toast, "Great Britain." The Ambassador dwelt at length on England's greatness, and likened her to the sun that sends its beneficent rays on all. The next toast was "America," and Franklin was called upon to respond. He began very modestly by saying: "The Republic is too young to be spoken of in terms of praise; her career is yet to come, and so, instead of America, I will name you a man, George Washington — the Joshua who successfully commanded the sun to stand still."

In point of all-round development, Franklin must stand as the foremost American. The one intent of his mind was to purify his own spirit, to develop his intellect on every side, and make his body the servant of his soul. We know of no man who ever lived a fuller life, a happier life, a life more useful to other men, than Benjamin Franklin.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

"THE MEMORY OF FRANKLIN"

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, if I were required to say for which of Franklin's achievements he deserved most and best of mankind, I should award the palm to his autobiography—so frank, so sunny, so irradiated by a brave, blithe, hearty humanity. For if our fathers had not—largely by the aid of his counsel, his labors, his sacrifices—achieved their independence at the first effort, they would have tried it again and again until they did achieve it; if he had not made his immortal discovery of the identity of electricity with the lightning, that truth would nevertheless have at length been demonstrated; but if he had not so modestly and sweetly told us how to wrestle with poverty and compel opportunity, I do not know who beside would or could have done it so well.

There is not to-day, there will not be in this nor in the next century, a friendless, humble orphan, working hard for naked daily bread, and glad to improve his leisure hours in the corner of a garret, whom that biography will not cheer and strengthen to fight the battle of life buoyantly and manfully. I wish some humane tract society would present a copy of it to every poor lad in the United States.

But I must not detain you. Let me sum up the character of Franklin in the fewest words that will serve me, I love and revere him as a journeyman printer, who was frugal and didn't drink; a *parvenu* who rose from want to competence, from obscurity to fame, without losing his head; a statesman who did not crucify mankind with long-winded documents or speeches; a diplomatist who did not intrigue; a philosopher who never loved and an office-holder who didn't steal. So regarding him, I respond to your sentiment with "Honor to the memory of Franklin."

HORACE GREELEY.

Delivered at the Franklin banquet of 1870, in New York City.

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POOR RICHARD'S MAXIMS

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.
Better a little with content, than much with contention.
Experience keeps a dear school, yet fools will learn in
no other.

Don't go to the doctor with every distemper, nor to the
lawyer with every quarrel, nor to the pot for every thirst.

If man could have half his wishes, he would double his
trouble.

Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors,
and let every new year find you a better man.

Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy,
and wise.

He that cannot obey, cannot command.

He that can have patience can have what he will.

Blessed is he that expects nothing, for he shall never be
disappointed.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Wish not so much to live long as to live well.

Well done is better than well said.

Write injuries in dust, benefits in marble.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD

Born at Orange, Ohio, November 19, 1831; died at Elberon, N. J., September 19, 1881. Twentieth President of the United States; shot at Washington, by Charles Guiteau, July 2, 1881.

THE DEATH OF GARFIELD

MR. PRESIDENT: For the second time in this generation the great departments of the Government of the United States are assembled in the Hall of

Representatives, to do honor to the memory of a murdered President. Lincoln fell at the close of a mighty struggle, in which the passions of men had been deeply stirred. The tragical termination of his great life added but another to the lengthened succession of horrors which had marked so many lintels with the blood of the first-born. Garfield was slain in a day of peace, when brother had been reconciled to brother, and when anger and hate had been banished from the land.

On the morning of Saturday, July 2d, the President was a contented and happy man—not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly, happy. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interests, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone for one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne. With clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave.

What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendship, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing

the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demands. And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and from its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of the heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices.

With a wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breezes, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning there which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking

on a farther shore and felt already upon his wasted brow
the breath of the eternal morning.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

House of Representatives, February 27, 1882.

THE CHARACTER OF GARFIELD

You all have seen the picture of that wonderful sculpture representing the giant, Atlas, bearing in grand equipoise the world upon his bowed back. Lo! what was sometime a fable has become a prophecy! I have delineated before you a boy who was carried to his first school on the shoulders of his good sister, because his feet were shoeless; a lad who chopped wood and worked at the carpenter's bench to help his mother; a youthful rider of a canal-boat horse; a young student paying his expenses by lowly offices, working his way through college and graduating with high honor, becoming a college professor and a president, a leading lawyer, a State senator, a soldier, a brigadier-general, a major-general, a representative in Congress, a United States senator, and, finally, president of the grandest republic of the world; a poor, barefoot boy, the boy of the log-cabin and the log schoolhouse, of the tow-path and the carpenter's bench, rising majestically to the sublime stature of a grand, symmetrical, and athletic manhood, who by the simple power of an honest purpose earnestly pursued at last balanced the world and held it locked in equilibrium!

And now, what is the lesson of this symmetrical life? It is, as I read it, *unselfishness*, the doing of right because it is right, regardless of its effects upon personal popularity, upon future hopes, upon present fortunes. I know how excellent he was in public and in private life. His life before the world was but a continuation of his life at home with the best of mothers, the best of wives. The sweet and holy influence that he carried with him from his home each

morning abided with him till his return. On the battle-field, under the iron rain and leaden hail of Middle Creek, through the insufferable and lurid hell of Chickamauga, it was the gentle influence that intensified his love of country and made all labor and all sacrifice sweet. It was the mother-love that nerved him for duty all through the toil and struggles of boyhood, amid his laborious student life, through college, to the professor's and the president's chair, and when to this was added the love of wife and children, the circle was rounded, and life became a thing of beauty. Love of country, love of family, love of duty, — these three carried him bravely onward to ever higher and higher endeavors, to ever greater and greater honors. At last he stood as one of the grandest figures in American society.

And if you and I have learned the supreme lesson of life, to do daily and reverently, in the best way, the nearest duty, forgetful of self and mindful only of our responsibility to God and to our fellow-men, then have we entered into the spirit and caught the divine impulse that actuated the life and controlled the conduct of James Abram Garfield.

FRANK FULLER.

AT THE GARFIELD STATUE

Fellow-Citizens: In performance of the duty assigned to me on this occasion, I hereby accept, on behalf of the people of the United States, this complete and beautiful statue, amid the interchange of fraternal greetings between the survivors of the Army of the Cumberland and their former foes upon the battle-field. And while the Union general and the people's President awaits burial, the common grief of these magnanimous survivors and mourning citizens found expression in the determination to erect this tribute to American greatness; and thus to-day, in its symmetry and beauty, it presents a sign of animosities for-

gotten, and emblem of a brotherhood redeemed, and a token of a nation restored.

Monuments and statues multiply throughout the land, fittingly illustrative of the love and affection of our grateful people, and commemorating brave and patriotic sacrifices in war, fame in peaceful pursuits, or honor in public station. But from this day forth there shall stand at our seat of government this statue of a distinguished citizen, who in his life and services combined all these things, and more, which challenge admiration in American character — loving tenderness in every domestic relation, bravery on the field of battle, fame and distinction in our halls of legislation, and the highest honor and dignity in the chief magistracy of the nation.

This stately effigy shall not fail to teach every beholder that the source of American greatness is confined to no condition, nor dependent alone for its growth and development upon favorable surroundings. The genius of our national life beckons to usefulness and honor those in every sphere, and offers the highest preferment to manly ambition and sturdy, honest effort, chastened and consecrated by patriotic hopes and aspirations. As long as this statue stands, let it be proudly remembered that to every American citizen the way is open to fame and station, until he —

“Moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune’s crowning slope
The pillar of a people’s hope,
The center of a world’s desire.”

Nor can we forget that it also teaches our people a sad and distressing lesson; and the thoughtful citizen who views its fair proportions cannot fail to recall the tragedy of a death which brought grief and mourning to every household in the land. But while American citizenship stands aghast and affrighted that murder and assassination should lurk in the midst of a free people and strike down the head

of their government, a fearless search and the discovery of the origin and hiding place of these hateful and unnatural things should be followed by a solemn resolve to purge forever from our political methods, and from the operation of our government, the perversions and misconceptions which gave birth to passionate and bloody thoughts.

If from this hour our admiration for the bravery and nobility of American manhood, and our faith in the possibilities and opportunities of American citizenship, be renewed, if our appreciation of the blessing of a restored Union and love for our government be strengthened; and if our watchfulness against the dangers of a mad chase after partisan spoils be quickened — the dedication of this statue to the people of the United States will not be in vain.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

Born at Newburyport, Mass., December 10, 1805; died at New York, May 24, 1879. A noted Abolitionist. Editor of the Liberator.

MANKIND'S DEBT TO GARRISON

A NOBLE work nobly done always contains in itself not one but many lessons; and in the case of him whose character and deeds we are here to commemorate, two may be singled out specially deserving to be laid to heart by all who would wish to leave the world better than they found it.

The first lesson is, — Aim at something great; aim at things which are difficult; and there is no great thing which is not difficult. Do not pare down your undertaking to what you can hope to see successful in the next few years,

or in the years of your own life. Fight on with all your strength against whatever odds and with however small a band of supporters. If you are right, the time will come when that small band will swell into a multitude; you will at least lay the foundations of something memorable, and you may, like Mr. Garrison — be spared to see that work completed which, when you began it, you only hoped it might be given to you to help forward a few stages on its way.

The other lesson which it appears to me important to enforce, is this: if you aim at something noble and succeed in it, you will generally find that you have succeeded not in that alone. A hundred other good and noble things which you never dreamed of will have been accomplished by the way, and the more certainly the sharper and more agonizing has been the struggle which preceded the victory. The heart and mind of a nation are never stirred from their foundations without manifold good fruits. In the case of the great American contest these fruits have been already great, and are daily becoming greater. The prejudices which beset every form of society—and of which there was a plentiful crop in America — are rapidly melting away. The chains of prescription have been broken; it is not only the slave who has been freed — the mind of America has been emancipated.

This, then, is the debt which America and mankind owe to Mr. Garrison and his noble associates; and it is well calculated to deepen our sense of the truth which his whole career most strikingly illustrates — that though our best directed efforts may often seem wasted and lost, nothing coming of them that can be pointed to and distinctly identified as a definite gain to humanity, though this may happen ninety-nine times in every hundred, the hundredth time the result may be so great and dazzling that we had never dared to hope for it, and should have regarded him

who had predicted it to us as sanguine beyond the bounds of mental sanity. So has it been with Mr. Garrison.

JOHN STUART MILL.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

Born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822; died at Mt. McGregor, N. Y., July 23, 1885. The greatest Union general of the Civil War and the eighteenth President of the United States.

SOLDIER AND CIVILIAN

WHEN Abraham Lincoln sat, book in hand, day after day, under the tree, moving round it as the shadow crossed, absorbed in mastering his task, when James Garfield rang the bell at Hiram Institute on the very stroke of the hour, and swept the school-room as faithfully as he mastered his Greek lesson; when Ulysses Grant, sent with his team to meet some men who came to load his cart with logs, and, finding no men, loaded the cart with his own boy's strength, they showed in the conscientious performance of duty the qualities which were to raise them to become kings of men.

In 1861 there broke out that most terrible war of modern days. Grant received a commission as Colonel of Volunteers, and in four years the struggling toiler had been raised to the chief command of a vaster army than has ever been handled by any mortal man. Who could have imagined that four years would make that enormous difference? But it is often so. The great men needed for some tremendous crisis have stepped often, as it were, out of a door in the wall which no man had noticed; and, unannounced, unheralded, without prestige, have made their way silently and single-handed to the front. And there was no luck in it. It was a work of inflexible faithfulness, of indom-

itable resolution, of sleepless energy, and iron purpose and tenacity.

His sayings revealed the man "I have nothing to do with opinions," he said, at the outset, "and shall only deal with armed rebellion." "No terms," he wrote to General Buckner at Fort Donelson (and it is a pleasure to know that General Buckner stood as a warm friend beside his dying bed); "no terms other than unconditional surrender can be accepted." "My headquarters," he wrote from Vicksburg, "will be on the field."

With a military genius, which embraced the vastest plans while attending to the smallest details, he defeated, one after another, every great general of the Confederates, except General Stonewall Jackson. The Southerners felt that he held them as in the grasp of a vise; that this man could neither be arrested or avoided. For all this he has been severely blamed. He ought not to be blamed. He has been called a butcher, which is grossly unjust. He loved peace; he hated bloodshed; his heart was generous and kind. His orders were to save lives, to save treasure, but at all costs to save his country — and he did save his country. His army cheerfully accepted the sacrifice, wrote its farewells, buckled its belts, and stood ready. The struggle was not for victory; it was for existence. It was not for glory; it was for life and death. Grant had not only to defeat armies, but to annihilate their forces; to leave no choice but destruction or submission.

And the South has accepted that desperate and bloody arbitrament. The rancor and ill feeling of the past are buried forever in oblivion; true friends have been made out of brave foemen. Americans are no longer Northerners and Southerners, Federals and Confederates, but they are Americans. "Do not teach your children to hate," said General Lee, to an American lady; "teach them that they are Americans. I thought that we were better off as one

nation than as two, and I think so now." "The war is over," said Grant, "and the best sign of rejoicing after victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field." "Let us have peace," were the memorable words with which he ended his brief Inaugural Address as President.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR.

From funeral oration on General Grant, at Westminster Abbey, London, August 4, 1885.

GRANT'S PLACE IN HISTORY

"In our admiration for the manhood of General Grant — gentle, simple, truthful, yet so strong in every virtue — we are almost jealous of the goddess of fame who claims him to adorn her temple. Across the water comes the voice of the Frenchman, saying, 'Place his name next to that of Napoleon, who was greater than Cæsar.' 'No,' says the Englishman, 'put it with Wellington's, who conquered Napoleon.' 'No,' says the Prussian, 'his place is next to Frederick's, who resisted a larger combination than ever assailed the French Emperor, and laid the foundations upon which the German Empire stands.' 'No,' says the Russian, 'our Peter was the greatest; his empire is the widest, the firmest, and we gave you the strong hand of sympathy through all your struggle. Peter the Great, Grant the Great, are the names to stand side by side on the walls of the temple of fame.' 'No,' says the Hollander, 'back through the centuries was one who was the genius of resistance to oppression, one who has laid the foundations of modern liberty; such only is worthy of association with Grant; William the Silent, Grant the Silent, must stand side by side and the highest.' 'Not so,' says the Jewish rabbi, 'you must go back not only through ages and centuries, but through cycles of time that have witnessed the rise and fall of empires — back to the period when Jehovah

spoke directly to man amid the thunder of Sinai, when the warrior leader and statesman of Israel removed the yoke of slavery from three millions of his countrymen, even as your great captain removed the like yoke from three millions of another race. The name of Grant is worthy to follow that of our own Moses.'

"The American, prouder of the name than a subject of the Cæsars to be a Roman, with blushing appreciation replies: 'We are grateful for the honor and the place you accord our dead yet living citizen, but we have a temple not made with hands, worthier, holier, more enduring than your temple of fame, whereon the name of Grant is already engraved in love as well as honor, even with those of Washington and Lincoln, in the hearts of his countrymen.' "

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GRANT MONUMENT

Fellow-Citizens: A great life, dedicated to the welfare of the Nation, here finds its earthly coronation. Even if this day lacked the impressiveness of ceremony and was devoid of pageantry, it would still be memorable, because it is the anniversary of the birth of one of the most famous and well-beloved of American soldiers.

A great life never dies. Great deeds are imperishable, great names immortal. General Grant's services and character will continue undiminished in influence and advance in the estimation of mankind so long as liberty remains the corner-stone of free government, and integrity of life the guaranty of good citizenship.

Faithful and fearless as a volunteer soldier, intrepid and invincible as Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the Union, calm and confident as President of a reunited and strengthened nation, which his genius had been instrumental in achieving, he has our homage and that of the

world; but brilliant as was his public character, we love him all the more for his home life and homely virtues.

Victorious in the work which under Divine Providence he was called upon to do; clothed with almost limitless power; he was yet one of the people — patient, patriotic, and just. Success did not disturb the even balance of his mind, while fame was powerless to swerve him from the path of duty. Great as he was in war, he loved peace, and told the world that honorable arbitration of differences was the best hope of civilization.

With Washington and Lincoln, Grant has an exalted place in history and the affections of the people. To-day his memory is held in equal esteem by those whom he led to victory and by those who accepted his generous terms of peace. The veteran leaders of the Blue and the Gray here meet, not only to honor the name of the departed Grant, but to testify to the living reality of a fraternal national spirit which has triumphed over the differences of the past and transcends the limitations of sectional lines. Its completion, which we pray God to speed, will be the nation's greatest glory.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

From address delivered in New York City, April 27, 1897.

A TRIBUTE TO GRANT

Ulysses S. Grant was the embodiment of simplicity, integrity, and courage; every inch a general, a soldier, and a man; but in the circumstances of his last illness, a figure of heroic proportions for the contemplation of the ages. I recall nothing in history so sublime as the spectacle of that brave spirit, broken in fortune and in health, with the dread hand of the dark angel clutched about his throat, struggling with every breath to hold the clumsy, unfamiliar weapon with which he sought to wrest from the jaws of death a little something for the support of wife and children

when he was gone! If he had done nothing else, that would have made his exit from the world an immortal epic!

A little while after I came home from the last scene of all, I found that a woman's hand had collected the insignia I had worn in the magnificent, melancholy pageant — the orders assigning me to duty and the funeral scarfs and badges — and had grouped and framed them, unbidden, silently, tenderly; and when I reflected that the hands that did this were those of a loving Southern woman, whose father had fallen on the Confederate side in the battle, I said: "The war is indeed over; let us have peace!"

Gentlemen; soldiers; comrades; the silken folds that twine about us here, for all their soft and careless grace, are yet as strong as hooks of steel! They hold together a united people and a great nation; for realizing the truth at last, — with no wounds to be healed and no stings of defeat to remember, — the South says to the North, as simply and as truly as was said three thousand years ago in that far away meadow upon the margin of the mystic sea: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

HENRY WATTERSON.

From a speech in reply to the toast, "The war is over; let us have peace!"
Chicago, October 8, 1891.

HORACE GREELEY

Born at Amherst, N. H., February 3, 1811; died at Pleasantville, N. Y., November 29, 1872. The most famous American journalist.

THE LESSON OF GREELEY'S LIFE

THE record of Horace Greeley's life, like his person, was known everywhere. These eulogies that pour

in so thick and fast from every quarter of the land are not made up with artificial rhetoric. They are genuine. Those tears, as freely shed to-day by country fireside and in distant States as under the shadowing drapery of these walls, are not conventional tears. They are no official symbols of mourning that hang around us; they represent the people's thought, and are twined about the people's heart. A career of honest purpose and beneficent tendencies vindicates itself under all transient misconception.

And now, as one lesson adapted to this place and this hour, I ask you to consider what it was to which this affectionate remembrance attaches, and which draws this spontaneous regard. It was not mere intellectual ability, large and undenialable as it was in the present instance. It was not official station. Mr. Greeley held no official station. The will of the people, expressed through its Electoral College, to-day decreed that he should hold no such station. To-day the will of God elects him to a place from which all human honors look small and dim. No, my friends, the attraction in this instance is the magnetism of simple goodness. I need not say that Mr. Greeley's heart was as large as his brain — that love of humanity was an inwrought element of his nature. This was so complete, so broad in him, that it touched all sides of humanity. It was manifest in a kindness and regard that kept their silent record in many private hearts; in a hand ever open and ready to help; in one of the kindest faces ever worn by man, the expression of which was

“A meeting of gentle lights without a name.”

EDWIN HUBBELL CHAPIN.

Delivered at the Funeral Ceremonies, December 4, 1872.

NATHAN HALE

Born at Coventry, Conn., June 6, 1755; executed at New York, September 22, 1776. A celebrated American patriot, hanged as a spy by the British during the Revolution.

ANDRÉ AND HALE

ANDRÉ'S story is the one overwhelming romance of the Revolution. American and English literature are full of eloquence and poetry in tribute to his memory and sympathy for his fate. After a lapse of a hundred years there is no abatement of absorbing interest. What had this young man done to merit immortality? The mission whose tragic issue lifted him out of the oblivion of other minor British officers, in its inception was free from peril or daring, and its object and purposes were utterly infamous. Had he succeeded by the desecration of the honorable uses of passes and flags of truce, his name would have been held in everlasting execration. In his failure, the infant republic escaped the dagger with which he was feeling for its heart, and the crime was drowned in tears for his untimely end.

His youth and beauty, his skill with pen and pencil, his effervescent spirit and magnetic disposition, the brightness of his life, the calm courage in the gloom of his death, his early love and disappointment, and the image of his lost Honora hid in his mouth when captured in Canada, with the exclamation, "That saved, I care not for the loss of all the rest," and nestling in his bosom when he was slain, surrounded him with a halo of poetry and pity which have secured for him what he most sought and could never have won in battles and sieges,—a fame and recognition which have outlived that of all the generals under whom he served.

Are kings only grateful, and do republics forget? Is fame a travesty, and the judgment of mankind a farce? America has a parallel case in Captain Nathan Hale. At the same age as André, he graduated at Yale College with high honors, enlisted in the patriot cause at the beginning of the contest, and secured the love and confidence of all about him. When none else would go on a most important and perilous mission, he volunteered, and was captured by the British. While André received every kindness, courtesy, and attention, and was fed from Washington's table, Hale was thrust into a noisome dungeon in the sugar-house. While André was tried by a board of officers and had ample time and every facility for defense, Hale was summarily ordered to execution the next morning. While André's last wishes and bequests were sacredly followed, the infamous Cunningham tore from Hale his letters to his mother and sister, and asked him what he had to say.

"All I have to say," was Hale's reply, "is that I regret I have but one life to lose for my country." His death was concealed for months, because Cunningham said he did not want the rebels to know they had a man who could die so bravely. And yet, while André rests in that grandest of mausoleums, where the proudest of nations garners the remains and perpetuates the memory of its most eminent and honored, the name and deeds of Nathan Hale have passed into oblivion, and only a simple tomb in a village churchyard marks his resting-place.

The dying declarations of André and Hale express the animating spirit of their several armies, and teach why, with all their power, England could not conquer America. "I call upon you to witness that I die like a brave man," said André, and he spoke from British and Hessian surroundings, seeking only glory and pay. "I regret that I have only one life to lose for my country," said Hale. And with him and his comrades self was forgotten in that absorb-

ing, passionate patriotic which pledges fortune, honor,
and life to the sacred cause.

CHARLES M. DEPEW.

From address at the Commemoration of the Capture of Major André,
at Tarrytown, N. Y., December 2, 1886.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

Born in the village of New York City, January, 11,
1755; died at New York City, July 12, 1804. A celebrated
American orator; married to Anna Bleecker in
1780; died at New York, N. Y., July 11, 1804. (See also
Anna Bleecker.)

AT THE FUNERAL OF HAMILTON

BRETHREN of the Cincinnati, there lies our chief! Let him still be our model. Like him, after long and faithful public services, let us cheerfully perform the social duties of private life. Oh! he was mild and gentle. In him there was no offense, no guile. His generous hand and heart were open to all.

Gentlemen of the bar, you have lost your brightest ornament. Cherish and imitate his example. While, like him, with justifiable and with laudable zeal, you pursue the interests of your clients, remember, like him, the eternal principle of justice.

Fellow-citizens, you have long witnessed his professional conduct and felt his unrivaled eloquence. You know how well he performed the duties of a citizen; you know that he never courted your favor by adulation or the sacrifice of his own judgment. You have seen him contending against you and saving your dearest interests, as it were, in spite of yourselves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits resulting from the firm energy of his conduct. Bear this testimony to the memory of my departed friend.

I charge you to protect his fame. It is all he has left — all that these poor orphan children will inherit from their father. But, my countrymen, that fame may be a rich treasure to you also. Let it be the test by which to examine those who solicit your favor. Disregarding professions, view their conduct, and on a doubtful occasion ask: Would Hamilton have done this thing?

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

Pronounced at the porch of Old Trinity Church, New York City, over the body of Hamilton at the time of its interment, July 14, 1804.

HAMILTON'S INFLUENCE ON AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS

He was the darling of nature, and privileged beyond the rest of her favorites. His mind caught at a glance that perfect comprehension of a subject for which others are indebted, to a patient labor and investigation. In whatever department he was called to act, he discovered an intuitive knowledge of its duties, which gave him an immediate ascendancy over those who had made them the study of their lives; so that, after running through the circle of office, as a soldier, statesman, and financier, no question remained for which he had been qualified, but only in which he had evinced the most superlative merit.

From such talents, adorned by incorruptible honesty and boundless generosity, an immense personal influence over his political and private friends was inseparable.

The universal sorrow manifested in every part of the Union upon the melancholy exit of this great man is an unequivocal testimonial of the public opinion of his worth. The place of his residence is overspread with a gloom which bespeaks the presence of a public calamity, and the prejudices of party are absorbed in the overflowing tide of national grief.

It is, indeed, a subject of consolation, that diversity of

political opinions has not yet extinguished the sentiment of public gratitude. There is yet a hope that events like these, which bring home to our bosoms the sensation of a common loss, may yet remind us of our common interest, and of the times when, with one accord, we joined in the homage of respect to our living as well as to our deceased worthies.

Should those days once more return, when the people of America, united as they once were united, shall make merit the measure of their approbation and confidence, we may hope for a constant succession of patriots and heroes. But should our country be rent by factions, and the merit of the man be estimated by the zeal of the partisan, irreparable will be the loss of those few men, who, having once been esteemed by all, might again have acquired the confidence of all, and saved their country, in an hour of peril, by their talents and virtues.

"So stream the sorrows that embalm the brave;
The tears which virtue sheds on glory's grave."

HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Pronounced at the request of the citizens of Boston, July 26, 1804.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON

Born at Berkeley, Charles City County, Va., February 9, 1773; died at Washington, D. C., April 4, 1841. Ninth President of the United States. Victor at the battle of Tippecanoe, in 1811, in which the power of Indians in the Illinois county was broken.

"HEROES IN HOMESPUN"

TRAVELING from out the twilight of the past into the radiance of the present, and tracing as we go

the history of the country along the glorious but rugged route of the battle-fields, by the glare of fagot-flame and rifle-flash, it seems ages since Tippecanoe; since Harrison and his hunting-shirts met and vanquished the hordes of the two Tecumsehs; yet are there men still living who, if they were not contemporary with the event and its valiants, can distinctly recall the spirit of those times; the aspects, the very familiar features of those valiants; the atmosphere, the form, and body of an epoch, when, from Faneuil Hall, in Boston, from Raleigh Tavern, in Virginia, to Fort Wayne and old Vincennes upon the confines of this borderland, the redskin and the red coat alike stirred to its depths the heart of the young Republic.

There were giants in those days; and there was need that there should be. No vestibuled trains nor palace coaches waited to fetch them hither; no noisy procession, with banners waving and brass bands playing, marched forth to honor their arrival. They journeyed for the most part afoot. They picked their way through trackless cane-brake and wooded waste, across swift-running, bridgeless streams, their flintlocks their commissariat. They had quitted what they regarded as the overcrowded centers of the populous East, to seek the lonely but roomier wilds of the far West, keenly alive to the idea of bettering their condition, having a fine sense of pure air and arable land — it may be for town sites; but their hearts beat true to the principles of civil and religious liberty, and they brought with them two accouterments of priceless value: the new-made Constitution of their country and the well-worn family Bible; for they were God-fearing, Christian soldiers; heroes in homespun as chivalric and undoubting as mailed Knights of the Cross; hating with holy hate the Indians and the British; revering the memory of the patriots and sages who had made the Declaration of Independence, warm with the blood of the Revolution, the echoes of Lex-

ington and Bunker Hill, of King's Mountain and Yorktown, still ringing in their ears.

The hunters of Kentucky, the pioneers of Indiana, united as brothers in the bonds of liberty, fought the battle of Tippecanoe. It was not a great battle as battles go, but it proved mighty in its consequences: the winning and the peopling of the West; the ultimate of the Union from dissolution; the blazing of the way to the Pacific. They were simple, hardy men. They set us good examples. They loved their country, and were loyal to its institutions. They were comrades in heart and comrades in arms. Be it ours to bless and preserve their memory, and to perpetuate their brotherhood!

HENRY WATTERSON.

From address delivered on the Tippecanoe battle-field, June 15, 1902.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N. H., May 19, 1864. The greatest American novelist.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

STRONGLY formed, of dark, poetic gravity of aspect, lighted by the deep, gleaming eye that recoiled with girlish coyness from contact with your gaze; of rare courtesy and kindness in personal intercourse, yet so sensitive that his look and manner can be suggested by the word "glimmering"; giving you a sense of restrained impatience to be away; mostly silent in society, and speaking always with an appearance of effort, but with a lambent light of delicate humor playing over all he said in the confidence of familiarity, and firm self-possession under all, as if the glimmering manner were only the tremulous surface of the sea, Hawthorne was personally known to few, and

intimately to very few. But no one knew him without loving him, or saw him without remembering him; and the name Nathaniel Hawthorne, which, when it was first written, was supposed to be fictitious, is now one of the most enduring facts of English literature.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS..

From "Literary and Social Essays."

THE QUALITY OF HAWTHORNE

To read one of Hawthorne's great romances slowly and appreciatively, subjecting one's self thoroughly to its influence, is to temper one's self more finely for all time. Hawthorne was in art an aristocrat, and his stories, long or short, are delicately exclusive in style and tone and subject-matter. Everything takes on quality that passes through Hawthorne's mind and into his prose. Read the "House of the Seven Gables" and then go to Salem and look at the unredeemed facts of Salem streets and life.

Or read the "Mosses from an Old Manse" and then consider at Concord the actual pathetic, weather-beaten structure. Out of harsh or trivial facts Hawthorne has in each case wrought a counterfeit presentment that is full of tender human interest, of pathos, of humor, of wise suggestion as regards the meaning and the value of our wayward life on this parti-colored earth ball — full of picturesque light and shade and dreamy beauty. These instances are characteristic of his entire treatment of the world of fact. The fineness and distinction of Hawthorne's temperament, the serene wisdom of his interpretation of human nature, even when he is most fantastic and busiest with morbid types, and the power of his style as a transfiguring medium to give a lucent charm to whatever it brings before the reader, are too often forgotten in these days of universal scribbling.

Yet with all his refinement how little affectation there is in him and what a large store of genial humanity. Conjuror he may be, but you would never suspect it from his manner and his dress. He affects no solemn frown, he utters no hollow-sounding rhodomontade; there is no flourishing of a wizard's wand. Our nerves may now and then crisp as we follow Hawthorne through the shadowed regions of his stories, and we may feel as we look back on them that life is not often so persistently sin-haunted as he depicts it. Yet even through the most melancholy tracts of his narrative there breathes the fragrance that the human affections disseminate; there are winds that move to and fro with healing in their wings; the heavens are never brazen; the air is never sullen or tainted with hopelessness. Hawthorne was a loyal, if remote, lover of his fellows, and his love of them and faith in them have given to all he has written a prevailing tone of sweet and tender humanity.

LEWIS E. GATES.

PATRICK HENRY

Born at Studley, Hanover County, Va., May 29, 1736; died at Red Hill, Charlotte County, Va., June 6, 1799. A celebrated American orator and patriot.

"AFTER ALL, WE MUST FIGHT"

IT was on March 23, 1775, that Patrick Henry, in the presence of the second revolutionary convention of Virginia, proclaimed the futility of all further efforts for peace, and the instant necessity of preparing to fight.

The speech which he is said to have made on that occasion is now perhaps familiarly known to a larger number of the American people than any other considerable bit of secular prose in our language. The old church at Rich-

mond, in which he made this marvelous speech, is visited every year, as a patriotic shrine, by thousands of pilgrims, who seek curiously the very spot upon the floor where the orator is believed to have stood when he uttered those words of flame. It is chiefly the tradition of that one speech which to-day keeps alive, in millions of American homes, the name of Patrick Henry, and which lifts him, in the popular faith, almost to the rank of some mythical hero of romance.

In reality, that speech, and the resolutions in support of which that speech was made, constituted Patrick Henry's individual declaration of war against Great Britain. He demanded of the people of Virginia that they should treat all further talk of peace as mere prattle; that they should seize the actual situation by a bold grasp of it in front; that, looking upon the war as a fact, they should instantly proceed to get ready for it. And therein was Patrick Henry one full step in advance of his contemporaries. Therein did he justify the reluctant praise of Jefferson, who, nearly fifty years afterward, said concerning Patrick Henry to a great statesman from Massachusetts: "After all, it must be allowed that he was our leader in the measures of the revolution in Virginia, and in that respect more is due to him than to any other person. He left all of us far behind."

MOSES COIT TYLER.

From "Life of Patrick Henry."

"GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH"

Mr. President: No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as the abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen¹ who have just addressed the house. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful

¹Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, Edmund Pendleton, and others.

to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as I do opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty towards the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gra-

cious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted?

Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its imposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight! I repeat it, sir,—we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of Hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable. And let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen

may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

PATRICK HENRY.

Delivered at Richmond, in the Virginia Convention, on a resolution to put the Commonwealth into a state of defense, March 23, 1775.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Born at Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809; died there, October 7, 1894. Poet, essayist, novelist.

THE "AUTOCRAT"

HAVING in mind the case of our Autocrat [Oliver Wendell Holmes] one is moved to traverse the ancient maxim, and exclaim, "Count no man unhappy till his dying day." There are few instances where a writer, suddenly, and after the age when fame is won "or never," compels the public to readjust its estimate of his powers. Holmes was not idle as a rhymester from 1836 to 1857; but his chief labor was given to medical practice and instruction, and it was fair to suppose that his literary capacity had been gaged. Possibly his near friends had no just idea of his versatile talent until he put forth the most taking serial in prose that ever established the prestige of a new magazine.

Coming, in a sense, like an author's first book, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" naturally was twice as

clever as any first book of the period. It appears that this work was planned in his youth; but we owe to his maturity the experience, drollery, proverbial humor, and suggestion that flow at ease through its pages. Little is too high or too low for the comment of this down-East philosopher. A kind of attenuated Franklin, he views things and folks with the less robustness, but with keener distinction and insight. His pertinent maxims are so frequent that it seems as if he had jotted them down from time to time and here first brought them to application; they are apothegms of common life and action, often of mental experience, strung together by a device so original as to make the work quite a novelty in literature. The Autocrat holds an intellectual tourney at a boarding-house table; there jousts against humbug and stupidity, gives light touches of knowledge, sentiment, illustration, coins here and there a phrase destined to be long current, nor forgets the poetic duty of providing a little idyl of human love and interest.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

From "Poets of America."

THE BEST-LOVED MAN-OF-LETTERS

The best-loved man-of-letters in America — that is surely a title of which any one might be proud, and it is the one above all others which describes Oliver Wendell Holmes. Few authors have ever enjoyed so long a lease of unbroken popularity. And this is due largely to the fact that he is the most companionable of authors. Warmth and brotherly feeling pervade all he says. He is a humorist, and a humorist of the first water, yet he is more than that — he is a thinker, a poet, a charming story-teller. Both in prose and verse he is the same keen observer, the same kind companion, the same sterling friend of humanity.

SYMPATHY

Holmes's writings are full of sympathy with his fellows,—his shipmates on board this vessel of the earth, as he once expressed it. He said what all felt, when he wrote: "I have told my story. I do not know what special gifts have been granted or denied me; but this I know, that I am like so many others of my fellow-creatures, that when I smile, I feel as if they must; when I cry, I think their eyes fill; and it always seems to me that when I am most truly myself I come nearest to them, and am surest of being listened to by the brothers and sisters of the larger family into which I was born so long ago."

JOHN T. MORSE, JR.

From "Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes."

HOLMES'S BIRTHDAY

The grace and gayety, the pathos and melody, the wit, the earnestness and shrewd sense of his writings, have given Holmes a place, and a sunny place, in the popular heart. On his happy birthday it was not Boston that sat at table, but the whole country. It was not a town meeting, but a national congress. The Autocrat is not a mayor, but an emperor, and the toast of the day was the toast of appreciative hearts and generous souls far beyond the sound of the Atlantic. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table; O king, live forever!" GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

WASHINGTON IRVING

*Born at New York, April 3, 1783; died at Sunnyside,
near Tarrytown, N. Y., November 28, 1859. An American
essayist, historian, and novelist.*

IRVING'S WORK AND CHARACTER

IRVING'S character is perfectly transparent; his pre-dominant traits were human and sentimental; his temperament was gay with a dash of melancholy; his inner life and his mental operations were the reverse of complex, and his literary method is simple. Perhaps it is a sufficient definition to say that his method was the sympathetic.

Although the direction of his work as a man-of-letters was largely determined by his early surroundings, yet he was by nature a retrospective man. His face was set towards the past, not towards the future. His writings induce to reflection, to quiet musing, to tenderness for tradition; they amuse, they entertain, they call a check to the feverishness of modern life.

Our obligation to him is that of Scotland to Scott and Burns. The Knickerbocker Legend and the romance with which Irving has invested the Hudson are a priceless legacy. New York is the Knickerbocker City; its whole social life remains colored by his fiction; and the romantic background it owes to him in some measure supplies to it what great age has given to European cities. This creation is sufficient to secure for him an immortality, a length of earthly remembrance that all the rest of his writings together might not give.

Irving's literature is a beneficent literature. The author loved good women and little children and a pure life; he had faith in his fellow-men, a kindly sympathy with the lowest, without any subserviency to the highest; he retained

a belief in the possibility of chivalrous actions; he was an author still capable of an enthusiasm. His books are wholesome, full of sweetness and charm, of humor without any sting, of amusement without any stain; and their more solid qualities are marred by neither pedantry nor pretension.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

From "Life of Washington Irving."

WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Irving was born in the city of New York in 1783, the year in which the Revolution ended in the acknowledgment of American independence. The British army marched out of the city, and the American army, with Washington at the head, marched in. "The patriot's work is ended just as my boy is born," said the patriotic mother, "and the boy shall be named Washington." Six years later, when Washington returned to New York to be inaugurated President, he was one day going into a shop when the boy's Scotch nurse democratically stopped the new republican chief magistrate and said to him, "Please your honor, here's a bairn was named for you." The great man turned and looked kindly on his little namesake, laid his hand upon his head, and blessed his future biographer.

The name of no other American has been so curiously confused with Washington's as that of Irving. When Irving first went to Europe, a very young man, well-educated, courteous, with great geniality of manner and charm of conversation, he was received by Prince Torbonia, the banker, in Rome, with unusual and flattering civility. His traveling companions, who had been treated by the prince with entire indifference, were perplexed at the warmth of Irving's welcome. Irving laughingly said that it only proved the prince's remarkable discrimination. But the young travelers laughed still more when the prince uncon-

screnously revealed the secret of his attentions by taking his guest aside, and asking him how nearly he was related to General Washington.

Many years afterwards, when he had become famous, an English lady and her daughter, paused in an Italian gallery before a bust of Washington. "And who was Washington, mamma?" asked the daughter. "Why, my dear, I am surprised at your ignorance," answered the mother, "he was the author of the *Sketch Book*." Long ago in Berlin I was talking with some American friends one evening at a café, and observed a German intently listening to our conversation as if trying his ability to understand the language. Presently he said to me, politely, "You are English, no?" But when I replied "No, we are Americans"—"Americans!" he exclaimed enthusiastically, grasping my hand and shaking it warmly, "Americans, ach! we all know your great General Washington Irving."

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

From "Literary and Social Essays."

ANDREW JACKSON

Born probably at the Waxham settlement, N. C., March 15, 1767; died at the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn., June 8, 1845. Seventh President of the United States. Commanded the American forces at the battle of New Orleans.

JACKSON'S POPULARITY

WHAT was the cause of the great popularity, amounting almost to idolatry, with which Andrew Jackson was regarded by a large portion of the population of the United States? It was due, in the first place, to the fact that he was a man of the people,—the first that had ever risen to the Presidential chair. All the Presidents before

him had been patricians — men of large estates, of old families — and however patriotic they may have been, they could not, with the exception of Washington, command from the people at large — the common people — that degree of love and confidence which Jackson commanded.

In the second place, all the world loves a fighter, and "Old Hickory" was a fighter through and through. The battle of New Orleans, great as it was, was not his greatest victory. He won victories all his life long, and he never paused to consider the odds against him. Moreover, he never stopped fighting until victory was his. No wonder the popular heart thrilled at the contemplation of this spectacle! No wonder that Jackson's fame — the fame of an honest, upright, if sometimes mistaken man — is enshrined in the heart of his countrymen and forms the foundation stone of one of the great political parties of the United States!

JACKSON'S FAME

"Oh, hang General Jackson!" exclaimed Fanny Kemble one day, after dinner, in the cabin of the ship that brought her to the United States, in the summer of 1832; so wearied was the vivacious lady with the din of politics, and the incessant repetition of the name associated with all the topics of that stormy period. And what a scene was that, when the old man, victorious over nullification, was borne along Broadway on one roaring wave of upturned faces and flashing eyes; when it seemed, said a spectator, as if he had but to speak the word, and they would have proclaimed him on the spot a king!

To this hour, the fame of General Jackson is a capital item in the capital stock of a political party. It was one of our standing jokes, founded on fact, that in some of the remote rural districts, the ancient inhabitants went to the polls for more than a generation under the impression

that they were still voting for old General Jackson. How many of the eight Presidents who succeeded him would have taken up their residence in the White House, if they had not been helped towards it through him? Not one!

From "Life of Andrew Jackson."

JAMES PARTON.

GENERAL JACKSON AT NEW ORLEANS

His very physiognomy prognosticated what soul was encased within the spare but well-ribbed form, which had that "lean and hungry look" described by England's greatest bard as bespeaking little sleep of nights, but much of ambition, self-reliance, and impatience of control. His lip and eye denoted the man of unyielding temper, and his very hair, slightly silvered, stood erect like quills round his wrinkled brows, as if they scorned to bend.

Such was the man who, with a handful of raw militia, was to stand in the way of the veteran troops of England, whose boast it was to have triumphed over one of the greatest captains of known history.

This man, when he took the command at New Orleans, had made up his mind to beat the English; and, as that mind was so constituted that it was not susceptible of entertaining much doubt as to the results of any of its resolves, he went to work with an innate confidence which transfused itself into the population he had been sent to protect.

CHARLES GAYARRÉ.

THE MAN OF THE WEST

The men of the American Revolution are no more. That age of creating power has passed away. The last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence has long since left the earth. Washington lies near his own Potomac,

surrounded by his family and his servants. Adams, the colossus of independence, reposes in the modest graveyard of his native region. Jefferson sleeps on the heights of his own Monticello, whence his eye overlooked his beloved Virginia. Madison, the last survivor of the men who made our Constitution, lives only in our hearts. But who shall say that the heroes, in whom the image of God shone most brightly, do not exist forever? They were filled with the vast conceptions which called America into being; they lived for those conceptions; and their deeds praise them.

We are met to commemorate the virtue of one who shed his blood for our independence, took part in winning the territory and forming the early institutions of the West, and was imbued with all the great ideas which constitute the moral force of our country— Andrew Jackson.

The man of the West came as the inspired prophet of the West; he came as one free from the bonds of hereditary or established custom; he came with no superior but conscience, no oracle but his native judgment; and, true to his origin and his education, true to the conditions and circumstances of his advancement, he valued right more than usage; he reverted from the pressure of established interests to the energy of first principles.

His expression of himself was so clear that his influence pervaded not our land only, but all America and all mankind. They say that in the physical world the magnetic fluid is so diffused that its vibrations are discernible simultaneously in every part of the globe. So it is with the element of freedom. And as Jackson developed its doctrines from their source in the mind of humanity, the popular sympathy was moved and agitated throughout the world, till his name grew everywhere to be the symbol of popular power.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON
“STONEWALL”

Born at Clarksburg, W. Va., January 21, 1824; died at Chancellorsville, Va., May 10, 1863. A noted Confederate general, one of the most daring, picturesque, and well-beloved on either side. He was shot by his own men at the battle of Chancellorsville on the evening of May 2, 1863, as he was returning from a reconnaissance beyond the lines, and died a week later.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S DEATH

“COULD I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead,” Lee wrote to Jackson, who was really dying.

His physicians could see the end of his illness, and Mrs. Jackson told him he was going to die. Looking his wife in the face with great attention, he answered, “I prefer it.” In a restless sleep that afternoon he muttered: “Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front,” and a little later, “No: let us pass over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees.” He spoke no more, but slept away into death.

Surprise that Jackson could die — he had seemed starred to survive danger — added to the shock which his death gave the Southern people. After the grave on the hill at Lexington finally closed, there came more poignantly yet the sense of a great practical loss. The man was so much needed. He had the mark of victory upon him. His presence in the fight lent faith to the cause everywhere. His wonderful performances in the battle-fields now excited all the South; and the name of Stonewall Jackson was, as it is to-day, a thrilling one to speak. So some despair — the first, perhaps, to touch the splendid vigor of the Southern

cause — went with the prevailing grief; and years later, at the dedication of a Jackson monument in New Orleans, the veteran Father Hubert prayed: "God, when Thou didst decree that the Confederacy should not succeed, Thou hadst first to take Thy servant, Stonewall Jackson."

From "Life of Stonewall Jackson."

CARL HOVEY.

THE UNCONSCIOUS GREATNESS OF STONE-WALL JACKSON

The greatness of Stonewall Jackson was an unconscious greatness. It was the supreme devotion to what he thought was duty. Hence he studied no dramatic effects. When among the mountains, pyramids older than those to which the first Napoleon pointed, he did not remind his men that the centuries were looking down upon them. When on the plains he drilled no eagles to perch upon his banners, as the third Napoleon is said to have done.

When his brigade of twenty-six hundred men had for hours withstood the iron tempest which broke upon it; when the Confederate right had been overwhelmed in the rush of resistless numbers, General Bee rode up to Jackson and with despairing bitterness exclaimed, "General: they are beating us back." "Then," said Jackson, "we will give them the bayonet." Bee seemed to catch the inspiration of his determined will, and, galloping back to the broken fragments of his overtaxed command, exclaimed: "There is Jackson standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians!" From that time Jackson's was known as the "Stonewall Brigade," — a name henceforth immortal, for the christening was in the blood of its author. And that wall of brave hearts was on every battle-field a steadfast bulwark of their country.

In the State where all that is mortal of this great hero sleeps, there is a natural bridge of rock whose massive

arch, fashioned with grace by the hand of God, springs lightly toward the sky, spanning a chasm into whose awful depths the beholder looks down, bewildered and awestruck. But its grandeur is not diminished because tender vines clamber over its gigantic piers or because sweet flowers nestle in its crevices. Nor is the granite strength of Jackson's character weakened because in every throb of his heart there was a pulsation ineffably and exquisitely tender. The hum of bees, the fragrance of clover fields, the tender streaks of dawn, the dewy brightness of early spring, the mellow glories of matured autumn, all in turn charmed and tranquilized him. The eye that flashed amid the smoke of battle grew soft in contemplating the beauty of a flower. The ear that thrilled with the thunder of the cannonade drank in with innocent delight the song of birds and the prattle of children's voices. The voice whose sharp and ringing tones had so often been heard uttering the command, "Give them the bayonet!" culled even from foreign tongues terms of endearment. And the man who filled two hemispheres with his fame was never so happy as when telling the colored children of his Sunday school the story of the Cross.

It was in the noontide of his glory that he fell. What a pall of sadness shrouded the whole land! And where in the annals of the world's sorrow was there such a pathetic impersonation of a people's grief as was embodied in the old mutilated veteran of Jackson's division, who, as the shades of evening fell and the doors of the Capitol were being closed for the last time, was seen anxiously pressing through the crowd to take his last look at the face of his beloved leader. They told him that it was too late, that they were closing the coffin for the last time. But the old soldier, lifting the stump of his right arm toward the heavens, and with tears running down his face, exclaimed: "By the right arm which I lost for my country, I demand the priv-

ilege of seeing my general once more." So irresistible was the appeal that the Governor ordered the ceremonies to be stayed until the humble comrade had dropped his tear upon the face of his dead leader.

Moses D. Hoge.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Born at Shadwell, Albemarle County, Va., April 2, 1743; died at Monticello, Albemarle County, July 4, 1826. The third President of the United States.

JEFFERSON'S WISDOM

THE wisdom that Jefferson as a statesman showed in working for a future good, and the willingness to forego the pomp of personal power, to sacrifice self if need be, that the day he should not see might be secure, ranks him as first among statesmen. For a statesman is one who builds a State and not a politician who is dead, as some have said. Others, since, have followed Jefferson's example, but in the world's history I do not recall a man before him who, while still having power in his grasp, was willing to trust the people.

Men from the soil who gain power are usually intoxicated by it; beginning as democrats they evolve into aristocrats, then into tyrants, if kindly fate does not interpose, and are dethroned by the people who made them. And it is not surprising that this man, born into a plenty that bordered on affluence, and who never knew from experience the necessity of economy, should set an almost ideal example of simplicity, moderation, and brotherly kindness.

Among the chief glories that belong to him are these:

i. Writing the Declaration of Independence.

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1. Writing the Declaration of Independence.

JOHN PAUL JONES

Born at Kirkbeau, Scotland, July 6, 1747; died at Paris, July 18, 1792. The most famous American naval commander of the Revolution.

JOHN PAUL JONES

FOR more than a hundred years no name in history has been subjected to a misimpression at once so gross and so general as that of John Paul Jones. In the mind's eye of the casual reader he was a wondrous sea-fighter, indeed, but a sea-fighter of questionable credentials. Even friendly historians speak of him as "the daring corsair," unfriendly historians as "a freebooter," outright. "Half pirate, half patriot," is the grudging epigram allowed him by neutral pens, having no motive for malevolence or misrepresentation. In a word, it is told that he was the merest adventurer, who played a brilliant but unimportant part in the drama of the American Revolution, who lived the life of a rover and died neglected in a foreign land.

Yet was the career of this Bayard of the Ocean, this Wizard of the Briny Deep, as open as an open book. He was the trusted friend of Washington and Franklin and Jefferson. His genius blew the breath of life into the sea-dreams of the young Republic, his words and deeds inspiration to the dawning sea-power of the New World. Although by grace of his own Government, for a little while a Russian Admiral, and by that of the French King, a Chevalier of France, he held but one commission, that of the United States of America; and when he died the ranking officer of the American navy, in the splendor of a ripening manhood, far and away the most famous sea-captain of the age — rich as riches went those days in this world's goods — the French Legislative Assembly, then in session, stood

while the resolution to attend his funeral was passed. Gouverneur Morris, the American Minister, who had witnessed his will but a few hours before his death, was so overcome by the tidings that he took to his bed. Three weeks later there came to his address in Paris, direct from the hand of Washington, orders to take charge of our complicated interests in European waters — particularly with respect to the Barbary pirates — and had he lived a week longer he would have been made Admiral of France, with authority completely to overhaul and reorganize the French navy.

Seven or eight years after his death, it is related that Napoleon, stung by the phenomenal exploits of Nelson, explained, "Berthier, how old was Paul Jones when he died?" Berthier answered: "I think he was about forty-five, sire." "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Corsican; "if Paul Jones were alive now, France would have an admiral."

From "The Compromises of Life."

HENRY WATTERSON.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Born in Frederick County, Md., August 1, 1779; died at Baltimore, January 11, 1843. An American poet, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner." (See also Flag Day.)

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

THE son of a Revolutionary soldier, Francis Scott Key was born August 9, 1780, and died in Baltimore January 11, 1843. His life of nearly sixty-three years was an unbroken idyl of tranquil happiness; amid congenial scenes; among kindred people; blessed by wedded love and many children, and accompanied by the successful pursuit of the learned profession he had chosen for himself.

Yet it was reserved for this constant and modest gentleman to leave behind him a priceless legacy to his countrymen and to identify his name for all time with his country's flag.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" owed very little to chance. It was the emanation of a patriotic fervor as sincere and natural as it was simple and noble. It sprang from one of those glorious inspirations which, coming to an author unbidden, seizes at once upon the hearts and minds of men. The occasion seems to have been created for the very purpose. The man and the hour were met and the song came; and truly was song never yet born amid such scenes. We explore the pages of folk-lore, we read the story of popular music in vain to find the like. His song was the very child of battle. It was rocked by cannon in the cradle of the deep. Its swaddling-clothes were the Stars and Stripes its birth proclaimed. Its coming was heralded by shot and shell, and from its baptism of fire a nation of freemen clasped it to its bosom. It was to be thenceforth and forever freedom's *Gloria in Excelsis*.

The circumstances which ushered it into the world, hardly less than the words of the poem, are full of patriotic exhilaration. It was during the darkest days of our second war of independence. An English army had invaded and occupied the seat of the National Government and had burned the Capitol of the nation. An English squadron was in undisputed possession of Chesapeake Bay. There being nothing of interest or value left within in the vicinity of Washington to detain them, the British were massing their land and naval forces for other conquests, and, as their ships sailed down the Potomac, Dr. William Beanes, a prominent citizen of Maryland, who had been arrested at his home in Upper Marlboro, charged with some offense, real or fancied, was carried off a prisoner.

It was to secure the liberation of this gentleman, his neighbor and friend, that Francis Scott Key obtained leave

of the President to go to the British Admiral under a flag of truce. He was conveyed by the cattle-boat used for the exchange of prisoners and accompanied by the flag officer of the Government. They proceeded down the bay from Baltimore and found the British fleet at the mouth of the Potomac.

Mr. Key was courteously received by Admiral Cochrane; but he was not encouraged as to the success of his mission until letters from the English officers wounded at Bladensburg and left in the care of the Americans were delivered to the friends on the fleet to whom they had been written. These bore such testimony to the kindness with which they had been treated that it was finally agreed that Dr. Beanes should be released; but, as an advance upon Baltimore was about to be made, it was required that the party of Americans should remain under guard on board their own vessel until these operations were concluded. Thus it was that the night of September 14, 1814, Key witnessed the bombardment of Fort McHenry, which his song was to render illustrious.

He did not quit the deck the long night through. With his single companion, the flag officer, he watched every shell from the moment it was fired until it fell, "listening with breathless interest to hear if an explosion followed." While the cannonading continued they needed no further assurance that their countrymen had not capitulated. "But," I quote the words of Chief Justice Taney, repeating the account given him by Key immediately after, "it suddenly ceased some time before day; and, as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered, or the attack upon it had been abandoned. They paced the deck the residue of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day, and looking every few minutes at their watches to see how long they must

wait for it; and, as soon as it dawned and before it was light enough to see objects at a distance, their glasses were turned to the fort, uncertain whether they should see there the Stars and Stripes or the flag of the enemy." Blessed vigil! that its prayers were not in vain; glorious vigil! that it gave us "The Star Spangled Banner!"

The poem tells its own story, never a truer, for every word comes direct from a great heroic soul, powder-stained and dipped, as it were, in sacred blood.

"O say, can you see by the dawn's early light
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?"

The two that walked the deck of the cartel-boat had waited long. They had counted the hours as they watched the course of the battle. But a deeper anxiety yet is to possess them. The firing had ceased. Ominous silence! While cannon roared they knew that the fort held out. While the sky was lit by messengers of death they could see the national colors flying above it.

"— the rockets' red glare and bombs bursting in air
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there."

But there comes an end at last to waiting and watching; and as the first rays of the sun shoot above the horizon and gild the eastern shore, behold the sight that gladdens their eyes as it —

"— catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines in the stream,"

for there, over the battlements of McHenry, the Stars and Stripes float defiant on the breeze, while all around evidences multiply that the attack has failed, that the Americans have successfully resisted it, and that the British are withdrawing their forces. For then, and for now, and for all time, come the words of the anthem —

"Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!"

For —

— "conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

The Star Spangled Banner! Was ever flag so beautiful, did ever flag so fill the souls of men? The love of woman; the sense of duty; the thirst for glory; the heart-throbbing that impels the humblest American to stand by his colors fearless in the defense of his native soil and holding it sweet to die for it — the yearning which draws him to it when exiled from it — its free institutions and its blest memories, all are embodied and symbolized by the broad stripes and bright stars of the nation's emblem, and all live again in the lines and tones of Key's anthem. Two or three began the song, millions join the chorus.

From "The Compromises of Life."

HENRY WATTERSON.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

Born in Westmoreland County, Va., January 19, 1807; died at Lexington, Va., October 12, 1870. A celebrated American General in the Confederate service.

ROBERT E. LEE

HE was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guilt.

He was Cæsar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was as obedient to authority as a servant and royal in authority as a king. He was as gentle as a woman in life, pure and modest as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles.

BENJAMIN HILL.

LEE'S GENIUS

It is not easy to compare Lee with the great soldiers of former ages except as a strategist. In strategy it is certain that he stands in the front rank of the great warriors of the world. The impartial historian, in reviewing his campaigns and the difficult conditions with which he was always confronted, must at least declare that no commander could have accomplished more. The world places Lee by the side of its greatest captains because, surrounded on all sides by conflicting anxieties, interests, and the gravity of issues involved, he only surrendered his battle-stained, bullet-riddled banner after demonstrating that all had been done that mortal could accomplish. The profession of the soldier has been honored by his renown, the cause of education by his virtues, religion by his piety.

"The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero."

From "Life of Robert E. Lee."

FITZHUGH LEE.

LEE'S PLACE IN HISTORY

Robert E. Lee may justly be given place among the greatest and finest spirits that have ever trod this earth. With the supreme men of action, the small group of statesmen-conquerors, which includes Cæsar, Alexander, Cromwell,

Napoleon, Washington, he cannot be ranked, because he never ruled a realm or a republic, and actually shrank, in 1862, from assuming the responsibilities of commander-in-chief. We know, indeed, from his own words that he would not have wished to resemble any of these men save Washington; and we know, also, that he could not have entered their class without losing the exquisite modesty and unselfishness that gave him his unique charm.

But do we, his lovers, wish to put Lee in any class, even the highest? Should we not prefer him to stand alone? If we do, we have our wish; for no one class contains him. There is, seemingly, no character in all history that combines power and virtue and charm as he does. He is with the great captains, the supreme leaders of all time. He is with the good, pure men and chivalrous gentlemen of all time. And he is not only in these two noble classes of chosen spirits, but he is, in each case, either a plain leader or else without any obvious superior. But when can another such man be found? Of whom besides Lee may it be justly said that he is with Turenne and Marlborough on the one hand, and on the other with the chevalier Bayard and Sir Philip Sidney?

WILLIAM P. TRENT.

From "Life of Robert E. Lee."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Born at Portland, Me., February 27, 1807; died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. Popularly held to be America's greatest poet.

A POET OF THE PEOPLE

THE great literary lesson of Longfellow's life is to be found in this, that while he was the first among American poets to create for himself a world-wide fame,

he was guided from youth to age by a strong national feeling. In the group of poets to which he belonged, he was the most traveled and the most cultivated, in the ordinary sense, while Whittier was the least so; and yet they are the two who hold their own best. In neither case was this Americanism trivial, boastful, or ignoble in its tone. The hold of both Longfellow and Whittier is a thing absolutely due, first, to the elevated tone of their works, and secondly, to the fact that they have made themselves the poets of the people.

In another age or country, Longfellow would have been laureled, medaled, or ennobled; but he has had what his essentially republican spirit doubtless preferred, the simple homage of a nation's heart.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

A SONG UNBLEMISHED

From the first notes of his fluent and harmonious song to the last, which comes to us as the "voice fell like a falling star," there has never been a discord. The music of the mountain-stream in the poem which reaches us from the other shore of life is as clear and sweet as the melodies of the youthful and middle periods of his minstrelsy. His was a fully rounded life; beginning early with large promise, equaling every anticipation in its maturity, fertile and beautiful to its close in the ripeness of its well-filled years.

If the great multitude of readers were to render a decision as to which of Longfellow's poems they most valued, the Psalm of Life would no doubt command the largest number. This is a brief homily, enforcing the great truths of duty, and of our relation to the Eternal and Invisible. Next in order would very probably come Excelsior, a poem that springs upward like a flame, and carries the soul up with it in its aspiration for the unattainable ideal. If this sounds

like a trumpet-call to the fiery energies of youth, not less does the still, small voice of that most sweet and tender poem, *Resignation*, appeal to the sensibilities of those who have lived long enough to have known the bitterness of such a bereavement as that out of which grew the poem. Such poems as these are the foundation of that universal acceptance his writings obtain among all classes.

Nothing lasts like a coin and a lyric. And I think we may venture to say that some of the shorter poems of Longfellow must surely reach a remote posterity, and be considered then, as now, ornaments to English literature. We may compare them with the best short poems of the language without fearing that they will suffer. These beautiful medallions of verse which Longfellow has left us might possibly be found fault with as conveying too much useful and elevating truth in their legends; having the inartistic aim of being serviceable as well as delighting by their beauty. Let us leave such comments to the critics who cannot handle a golden coin fresh from the royal mint without clipping its edges, and stamping their own initials on its face.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

From address delivered before the Massachusetts Historical Society.

LONGFELLOW'S WIDE APPEAL

As a truly popular poet,—the man of the million,—no American songster has obtained such a favorable hearing as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. It would argue a strange isolation from the world of letters to know nothing of *Excelsior* and the *Psalm of Life*. These, and other lyrics from the same pen, have been promoted to the rank of household words. To gain the ear, to stir the pulses, to delight the imagination, of the thousands and tens of thousands is no mean triumph. Mr. Longfellow has done this. His pages are everywhere instinct with life, beauty,

grace. No writer exhibits a better combination of those qualities which make poetry pleasant and lovable. The healthful and breezy freshness of nature is on all his productions; and in the rich and teeming variety of his muse we have the results of that passion for the fair and bright things of the present and the past, so well described in his own *Prelude*.

LONGFELLOW AND GRAY

Nearly forty years ago, I had occasion, in speaking of Mr. Longfellow, to suggest an analogy between him and the English poet Gray; and I have never since seen any reason to modify or change that opinion. There are certain very marked analogies between them. In the first place, there is the same love of a certain subdued splendor; and above all, there is that genius, that sympathy with universal sentiments and the power of expressing them so that they come home to everybody, both high and low, which characterize both poets. There is something also in that simplicity,—simplicity in itself being a distinction.

Distinction in style is eminently found in the poet whom we are met here in some sense to celebrate to-day. His mind always moved straight towards its object, and was always permeated with the emotion that gave it frankness and sincerity, and at the same time the most ample expression. His nature was consecrated ground, into which no unclean spirit could ever enter.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

From address delivered in Westminster Abbey, March 2, 1884.

AN ESTIMATE OF LONGFELLOW

It was Longfellow's fortune to exemplify the value of literature in the world's affairs. During an era specially

marked by devotion to material advancement and successes, he maintained the dignity of literature. His taste was infallible. In all his numerous volumes it would not be easy to find a single instance of careless or slovenly work. In scholarly acquirements, in the almost universal knowledge which informs much of his poetry, in thorough acquaintance with the books of all ages and of all peoples, among American men of letters he stood almost alone.

He was eminently a gracious writer. There was in him a natural amiability which forbade the least thought of giving pain. He always sang with a kind of native politeness, and put into his poetry a sympathetic courtesy which won the hearts of his innumerable readers. To this more than to any other cause Mr. Longfellow owed his remarkable popularity. The world yields its highest reverence to few; but it surrenders its heart and its grateful appreciation the more readily to those who make no inordinate demands upon its intellect, but keenly comprehend the vicissitudes of life, mourning with those who mourn, rejoicing with those who rejoice, and extending sympathy wherever and whenever the need of it is most keenly felt.

From the New York *Tribune*.

LONGFELLOW

Longfellow's genius was not a great creative force. It burst into no tempests of mighty passion. It did not wrestle with the haughtily veiled problems of fate and free-will absolute. It had no dramatic movement and variety, no eccentricity and grotesqueness and unexpectedness. No one has described so well as Longfellow himself the character and influence of his own poetry:

"Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heart-felt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

"Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Down the corridors of Time.

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

This was the office of Longfellow in literature, and how perfectly it was fulfilled. It was not a wilful purpose, but he carefully guarded the fountain of his song from contamination or diversion, and this was its natural overflow. The clear thought, the true feeling, the pure aspiration, is expressed with limpid simplicity:

"Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

From "Literary and Social Essays."

A ROUNDED LIFE

Can it be that a man like this is dead? I cannot believe it. Like a lark that sings and soars, and still sings fading out of sight in the blue heavens. I cannot believe that he has gone because he has disappeared from our view. A rounded life was his; his work was done. Where has he gone? We may not know as yet. So far as we are concerned, he has gone, to quote his own words, "into the silent land." We will rejoice that he has left behind him words that will sing their song of trust and hope for many a year to come.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

LONGFELLOW'S TOUCH

The magnetism of Longfellow's touch lies in the broad humanity of his sympathy, which commends his poetry

to the universal heart. His artistic sense is so exquisite that each of his poems is a valuable literary study. Longfellow's mind takes a simple, childlike hold of life. His delightful familiarity with the pure literature of all languages and times must rank him among the learned poets.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Born at Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819; died there, August 12, 1891. Poet, essayist, diplomatist. America's foremost man of letters.

LOWELL'S GENIAL QUALITY

LOWELL is generally looked upon as a serious poet, and, indeed, no one has a better claim to be so regarded, for seriousness is one of the first essentials of all genuine poetry. But seriousness is not necessarily sadness. Much of his poetry overflows with mirthful and jocund feelings, and, in his most pungent satire, there is a constant bubbling up of a genial and loving nature; the brilliant flashes of his wit are softened by an evident gentleness of nature. He is acknowledged as one of the poets of the people.

Lowell's prose writings are as remarkable as his poetry; the copiousness of his illustrations, the richness of his imagery, the easy flow of his sentences, the keenness of his wit, and the force and clearness of his reasoning, give to his reviews and essays a fascinating charm that place him in the front rank of our prose writers.

CHARLES F. BRIGGS

AMERICA'S MAN OF LETTERS

In a literal sense James Russell Lowell has become our representative man of letters. His acquirements and versatile writings, the conditions of his life, his international honors, the mold of the man, his speech, bearing, and the spirit of his whole work, have given him a peculiar distinction, and this largely without his thought or seeking. He is regarded not only as a man of letters, but as a fine exemplar of culture. Many of his sayings, like those of Emerson, are a portion of our usual discourse and reference, and the people have taken some of his lyrics faithfully to heart. Whether as a poet and critic, or as a man of affairs, of rare breeding and the healthiest moral tone, Lowell is one of whom it may be affirmed, in the words applied to another, that a thing derives more weight from the fact that he has said it.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

From "Poets of America."

THE LARGER LIFE

One cannot read Lowell for five minutes without seeing how large his life was, and how little he was fettered by the commonplace gyves of space or time or flesh or sense. He never preaches, but, all the same, he is living in the larger life, and so are you if he calls you into his company.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

LOWELL'S FAME

Lowell is a remarkable man and poet. That he is one of the first poets of this age, no man will deny. He is sincerely a reformer; his sympathies are entirely with the oppressed and down-trodden. Some of his poems are

exceedingly beautiful, while others are full of grand thoughts which strike upon the ear and heart like the booming cannon-shot, which tells that an ardently desired conflict has commenced.

DAVID W. BARTLETT.

THE MANY-SIDED LOWELL

Mr. Lowell has written into his works his many titles to public remembrance with singular completeness. The sign-manual of the poet, critic, and scholar is set upon the various page; moods of the field and the homestead, the permanent attraction of human nature, patriotism profoundly felt, are equally found in essay and poem; and in the admirable addresses there is stored up a lasting memory of the years of his distinguished service abroad. The fulness of this expression of a many-sided career is remarkable; but even more remarkable is the harmony of all these phases of life, one with another. Neither the style nor the way of thinking materially changes; the same person speaks with the same voice throughout.

The simplicity of his nature, as shown in his works, beneath the diversity of his interests and the subtle refinements of his intellectual part, the unity of his life as poet, citizen, and thinker, and the harmonious interplay of his faculties one with another, and especially the directness of his expression in every mode of writing, have not been hitherto so much recognized as was right; and only by attending to these primary traits can one be just to a great writer.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

From "Life of James Russell Lowell."

JAMES MONROE

Born in Westmoreland County, Va., April 28, 1758; died at New York, July 4, 1831. The fifth President of the United States, and promulgator of the famous "Monroe Doctrine."

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

THE Monroe Doctrine should not be considered from any purely academic standpoint, but as a broad, general principle of living policy. It is to be justified not by precedent merely, but by the needs of the nation and the true interests of Western civilization.

It may be briefly defined as forbidding European encroachment on American soil. It is not desirable to define it so rigidly as to prevent our taking into account the varying degrees of national interest in varying cases. The United States has not the slightest wish to establish a universal protectorate over other American States, or to become responsible for their misdeeds. If one of them becomes involved in an ordinary quarrel with a European power, such quarrel must be settled between them by any one of the usual methods. But no European State is to be allowed to aggrandize itself on American soil at the expense of any American State. Furthermore, no transfer of an American colony from one European State to another is to be permitted if, in the judgment of the United States, such transfer would be hostile to its own interests.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

From "American Ideals."

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

In the wars of European powers in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it

comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded, or seriously menaced, that we resent injuries, or make preparations for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere, we are, of necessity, more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments; and to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted.

We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those European Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

With the existing Colonies or dependencies of any European Power, we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

JAMES MONROE.

From the message of December, 1823.

WILLIAM PENN

Born at London, England, October 14, 1644; died at Ruscombe, Berks, England, July 30, 1718. Founder of Pennsylvania, and a famous member of the Society of Friends, or "Quakers."

PENN'S MONUMENT

BORN in stormy times, William Penn walked amid troubled waters all his days. In an age of bitter persecution and unbridled wickedness, he never wronged his conscience. A favored member of a court where statesmanship was intrigue and trickery, where the highest morality was corruption, he never stained his hands with a bribe. Living under a government at war with the people, and educated in a school that taught the doctrine of passive obedience, his lifelong dream was of popular government, of a State where the people ruled.

In his early manhood, at the bidding of conscience, against the advice of his dearest friends, in opposition to stern paternal commands, against every dictate of worldly wisdom and human prudence, in spite of all the dazzling temptations of ambition so alluring to the heart of a young man, he turned away from the broad fair highway to wealth, position, and distinction that the hands of a king opened before him, and, casting his lot with the sect weakest and most unpopular in England, through paths that were tangled with trouble and lined with pitiless thorns of persecution, he walked into honor and fame, and the reverence of the world, such as royalty could not promise, and could not give him.

In the land where he planted his model State, to-day no descendant bears his name. In the religious society for which he suffered banishment from home, persecution, and a prison, to-day no child of his blood and name walks

in Christian fellowship, nor stands covered in worship. His name has faded out of the living meetings of the Friends, out of the land that crowns his memory with sincerest reverence. Even the uncertain stone that would mark his grave stands doubtfully among the kindred ashes that hallow the ground where he sleeps.

But his monument, grander than storied column of granite or noble shapes of bronze, is set in the glittering brilliance of mighty States between the seas. His noblest epitaph is written in the State that bears his honored name. The little town he planned to be his capital has become a city larger in area than any European capital he knew. Beyond his fondest dreams has grown the State he planted in the wilderness by "deeds of peace." Out of the gloomy mines that slept in rayless mystery beneath its mountains while he lived, the measureless wealth of his model State sparkles and glows on millions of hearthstones. From its forests of derricks and miles of creeping pipe-lines, the world is lighted from the State of Penn with a radiance to which the sons of the founders' sons were blind. Roaring blast and smoking forge and ringing hammer are tearing and breaking the wealth of princes from his mines that the founder never knew.

Clasping the continent from sea to sea, stretches a chain of States as free as his own. From sunrise to sunset reaches a land where the will of the people is the supreme law — a land that never felt the pressure of a throne and never saw a scepter. And in the heart of the city that was his capital, in old historic halls, still stands the bell that first, in the name of the doctrines he taught his colonists, proclaimed "liberty throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof." This is his monument, and every noble charity gracing this State is his epitaph.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

WENDELL PHILLIPS

Born at Boston, Mass., November 29, 1811; died there, February 2, 1884. A noted orator and abolitionist.

THE GENIUS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS

GENIUS is of three kinds. Some men are great in a single faculty, others in kindred faculties, others still in the general range and elevation of all the higher powers. The genius of Wendell Phillips was of this latter type.

He had feminine intuition with masculine reason. He had both kinds of courage; that higher, the moral, which held him firm, true, unmoved by scoff of foe or kiss of friend; and that lower, the physical, which led him to confront a mob or brave assassination with the nonchalance of a veteran campaigner stooping to tie his shoe in a rain of bullets.

He has been termed the latest and largest of the Puritans. The elixir of conscience diffused through his clerical ancestors was concentrated in him. His career was a splendid exhibition of conscientiousness. Born in the purple, equipped with intellectual gifts and culture, and dowered with personal charms and accomplishments admirably fitted to secure him any place to which he might aspire in society, in the Senate, or at the bar, had he consented to turn but a little aside from the narrow path of conviction; he left his decorated world, sacrificed his brilliant prospects, threw up his early friendships and scorned the allurements which fascinate mankind — all for a principle. Such self-denial is sublime, and Wendell Phillips takes an undisputed place among heroes and saints.

CARLOS MARTYN.

From "Life of Wendell Phillips."

EULOGY ON WENDELL PHILLIPS

As Wendell Phillips was sitting in his office one October afternoon, waiting for his first client, the sound of unusual disturbance drew him to the street. There, within stone's throw of the scene of the Boston Massacre, under the very shadow of Old South Church, he beheld a scene such as we of to-day can scarcely conceive — American women insulted for befriending their innocent sisters whose children were sold from their arms, and an American citizen assailed by a furious mob for maintaining that a man's right to liberty was inherent and inalienable. It was enough! As the jail doors closed upon Garrison to save his life, Garrison and his cause had won their most powerful ally. With the setting of that October sun, vanished forever the career of prosperous ease which the genius and accomplishments of Phillips had seemed to foretell. His long-awaited client had come at last — scorned, scarred, wronged, degraded, and forsaken humanity.

When, two years later, at Alton, Illinois, Lovejoy was lynched for defending the right of innocent men and women to their personal freedom, it was with difficulty that Faneuil Hall was secured for a mass-meeting to denounce the appalling outrage; but when, in that meeting, after words of seemly protest had been uttered, a voice was heard, the voice of the high officer, solemnly sworn to uphold the majesty of the law, declaring, in Faneuil Hall, amid a storm of howling applause, that an American put to death by a raging mob while defending his right of free speech died as the fool dieth, the Boston boy, all on fire, with Concord and Lexington tugging at his heart, unconsciously murmured:

“Such a speech in Faneuil Hall must be answered in Faneuil Hall.”

“Why not answer it yourself?” whispered a neighbor.

"Help me to the platform and I will," he answered; and pushing and struggling through the dense and threatening crowd, he reached the platform, was lifted upon it, and, advancing to speak, was greeted with a roar of hostile cries. But riding the whirlwind undismayed, as for many years thereafter he directed the same wild storm, he stood upon the platform in all the grace and beauty of imperial youth — the Greeks would have said a god descended, — and in words which touched the mind and heart and conscience as with fire from heaven, recalling Boston to herself, he saved his native city and her cradle of liberty from the damning disgrace of stoning the first martyr in the great struggle for personal freedom.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which placed the rioters, incendiaries, and murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock and Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead."

In all the annals of American speech there had been heard no such speech since Patrick Henry's electrical warning to George the Third. It was the greatest of oratorical triumphs when a supreme emotion, a sentiment which is to mold a people anew, lifts the orator to adequate expression. It transmitted, unextinguished, the torch of an eloquence that has roused nations, and changed the whole course of history. The mighty struggle indeed inspired universal eloquence, but, supreme over it all, was the eloquence of Phillips, as over the harmonious tumult of an orchestra, one clear voice, like a lark high poised in air, carries the melody.

He faced his audience with a tranquil mien and a beaming aspect that was never dimmed. He spoke, and in the measured cadences of his quiet voice there was intense feeling, but no declamation, no passionate appeal, no

superficial and feigned emotion; it was simply colloquy, a gentleman conversing. Unconsciously, yet surely, the ear and heart were charmed. How was it done? Ah! how did Mozart do it? How Raphael? The secret of the rose's sweetness, the bird's ecstasy, the sunset's glory — this is the secret of genius and eloquence. What was seen, what was heard, was the form of noble manhood, the courteous and self-possessed tone, the flow of modulated and musical speech, sparkling with matchless richness of illustration, happy anecdote and historic parallel; with wit and pitiless invective, with stinging satire, with melodious pathos, with crackling epigram and limpid humor, like the bright ripples that play about the sure and steady prow of the resistless ship. The divine energy of his conviction utterly possessed him.

But he never flattered the mob, nor hung upon its neck, nor pandered to its passion, nor suffered its foaming hate or its exulting enthusiasm to touch the calm poise of his regnant soul. Those who were eager to insult and silence him when he pleaded for the negro, wept and shouted and rapturously crowned him when he paid homage to O'Connell. But the crowd did not follow him with huzzas. He moved in solitary majesty. And if, from his smooth speech, a lightning flash of satire or of scorn struck a cherished lie, or an honored character, or a dogma of the party creed, and the crowd burst into a storm of furious dissent, he beat it into silence with uncompromising iteration. If it tried to drown his voice, he turned to the reporters and calmly said, "Howl on, I speak to thirty millions here."

Among her noblest sons his native city will ever cherish him, and gratefully recall the unbending Puritan soul that dwelt in a form so gracious and urbane. The plain house in which he lived, the house to which the north star led the trembling fugitive; the radiant figure passing swiftly to and fro along these streets; the ceaseless charity untold, the

strong sustaining heart of private friendship; the eloquence, which like the song of Orpheus will fade from living memory as a doubtful tale; the great scene of his life in Faneuil Hall; the mighty struggle and the mighty triumph with which his name is forever blended; the consecration of a life hid with God in sympathy with man — these, all these, will live among your immortal traditions. And not among yours alone. As the years go by, and only the large outlines of lofty American characters and careers remain, the wide republic will confess the benediction of a life like this, and gladly own that if, with perfect faith and hope assured, America would still stand and bid distant generations "Hail," the inspiration of her national life must be the sublime moral courage, the spotless purity, the unswerving integrity, the all-embracing humanity, the absolutely unselfish devotion of great powers to great public ends, which were the glory of Wendell Phillips.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

From address delivered in Tremont Temple, Boston, April 18, 1884.

EDGAR ALLEN POE

Born at Boston, Mass., January 19, 1809; died at Baltimore, Md., October 7, 1849. A noted poet and writer of tales.

THE GENIUS OF POE

ON the roll of our literature Poe's name is inscribed with the few foremost, and in the world at large his genius is established as valid among all men. An artist primarily, whose skill, helped by the finest sensitive and perceptive powers in himself, was developed by thought, patience, and endless self-correction into a subtle deftness of hand unsurpassed in its own work, he belonged to the

men of culture instead of those of originally perfect power.

In imagination, as in action, his was an evil genius; and in its realms of revery he dwelt alone. Thus ever more remote from mankind ran the currents of his life and genius, until their twin streams, choked and stagnant in midway of their course, sank into the waste. The pitiful justice of Poe's fate, the dark immortality of his fame, were accomplished.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

From "Life of Edgar Allan Poe."

THE CHARACTER OF POE

Few of those who knew Poe were insensible of the fascination of his personal appearance. He was somewhat over the average height, of marked bodily strength, and in his youth quick at all athletic exercises. In dress he was fastidious but simple, wearing usually a black coat and stock carefully brushed, but showing too often signs of the poverty that haunted him throughout life. His curly black hair was brushed back from a broad high forehead, his face was pale and intellectual, haggard in repose, but lighting up at the approach of friends. A short black mustache only half concealed the habitual movement of his nervous mouth. But his great charm lay in his eyes, steel-gray, with an iris that constantly contracted and expanded, and shining with intelligence and feeling from under the long, black eyelashes.

Poe's character was a strange compound of attractive and repelling elements. He was from the first proud, reserved and self-centered. His ideals in literature were at once high and peculiar, and he never hesitated to lash an impostor or assail an opponent. Toward women his manner was marked by the old-fashioned chivalry of the Virginia gentleman. He was the idol of his sick wife and of her

gentle and devoted mother. Not without faults, his very weakness endeared him the more to the kind hearts who divined the sorrows of his life. All in all, let us say, a man more sinned against than sinning, the sport of unkindly fates, and to us at this time one who should be the object of sincerest pity when we reflect what he was, what he did, and what in happier circumstances he might have done. His fame as an artist is established on two continents; it is time for Americans to show a gentler feeling toward the most unhappy genius of our country.

T. M. PARROTT.

CHARLES SUMNER

Born at Boston, Mass., January 6, 1811; died at Washington, D. C., March 11, 1874. A noted statesman.

CHARLES SUMNER

THREE was in Charles Sumner, as a public man, a peculiar power of fascination. It acted much through his eloquence, but not through his eloquence alone. There was still another source from which that fascination sprang. Behind all he said and did there stood a grand manhood, which never failed to make itself felt. What a figure he was, with his tall and stalwart frame, his manly face, his noble bearing, the finest type of American senatorship, the tallest oak of the forest!

And how small they appeared by his side, the common run of politicians, who spend their days with the laying of pipe, and the setting up of pins, and the pulling of wires; who barter an office to secure this vote, and procure a contract to get that; who stand always with their ears to the wind to hear how the Administration sneezes, and what their constituents whisper, in mortal trepidation lest they fail in being all things to everybody!

How he stood among them! He whose very presence made you forget the vulgarities of political life, who dared to differ with any man ever so powerful, any multitude ever so numerous; who regarded party but nothing as a means for higher ends, and for those ends defied its power; to whom the arts of demagogism were so contemptible that he would rather have sunk into obscurity and oblivion than descend to them; to whom the dignity of his office was so sacred that he would not even ask for it for fear of darkening its luster.

And what a life was his! A life so wholly devoted to what was good and noble! There he stood in the midst of the grasping materialism of our times, around him the eager chase for the almighty dollar, no thought of opportunity ever entering the smallest corner of his mind, and disturbing his high endeavors; with a virtue which the possession of power could not even tempt, much less debauch; from whose presence the very thought of corruption instinctively shrank back; a life so unspotted, an integrity so intact, a character so high, that the most daring eagerness of calumny, the most wanton audacity of insinuation, standing on tiptoe, could not touch the soles of his shoes.

They say that he indulged in overweening self-appreciation. Ay, he did have a magnificent pride, a lofty self-esteem. Why should he not? Let wretches despise themselves, for they have good reason to do so; not he. But in his self-esteem there was nothing small and mean; no man lived to whose very nature envy and petty jealousy were more foreign. His pride of self was like his pride of country. He was the proudest American; he was the proudest New Englander; and yet he was the most cosmopolitan American we have ever seen.

Let the youth of America be taught, by the story of his life, that not only genius, power, and success, but more than these, patriotic devotion and virtue, make the great-

ness of the citizen. If this lesson be understood, more than Charles Sumner's living word could have done for the glory of America will be done by the inspiration of his great example. And it will truly be said, that although his body lies moldering in the earth, yet in the assured rights of all, in the brotherhood of a reunited people, and in a purified Republic, he still lives, and will live forever.

CARL SCHURZ.

From "Life of Charles Sumner."

BAYARD TAYLOR

Born at Kenneth Square, Chester County, Pa., January 11, 1825; died at Berlin, Germany, December 19, 1878. An American poet, traveler, and novelist.

TO BAYARD TAYLOR

THOU wast born in the fatherland of Benjamin Franklin; and, like him, thou didst work thy way upward from a condition of lowly labor to be an apostle of the spirit of purity and freedom, and a representative of thy people among a foreign people. No, not among a foreign people: thou art as one of ourselves; thou hast died in the country of Goethe, to whose lofty spirit thou didst ever turn with devotion; thou hast erected a monument to him before thy people, and wouldst erect before all peoples another, which, alas! is lost with thee. But thou thyself wast and art one of those whom he foretold, a disciple of a universal literature, in which, high above all bounds of nationality, in the free, limitless ether, the purely human soars on daring pinions sunwards in ever new poetic forms. Born in the New World, ripened in the Old,—and alas! severed so early from the tree of life!—thou didst teach thy people the history of the German people, that they, being brothers,

should know one another; we bear that in our memories. Thou didst put into words of song thy people's outburst of joy at their centennial festival; when it returns again, and our own mortal frames lie motionless like thine here before us, then from millions of lips yet unborn will resound again the name of Bayard Taylor. Thy memory shall be blessed!

BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S GENIUS

In gathering up all the strands of Bayard Taylor's poetic genius, and knitting them into one brave pattern, that by their united luster his work as a whole may be accounted for, and his place in literature determined, it is immediately evident that his character adequately and justly expressed itself in his poetry. His buoyancy of spirit, his gentle disposition, his stainless morals, and his loyalty to the best in himself and in his friends, in a word, all the predominating traits of his life, are also the chief accents of his verse.

Whittier "so loved the man"; Longfellow compared him to his own ideal Prince, —

"Thou hast sung with organ tone
In Deukalion's life thine own";

Powers spoke of him as almost an angel; "in soul and stature larger than thy kind," said Lamier. The manly and magnanimous nature that stole away the hearts of men and made them his, informed his poetry, into which no discordant note of envy or of malice enters. His worst he kept, his best he gave. He stretches wide arms to grasp the joy of earth.

ALBERT H. SMYTH.

From "Life of Bayard Taylor."

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Born at Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817; died there, May 6, 1862. An American writer and naturalist, celebrated chiefly for his eccentricities.

THOREAU

HENRY DAVID THOREAU was the last male descendant of a French ancestor, who came to this country from the Isle of Guernsey. His character exhibited occasional traits drawn from this blood, in singular combination with a very strong Saxon genius.

He was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the State; he ate no flesh, he drank no wine, he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun.

He chose to be rich by making his wants few, and supplying them himself. In his travels, he used the railroad only to get over so much country as was important to the present purpose, walking hundreds of miles, avoiding taverns, buying a lodging in farmers' and fishermen's houses, as cheaper, and more agreeable to him, and because there he could better find the men and the information he wanted.

No truer American existed than Thoreau. His preference of his country and condition was genuine. I must add the cardinal fact that there was an excellent wisdom in him, proper to a rare class of men, which showed him the material world as a means and a symbol.

Thoreau was sincerity itself. A truth-speaker he, capable of the most deep and strict conversation; a physician to the wounds of any soul; a friend, knowing not only the secret of friendship, but almost worshiped by those few

persons who resorted to him as a confessor and prophet, and knew the deep value of his mind and heart. His soul was made for the noblest society; he had in a short life exhausted all the capabilities of this world; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From "Biographical Studies."

DANIEL WEBSTER

Born at Salisbury (Franklin), N. H., January 18, 1782; died at Marshfield, Mass., October 24, 1852. The most famous of American orators. (See also Bunker Hill Day.)

WEBSTER'S ORATORY

THE cunning of Webster's intellect was not creative. In his argument there is little ingenuity; but he had the power of taking an old truth and presenting it in a way that moved men to tears. When aroused, all he knew was within his reach.

Webster had every possible qualification that is required to make the great orator. All those who heard him speak, when telling of it, begin by relating how he looked. No other American has been able to speak with a like degree of effectiveness; and his name deserves to rank, and will rank, with the names of Burke, Chatham, Sheridan, and Pitt. The case has been tried, the verdict is in, and recorded on the pages of history.

In many ways Webster lacked the inward steadfastness that his face and frame betokened; but on one theme he was sound to the inmost core. He believed in America's greatness, and the grandeur of America's mission. Into the minds of countless men he infused his own splendid pa-

triotism. From his first speech at Hanover when eighteen years old, to his last when nearly seventy, he fired the hearts of men with the love of native-land. And how much the growing greatness of our country is due to the magic of his words and the eloquence of his inspired presence no man can compute.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

From "Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen."

AN ESTIMATE OF WEBSTER

Daniel Webster had a natural ascendancy of aspect and carriage which distinguished him over all his contemporaries. His countenance, his figure, and his manners were all in so grand a style, that he was, without effort, as superior to his most eminent rivals as they were to the humblest; so that his arrival in any place was an event which drew crowds of people, who went to satisfy their eyes, and could not see him enough. I think they looked at him as the representative of the American Continent. He was there in his Adamitic capacity, as if he alone of all men did not disappoint the eye and the ear, but was a fit figure in the landscape.

I remember his appearance at Bunker's Hill. There was the Monument, and here was Webster. He knew well that a little more or less of rhetoric signified nothing: he was only to say plain and equal things, — grand things if he had them, and if he had them not, only to abstain from saying unfit things, — and the whole occasion was answered by his presence. His excellent organization, the perfection of his elocution and all that thereto belongs, — voice, accent, intonation, attitude, manner, — we shall not soon find again.

His power, like that of all great masters, was not in excellent parts, but was total. He had a great and everywhere equal propriety. He seemed born for the bar, born

for the senate, and took very naturally a leading part in large private and in public affairs; for his head distributed things in their right places, and what he saw so well he compelled other people to see also. Great is the privilege of eloquence. What gratitude does every man feel to him who speaks well for the right, — who translates truth into language entirely plain and clear!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From lecture on the Fugitive Slave Law.

EULOGY ON WEBSTER

Webster possessed the element of an impressive character; inspiring regard, trust, and admiration, not unmixed with love. It had intrinsically a charm such as belongs only to a good, noble, and beautiful nature. In its combination with so much fame, so much force of will, and so much intellect, it filled and fascinated the imagination and heart.

His affectionate nature gave sincerity to all his hospitalities, kindness to his eye, warmth to the pressure of his hand; made his greatness and genius unbend themselves to the playfulness of childhood, flowed out in graceful memories indulged of the past or the dead, of incidents when life was young and promised to be happy, — gave generous sketches of his rivals, — the high contention now hidden by the handful of earth, — hours passed fifty years ago with great authors, recalled for the vernal emotions which then they made to live and revel in the soul. And from these conversations of friendship, no man, old or young, went away to remember one word of profaneness, one allusion of indecency, one impure thought, one unbelieving suggestion, one doubt cast on the reality of virtue, of patriotism, of enthusiasm, of the progress of man, — one doubt cast on righteousness, or temperance, or judgment to come.

Such a character was made to be loved. It was loved. His plain neighbors loved him; and one said, as he was laid in his grave, "How lonesome the world seems!" Educated young men loved him. The ministers of the gospel, the general intelligence of the country, the masses afar off, loved him. More truly of him than even of the great naval darling of England might it be said that "his presence would set the church-bells ringing, and give school boys a holiday, — would bring children from school and old men from the chimney-corner, to gaze on him ere he died." The great and unavailing lamentation first revealed the deep place he had in the hearts of his country-men.

RUFUS CHOATE.

THE UNION

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Peroration of the reply to Hayne.

WALT WHITMAN

Born at West Hills, Long Island, N. Y., May 31, 1819; died at Camden, N. J., March 26, 1892. America's most virile and original poet.

WHITMAN'S MESSAGE

MOST writers bear no message: they carry no torch. Sometimes they excite wonder, or they amuse and divert — divert us from our work. To be diverted to a certain degree may be well, but there is a point where earth ends and cloudland begins, and even great poets occasionally befog the things which they would reveal.

Milton knew all about Heaven, and Dante conducts us through Hell, but it was left for Whitman to show us Earth. He was so great that he had no enemy, and his insight was so sure that he had no prejudice. He never boasted that he was higher, nor claimed to be less than any of the other sons of men. He met all on terms of absolute equality, mixing with the poor, the lowly, the fallen, the oppressed, the cultured, the rich — simply as brother with brother. And when he said to the outcast, "Not till the sun excludes you will I exclude you," he voiced a sentiment worthy of a god.

He was brother to the elements, the mountains, the seas, the clouds, the sky. He loved them all and partook of them all in his large, free, unselfish, untrammeled nature. His heart knew no limits.

Whitman sings the beauty and glory of the present. He rebukes our groans and sighs — bids us look about on every side at the wonders of creation, and at the miracles within our grasp. He lifts us up, restores us to our own, introduces us to man and Nature and thus infuses into us courage, manly pride, self-reliance, and the strong faith that comes when we feel our kinship with God.

Whitman brings the warmth of the sun to the buds of the heart so that they open and bring forth form, color, perfume. He becomes for them aliment and dew; so that buds became blossoms, fruits, tall branches, and stately trees that cast refreshing shadows.

There are men who are to other men as the shadow of a mighty rock in a weary land — such is Walt Whitman.

From "Little Journeys."

ELBERT HUBBARD.

EULOGY OF WALT WHITMAN

Walt Whitman is no more. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock and in an instant hear the billows roar — a sunken ship. For, whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of the further shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy — as sad and deep, and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the highest. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word.

Walt Whitman's fame is secure. He laid the foundation of it deep in the human heart. Great he was — so great that he rose above the greatest that he met, with arrogance, and so great that he stooped to the lowest without condescension. He never claimed to be lower or greater than any other of the sons of man. He came into our generation a free, untrammeled spirit, with sympathy for

all. His arm was beneath the form of the sick. He sympathized with the imprisoned and despised, and even on the brow of crime he was great enough to place the kiss of human sympathy. One of the greatest lines in our literature is this. Speaking of an outcast — and the line is great enough to do honor to the greatest genius that has ever lived — he said, "Not until the sun excludes you will I exclude you."

He was the poet of life. It was a joy to him simply to breathe. He loved the clouds. He enjoyed the breath of morning, the twilight, the wind, the winding streams. He loved to look at the sea when the wind and the waves burst into white caps of joy. He loved the fields, the hills. He was acquainted with trees, with birds, with all the beautiful objects on the earth. And he saw not only those objects, but understood their meaning. And he used them that he might exhibit his heart to his fellowmen.

He was not only the poet of love, not only the poet of democracy, not only the poet of the Great Republic — he was the poet of the human race everywhere. He has uttered more supreme words than any writer of our country, and possibly of almost any other. He was, above all things, a man. And above genius, above all the snow-capped peaks of intelligence, above all of art, rises the true man — greater than all. He was a true man. And he walked among his fellowmen as such.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Born at Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1827; died at Hampton Falls, N. H., September 7, 1892. An American poet of charm and distinction.

THE PROPHET BARD OF AMERICA

WHITTIER'S audience has been won by unaffected pictures of the scenes to which he was bred, by the purity of his nature, and even more by the *earnestness* audible in his songs. Like the English sibyl he has obeyed the heavenly vision. Those who gained strength from his music to endure defeat and obloquy cherish him with a devotion beyond measure. For his righteous and tender heart they would draw him with their own hands, over paths strewed with lilies, to a shrine of peace and remembrance. They comprehend his purpose — that he has "tried to make the world a little better, to awaken a love of freedom, justice, and good will," and to have his name, like Ben Adhem's, enrolled as of "one that loved his fellowmen."

He is canonized by the people as one who entered thoroughly into their joy and sorrow; who has been, like a celebate priest, the consoler of the hearts of others and the keeper of his own. The primitive life, the old struggle for liberty, are idealized in his strains.

Oliver Johnson paid honor to "the Prophet Bard of America, poet of freedom, humanity, and religion; whose words of holy fire aroused the conscience of a guilty nation, and melted the fetters of the slaves." This eulogy from a comrade is the sentiment of a multitude in whose eyes their bard seems almost transfigured by the very words that might be soonest forgotten if precious for their poetry alone. And surely no aged servant, his eyes having seen in good

time the Lord's salvation, ever was more endowed with the love and reverence of a chosen people.

From "Poets of America." EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

"THE INNER HEART"

It is from the "inner heart" that the poems of Whittier have come; never "from the throat outwards." This is attested by the answering hearts of vast multitudes of readers. The strains he has sung have always found their echoes; merely as music they have been sure of responsive chords; and then it is a great matter that there is a *man* behind them.

The verse of Whittier's satisfies all reasonable demands as to measure and melody. His nature is buoyant, and the exuberant feeling and natural energy give his lines an elastic movement that carries the reader on, as upon waves that swell and never submerge. He was an artist in landscape. There could be selected a gallery of his pictures, of mountains, lakes, rivers, and sea, that would be remarkable among the best ever drawn.

Few poets have had the opportunity to do such work for their fellow-men as Whittier has done; and few have exerted such an elevating influence, even upon readers for pleasure. From small beginnings his fame has risen until it has become the pride of all loyal Americans, and is cherished by English-speaking people around the world.

FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD.

WHITTIER'S APPEAL

Of American poets, Whittier appeals, with Longfellow, to the plain people, to the major part of the inhabitants of the land. Both were, in spite of great differences in education and experience, singularly simple-minded men.

Both remained almost childlike. Life was to both an infinitely simple matter. Longfellow had the greater breadth of mind; Whittier, the greater intensity. Both were by nature singers, and for the nation at large none of their contemporaries can compare with either.

It might be said that this simplicity, the lack of intellectual breadth and depth, stamps Whittier as a minor English poet. Those of us, however, who hesitate to rank poets according to a conventional system would prefer merely to say that he may properly be classed merely with poets of simple thought and feeling.

From "Life of Whittier."

GEORGE RICE CARPENTER.

THE MOST AMERICAN POET

Whittier is in some respects the most American of all American poets. It is safe to say that he has been less influenced by other literature than any of our poets, with the exception, perhaps, of Bryant. The affectionate simplicity of Whittier's nature is seen in the poems which he addressed to his personal friends and to those whose life-pursuits ran in the same channels as his own moral sympathies.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

FRANCES E. WILLARD

Born near Rochester, N. Y., September 28, 1839; died at New York City, February 18, 1898. An American temperance reformer and author.

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD

FEW persons have lived in any age whose power for good has been as remarkable and as widely extended as that of Miss Willard. Both by intellect and by education

she was fitted to be a leader. The radicalness of her views was tempered by her logic, and her logic, in turn, was tempered by her heart,—a magnificent trinity of tools for a reformer. "Were I a woman, I would rather have been Frances Willard than the queen of England," said a New York clergyman, on hearing of her death.

As an orator, Miss Willard has been likened to Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher. In England, as well as in America, her ability on the platform was recognized. "At her best, very few speakers, either men or women, have surpassed her," wrote an English journal at the time of her death. "She had, of course, a strong western accent, but her voice was deep and rich and most exquisitely modulated, and to the English ear remarkable, if only for its resemblance to Mr. Gladstone's. She was full of homely wisdom, epigrammatic, pointed, and full of great literary quality; and her higher flights of eloquence, sustained and beautifully balanced in their phrasing, will remain as some of the most remarkable feats of eloquence in the language."

Miss Willard was a tie that bound together temperance workers all over the world. "There was very little of Frances Willard that could die," and the importance of her work will be borne in upon the world even more strongly a few years hence than it is to-day. Already she is to be honored by having a carved presentment of her face as one of the group of faces of famous women that decorates the column-caps of the magnificent western staircase in the capitol at Albany, New York, the State of her birth. The cause that she loved so dearly and to which she willed her small property, though no longer under her immediate guidance, will feel the impetus given to it by her thought and wisdom for many years to come. The lines that she laid down for it to follow are broad enough to serve it until the temperance cause shall have outgrown its usefulness by accomplishing its end.

THE CHANGING YEAR

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE

Talk not of temples, there is one
Built without hands, to mankind given;
Its lamps are the meridian sun
And all the stars of heaven,
Its walls are the cerulean sky,
Its floor the earth so green and fair,
Its dome the vast immensity;
All Nature worships there!

DAVID VEDDER.

THE CHANGING YEAR

"Summer, autumn, winter, spring —
Back and forth the seasons swing."

— LLOYD ROBERTS.

THE DEATH OF OUR ALMANAC

JANUARY. Darkness and light reign alike. Snow is on the ground, cold is in the air. Insects are dead, birds are gone, leaves have perished. So hath God wiped out the past; so hath he spread the earth, like an unwritten page, for a new year.

FEBRUARY. As the month wears on its silent work begins, though storms rage. The earth is hidden yet, but not dead. The sun is drawing near. He whispers words of deliverance into the ears of every sleeping seed and root that lies beneath the snow. The day opens, but the night shuts the earth with its frost-lock, but day steadily gains upon the night.

MARCH. The conflict is more turbulent, but the victory is gained. The world awakes. There come voices from long-hidden birds. The smell of the soil is in the air. The sullen ice, retreating from open field and all sunny places, has slunk to the north of every fence and rock. The knolls and banks that face the east or south sigh for release, and begin to lift up a thousand tiny palms.

APRIIL. The singing month. Many voices of many birds call for resurrection over the graves of flowers, and they come forth. Go, see what they have lost. What have ice, and snow, and storm done unto them? How did they fall into the earth, stripped and bare? How did they come forth, opening and glorified? Is it, then, so

fearful a thing to lie in a grave? In its wild career, shaking and scoured of storms through its orbit, the earth has scattered away no treasures. The Hand that governs in April governed in January. You have not lost what God has only hidden. You lose nothing in struggle, in trial, in bitter distress.

MAY. O Flower-month! perfect the harvests of flowers. Be not niggardly. Search out the cold and resentful nooks that refused the sun, casting back its rays from disdainful ice, and plant flowers even there. There is goodness even in the worst. There is warmth in the coldest. The silent, hopeful, unbreathing sun, that will not fret or despond, but carries a placid brow through the unwrinkled heavens, at length conquers the very rocks, and lichens grow and unconspicuously blossom. What shall not Time do, that carries in its bosom Love?

JUNE. Rest! This is the year's bower. Sit down within it. The winds bring perfume, the forests sing to thee, the earth shows thee all her treasures. The air is all sweetness. The storms are but as flocks of mighty birds that spread their wings and sing in the high heaven. The earth cries to the heavens, "God is here." The heavens cry to the earth, "God is here!" The land claims him, and his footsteps are upon the sea. O sunny joys of sunny June, how soon will you be scorched by the eager months coming burning from the equator!

JULY. Rouse up! The temperate heats that filled the air are raging forward to glow and overfill the earth. There are deep and unreached places for whose sake the probing sun pierces down its glowing hands. The earth shall drink of the heat before she knows her nature or her strength. Then shall she bring forth to the uttermost the treasures of her bosom. For there are things hidden far down, and the deep things of life are not known till the fire reveals them.

AUGUST. Reign, thou Fire-month! Neither shalt thou

destroy the earth which frosts and ice could not destroy. The vines droop, the trees stagger, but every night the dew pities them. This is the rejoicing month for joyful insects, the most populous and the happiest month. The air is resonant of insect orchestras, each one carrying his part in nature's grand harmony. August, thou art the ripeness of the year, the glowing center of the great circle.

SEPTEMBER. There are thoughts in thy heart of death. Thou art doing a secret work, and heaping up treasures for another year. The unborn infant-buds which thou art tending are more than all the living leaves. Thy robes are luxuriant, but worn with softened pride. More dear, less beautiful than June, thou art the heart's month. Not till the heats of summer are gone, while all its growths remain, do we know the fulness of life. Thy hands are stretched out, and clasp the loving palm of August, and the fruit-smelling hand of October. Thou dividest them asunder, and art thyself molded of them both.

OCTOBER. Orchard of the year! Bend thy boughs to the earth, redolent of glowing fruit! Ripened seeds shake in their pods. Apples drop in the stillest hours. Leaves begin to let go when no wind is out, and swing in long wavering to the earth, which they touch without sound, and lie looking up, till winds rake them and heap them in fence-corners. When the gales come through the trees, the yellow leaves trail, like sparks at night, behind the flying engine. The woods are thinner, so that we can see the heavens plainer, as we lie dreaming on the yet warm moss by the singing spring. The days are calm. The nights are tranquil. The year's work is done. She walks in gorgeous apparel, looking upon her long labor, and her serene eye saith, "It is good."

NOVEMBER. Patient watcher, thou art asking to lay down thy tasks. Life to thee now is only a task accomplished. In the night-time thou liest down, and the mes-

sengers of winter deck thee with hoar-frosts for thy burial.
The morning looks upon thy jewels, and they perish while
it gazes. Wilt thou not come, O December?

DECEMBER. Silently the month advances. There is nothing to destroy, but much to bury. Bury, then, thou snow, that slumberously fallest through the still air, the hedgerow of leaves! Muffle thy cold wool about the feet of the shivering trees! Bury all that the year hath known, and let thy brilliant stars, that never shine as they do in thy frostiest nights, behold the work! But know, O month of destruction, that in thy constellation is set that Star whose rising is the sign, for evermore, that there is life in death! Thou art the month of resurrection. In thee the Christ came. Every star that looks down upon thy labor and toil of burial knows that all things shall come forth again. Storms shall sob themselves to sleep. Silence shall find a voice. Death shall live, Life shall rejoice, Winter shall break forth and blossom into Spring, Spring shall put on her glorious apparel and be called Summer. It is life! It is life! through the whole year!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE PROCESSION OF THE MONTHS

First came a youth of most beautiful air and shape, clothed in a flowing mantle of green silk, interwoven with flowers; he had a chaplet of roses on his head, and a narcissus in his hand; primroses and violets sprang up under his feet, and all nature was cheered at his approach. It was Spring!

Then came the three months which belong to this season. As March advanced towards me, there was, methought, in his look a lowering roughness, which ill-befitted a month which was ranked in so soft a season; but as he came forwards, his features became insensibly more mild and gentle;

he smoothed his brow, and looked with so sweet a countenance, that I could not but lament his departure, though he made way for April. April appeared in the greatest gayety imaginable, and had a thousand pleasures to attend him; his look was frequently clouded, but immediately returned to its first composure, and remained fixed in a smile. Then came May, attended by Cupid, with his bow strung, and in a posture to let fly an arrow.

After these, I saw a man advance in the full prime and vigor of his age; his complexion was sanguine and ruddy, his hair black; a mantle of hair-colored silk hung loosely upon him; he advanced with a hasty step after the Spring, and sought out the shade and cool fountains which played in the garden.

Then came the attendant Months. June retained still some small likeness of the Spring; but the other two seemed to step with a less vigorous tread, especially August, who seemed almost to faint, whilst, for half the steps he took, the dog-star leveled his rays full at his head.

They passed on, and made way for a person that seemed to bend a little under the weight of years; his beard and hair, which were full grown, were composed of an equal number of black and gray; he wore a robe which he had girt round him, of a yellowish cast, not unlike the color of fallen leaves, which he walked upon. Plenty walked by his side with a healthy, fresh countenance, pouring out from a horn all the various products of the year.

September, who came next, seemed in his looks to promise a new Spring, and wore the livery of those months. The succeeding month was all soiled with the juice of grapes, as if he had just come from the wine-press. November, though he was in this division, yet, by the many stops he made, seemed rather inclined to the Winter, which followed close at his heels.

He advanced in the shape of an old man in the extremity

of age; the hair he had was so very white, it seemed a real snow; his eyes were red and piercing, and his beard hung with a great quantity of icicles. He was wrapt up in furs, and yet so pinched with excess of cold, that his limbs were all contracted, and his body bent to the ground.

December, January, and February passed on after the rest, all in furs; there was little distinction to be made amongst them; and they were only more or less displeasing, as they discovered more or less haste towards the grateful return of Spring.

From "The Spectator."

SPRING

In all climates spring is beautiful. The birds begin to sing; they utter a few joyful notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of nature, whose vast theater is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost-like cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the opening of the scene. Already the grass shoots forth, the water's leap with thrilling force through the veins of the earth, the sap through the veins of the plants and trees, and the blood through the veins of man.

What a thrill of delight in spring-time! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens, and in the air there is an odor of fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snowflakes; and ere long our next-door neighbor will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The Mayflowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens.

THE COMING OF SPRING

It was far in January, and all day the snow was pelting down, but towards evening it grew calm. The sky looked as if it had been swept, and had become more lofty and transparent. The stars looked as if they were quite new, and some of them were amazingly bright, and pure. It froze so hard that the snow creaked, and the upper rind of snow might well have grown hard enough to bear the sparrows in the morning dawn. These little birds hopped up and down where the sweeping had been done; but they found very little food, and were not a little cast.

"Piep!" said one of them to another; "they call this a new year, and it is worse than the last! We might just as well have kept the old one. I'm dissatisfied, and I've a right to be so."

"Yes; and the people ran about and fired off shots to celebrate the new year," said a little shivering sparrow; "and they threw pans and pots against the doors, and were quite boisterous with joy, because the old year was gone. I was glad of it too, because I hoped we should have had warm days; but that has come to nothing — it freezes much harder than before. People have made a mistake in reckoning the time!"

"That they have!" a third put in, who was old, and had a white poll; "they've something they call the calendar — it's an invention of their own — and everything is to be arranged according to that; but it won't do. When Spring comes, then the year begins, and I reckon according to that."

"But when will Spring come?" the others inquired.

"It will come when the stork comes back. But his movements are very uncertain, and here in towns no one knows anything about it; in the country they are better informed. Shall we fly out there and wait? There, at any rate, we shall be nearer to Spring."

And away they flew.

Out in the country it was hard Winter, the snow creaked, and the sparrows hopped about in the ruts, and shivered, "Piep! when will Spring come? it is very long in coming!"

"Very long," sounded from the snow-covered hill, far over the field. It might be the echo which was heard; or perhaps the words were spoken by yonder wonderful old man, who sat in wind and weather high on a heap of snow.

"Who is that old man yonder?" asked the sparrows.

"I know who he is," quoth an old raven, who sat on the fence-rail. It is Winter, the old man of last year. He is not dead, as the calendar says, but is guardian to little Prince Spring, who is to come. Yes, Winter bears sway here. Ugh! the cold makes you shiver, does it not, you little ones?"

"Yes. Did I not tell the truth?" said the smallest sparrow; "the calendar is only an invention of man, and is not arranged according to Nature! They ought to leave these things to us, who are born cleverer than they."

And one week passed away, and two passed away. The sunbeam glided along over the lake, and made it shine like burnished tin. The snowy covering on the field and on the hill did not glitter as it had done; but the white form, Winter himself, still sat there, his gaze fixed unswervingly upon the south. He did not notice that the snowy carpet seemed to sink as it were into the earth, and that here and there a little grass-green patch appeared, and that all these patches were crowded with sparrows.

"Kee-wit! kee-wit! Is Spring coming now?"

"Spring!" The cry resounded over fields and meadow, and through the black-brown woods, where the moss still glimmered in bright green upon the tree trunks, and from the south the first two storks came flying through the air.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

A SIGN OF SPRING

Encouraged by the birds, by the bursting of the lilac-buds, by the peeping-up of the crocuses, by tradition, by the sweet flutterings of a double hope, another sign of spring appears. This is the Easter bonnets, most delightful flowers of the year, emblems of innocence, hope, devotion. Alas that they have to be worn under umbrellas, so much thought, freshness, feeling, tenderness, have gone into them! And a northeast storm of rain, accompanied by hail, comes to crown all these virtues with that of self-sacrifice. The frail hat is offered up to the implacable season. In fact, Nature is not to be forestalled nor hurried in this way. Things cannot be pushed. Nature hesitates. The woman who does not hesitate in April is lost. The appearance of the bonnet is premature.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

From "How Spring Came in New England."

SPRING

The budding and blooming of spring seem to belong properly to the opening of the months. It is the season of the quickest expansion, of the warmest blood, of the readiest growth; it is the boy-age of the year. The birds sing in chorus in the spring — just as children prattle; the brooks run full — like the overflow of young hearts; the showers drop easily — as young tears flow; and the whole sky is as capricious as the mind of a boy.

Between tears and smiles, the year like the child struggles into the warmth of life. The old year, say what the chronologists will, lingers upon the very lap of spring, and is only fairly gone, when the blossoms of April have strewn their pall of glory upon his tomb, and the bluebirds have chanted his requiem.

It always seems to me as if an access of life came with

the melting of the winter's snows; and as if every rootlet of grass that lifted its first green blade from the matted *débris* of the old year's decay bore my spirit upon it, nearer to the largess of Heaven.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

From "Dream Life."

SPRING MAGIC

What man is there over whose mind a bright spring morning does not exercise a magic influence? Carrying him back to the days of his childish sports, and conjuring up before him the old green field with its gently-waving trees, where the birds sang as he has never heard them since, where the butterfly fluttered far more gaily than he ever sees him now in all his ramblings, where the sky seemed bluer, and the sun shone more brightly, where the air blew more freshly over greener grass and sweeter-smelling flowers, where everything wore a richer and more brilliant hue than it is ever dressed in now! Such are the deep feelings of childhood, and such are the impressions which every lovely object stamps upon its heart!

CHARLES DICKENS.

SPRING

The first sparrow of Spring! The year beginning with younger hope than ever! The faint silvery warblings heard over the partially bare and moist fields from the blue-bird, the song-sparrow, and the red-wing, as if the last flakes of winter twinkled as they fell! What at such a time are histories, chronologies, traditions, and all written revelations? The brooks sing carols and glees to the spring. The marshhawk sailing low over the meadow is already seeking the first oozy life that awakes. The sinking-around of melting snow is heard in all dells, and the ice dissolves apace in the ponds. The grass flames up on the hillsides like a

spring fire, — as if the earth sent forth an inward heat to greet the returning sun; not yellow but green is the color of its flame; the symbol of perpetual youth, the grass-blade, like a long green ribbon, streams from the sod into the summer, checked indeed by the frost, but anon pushing on again, lifting its spear of last year's hay with the fresh life below.

I hear a song-sparrow singing, — “olit, olit, olit, chip, chip, chip, che, char, — che-wiss, che-wiss, wiss, wiss.” The pitch-pines and shrub-oaks which had so long drooped, suddenly resumed their several characters, looked brighter, greener, and more erect and alive, after a spring rain. And so the season went rolling on into summer, as one rambles into higher and higher grass; till anon the oaks, hickories, maples and other trees, putting out into the pine-woods, imparted a brightness like sunshine to the landscape.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

THE MONTH OF APPLE BLOSSOMS

It makes no difference that you have seen forty or fifty springs, each one is as new, every process as fresh, and the charm as fascinating as if you had never witnessed a single one. Nature works the same things without seeming repetition. There, for instance, is the apple-tree. Every year since our boyhood it has been doing the same thing; standing low to the ground, with a round and homely head, without an element of grandeur or poetry, except once a year. In the month of May, apple-trees go a-courtting. Love is evermore father of poetry. And the month of May finds the orchard no longer a plain, sober business affair, but the gayest and most radiant frolicker of the year. We have seen human creatures whose ordinary life was dutiful and prosaic; but when some extraordinary excitement of

grief, or, more likely, of deep love, had thoroughly mastered them, they broke forth into a richness of feeling, an inspiration of sentiment, that mounted up into the very kingdom of beauty, and for the transient hour they glowed with the very elements of poetry. And so to us seems the apple-tree. From June to May it is a homely, duty-performing, sober, matter-of-fact tree. But May seems to stir up a love beat in its veins.

The old round-topped, crooked-trunked, and ungainly boughed fellow drops all world-ways and takes to itself a new idea of life. Those little stubbed spurs, that all the year had seemed like rheumatic fingers, or thumbs and fingers, stiffened and stubbed by work, now are transformed. Forth put they a little head of buds, which a few rains and days of encouraging warmth solicit to a cluster of blossoms. At first rosy and pink, then opening purely white. And now, where is your old, homely tree?

All its crookedness is hidden by the sheets of blossoms. The whole top is changed to a royal dome. The literal, fruit-bearing tree is transfigured, and glows with raiment whiter and purer than any white linen. It is a marvel and a glory! What if you have seen it before, ten thousand times over? An apple-tree in full blossom is like a message, sent fresh from heaven to earth, of purity and beauty! We walk around it reverently and admiringly. We are never tired of looking at its profusion. Homely as it ordinarily is, yet now it speaks of the munificence of God better than any other tree.

The very glory of God seems resting upon it! It is a little inverted hemisphere, like that above it, and it daily mimics with bud and bloom the stars that nightly blossom out into the darkness above it. Though its hour of glory is short, into it is concentrated a magnificence which puts all the more stately trees into the background. If men will not admire, insects and birds will!

There, on the very topmost twig, that rises and falls with willowy motion, sits that ridiculous but sweet-singing bobolink, singing, as a Roman-candle fizzes, showers of sparkling notes. If you stand at noon under the tree, you are in a very beehive. The tree is musical. The blossoms seem, for a wonder, to have a voice. The odor is not a rank atmosphere of sweet. Like the cups from which it is poured, it is delicate and sweet. You feel as if there were a timidity in it, that asked your sympathy, and yielded to solicitation. You do not take it whether you will or not, but, though it is abundant, you follow it rather than find it. Is not this gentle reserve, that yields to real admiration, but hovers aloof from coarse or cold indifference, a beautiful trait in woman or apple-tree?

But was there ever such a spring? Did orchards ever before praise God with such choral colors? The whole landscape is aglow with orchard radiance. The hillsides, the valleys, the fields, are full of blossoming trees. The pear and cherry have shed their blossoms. The ground is white as snow with their flakes. Let other trees boast their superiority in other months. But in the month of May, the very flower-month of the year, the crown and glory of all is the apple-tree.

Therefore, in my calendar, hereafter, I do ordain that the name of this month be changed. Instead of May, let it henceforth be called in my kingdom, "The Month of the Apple Blossoms."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE SUMMER MEAD

If we had never looked upon the earth, but suddenly came to it man or woman grown, set down in the midst of a summer mead, would it not seem to us a radiant vision? The hues, the shapes, the song and life of birds, above all the sunlight, the breath of heaven resting on it; the mind

would be filled with its glory, unable to grasp it, hardly believing that such things could be mere matter and no more. Like a dream of some spirit-land it would appear, scarce fit to be touched lest it should fall to pieces, too beautiful to be long watched lest it should fade away. So seemed to me as a boy, sweet and new like this each morning; and even now, after the years that have passed, and the lines they have worn in the forehead, the summer mead shines as bright and fresh as when my foot first touched the grass. It has another meaning now; the sunshine and the flowers speak differently, for a heart that has once known sorrow reads behind the page, and sees sadness in joy. But the freshness is still there, the dew washes the colors before dawn. Unconscious happiness in finding wild flowers — unconscious and unquestioning, and therefore unbounded.

From "The Open Air."

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

JULY DAYS

The woods are dense with full-grown leafage. Of all the trees, only the basswood has delayed its blossoming, to crown the height of summer and fill the sun-steeped air with a perfume that calls all the wild bees from hollow tree and scant woodside gleaming to a wealth of honey gathering, and all the hive-dwellers from their board-built homes to a finer and sweeter pillage than is offered by the odorous white sea of buckwheat. Half the flowers of woods and fields are out of bloom. Herdsgrasses, clover and daisy are falling before the mower. The early grain fields have already caught the color of the sun, and the tasseling corn rustles its broad leaves above the rich bloom that the woodcock delights to bore.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

From "In New England Fields and Woods."

AUGUST DAYS

Summer wanes, flowers fade, bird songs falter to mournful notes of farewell; but while regretfully we mark the decline of these golden days, we remember with a thrill of expectation that they slope to the golden days of autumn, wherein the farmer garners his latest harvest, the sportsman his first worthy harvest, and that to him that waits come all things, and even though he waits long, may come the best.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

SUMMER

I thank Heaven every summer's day of my life, that my lot was humbly cast, within the hearing of romping brooks, and beneath the shadow of oaks. And from all the tramp and bustle of the world, into which fortune has led me in these latter years of my life, I delight to steal away for days and for weeks together, and bathe my spirit in the freedom of the old woods, and to grow young again, lying upon the brook-side and counting the white clouds that sail along the sky, softly and tranquilly — even as holy memories go stealing over the vault of life. . . . I like to steep my soul in a sea of quiet, with nothing floating past me as I lie moored to my thought, but the perfume of flowers, and soaring birds, and shadows of clouds.

Two days since I was sweltering in the heat of the city, jostled by the thousand eager workers, and panting under the shadow of the walls. But I have stolen away, and for two hours of healthful regrowth into the darling past, I have been lying, this blessed summer's morning, upon the grassy bank of a stream that babbled me to sleep in boyhood. Dear, old stream, unchanging, unfaltering — with no harsher notes now than then — never growing old —

smiling in your silver rustle, and calming yourself in the broad, placid pools — I love you, as I love a friend!

From "Dream Life."

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

GOLDEN DAYS

The golden days have come — the brilliant, gem-like days which form a crown of glory for October. Who thinks of sighing, and dying, and melancholy, as associated with the patrician beauty which bathes earth, air, and sky in robes of such dazzling splendor. Blissful days! enjoy them, all who can, while they last; they may never return. Embrace the tender, transparent atmosphere; let it kiss your eyes and lips, and impart a deeper color, a more vivid light. Perform mass, at high noon, in the solemn old woods, the leaves crackling at every step, and their tall branches, habited in fresh and gorgeous attire, dropping, like newly-crowned emperors, treasures of tawny gold with every movement. O! to be a school-girl in the country, just one golden Saturday afternoon! — to go chestnuting over the hill, with somebody along to take down the bars and make a nice, soft seat of leaves, when, tired of the sport, we stop to rest, and watch the rainbow-hued magnificence of an autumn sunset! O! for a single peep at harvest home, with its piles of hickory nuts, its store of ruddy apples, its huge pyramids of purple, vinous grapes, and its jugs of rich, sweet cider, beside which our grocery article is as Hyperion to a Satyr! The city is pleasant enough for those who have known nothing better, particularly if a part of every day can be spent in Central Park; but the country is still more beautiful, and holds a constant revel in which the leafy forests and every bird and insect are participators.

JENNIE JUNE.

AUTUMNAL FOLIAGE

And now, when the year is drawing to a close, when the blessings of the earth have been gathered and stored, when every tree and plant has borne its fruits, when every field has yielded its produce, why should the sun shine brightly now? What has he more to ripen for us at this late day?

At this very period, when the annual labors of the husbandman are drawing to a close, when the first light frosts ripen the wild grapes in the woods, and open the husks of the hickory nuts, bringing the latest fruits of the year to maturity, these are the days when, here and there, in the groves you will find a maple-tree whose leaves are touched with the gayest colors; those are the heralds which announce the approach of a brilliant pageant — the moment chosen by Autumn to keep the great harvest-home of America is at hand. In a few days comes another and a sharper frost, and the whole face of the country is changed; we enjoy, with wonder and delight, a natural spectacle, great and beautiful, beyond the reach of any human means.

Mark the broad land glowing in a soft haze, every tree and grove wearing its gorgeous autumnal drapery; observe the vivid freshness of the evergreen verdure; note amid the gold and crimson woods, the blue lake, deeper in tint at this season than at any other; see a more quiet vein of shading in the paler lawns and pastures, and the dark-brown earth of freshly-plowed fields; raise your eyes to the cloudless sky above, filled with soft and pearly tints, and then say, what has gloom to do with such a picture? Tell us, rather, where else on earth shall the human eye behold coloring so magnificent and so varied, spread over a field so vast, within one noble view? In very truth, the glory of these last waning days of the season proclaims a grandeur of beneficence which should rather make our poor hearts

swell with gratitude at each return of the beautiful autumn accorded to us.

SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER.

From "Rural Hours."

THE ANXIOUS LEAF

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?" And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground." The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to." And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors, because of joy." Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said, "Oh, branches! why are you lead color and we golden?" "We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday because your tasks are over." Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up, and turned

it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air and then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundred of leaves, and fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE PRELUDINGS

The preludings of Winter are as beautiful as those of the Spring. In a gray December day, when, as the farmers say, it is too cold to snow, his numb fingers will let fall doubtfully a few star-shaped flakes, the snowdrops or the anemones that harbinger his most assured reign. Now, and now only, may be seen, heaped on the horizon's eastern edge, those "blue clouds" from forth which Shakespeare says that Mars "doth pluck the masoned turrets." Sometimes, also, when the sun is low, you will see a single cloud trailing a flurry of snow along the southern hills in a wavering fringe of purple. And when at last the real snow-storm comes, it leaves the earth with a virginal look on it that no other of the seasons can rival, compared with which, indeed, they seem soiled and vulgar.

And what is there in nature so beautiful as the next morning after such confusion of the elements? Night has no silence like this of a busy day. All the batteries of noises are spiked. We see the movement of life as a deaf man sees it, a mere wraith of the clamorous existence that inflicts itself on our ears when the ground is bare. The earth is clothed in innocence as a garment. Every wound of the landscape is healed; whatever was stiff has been sweetly rounded as the breast of an Aphrodite; what was unsightly has been covered gently with a soft splendor, as if, Cowley would have said, Nature had cleverly let fall her handkerchief to hide it. If the Virgin (*Notre Dame de la*

Neige) were to come back, here is an earth that would not bruise her foot nor stain it. It is

“The fanned snow
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er; —
Winnowed and packed by the Slavonian winds,” —

packed so hard sometimes on hill-slopes that it will bear your weight. What grace is in all the curves, as if every one of them had been swept by that inspired thumb of Phidias's journeyman.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

From “A Good Word for Winter.”

WINTER

The partridge comes to the orchard for buds; the rabbit comes to the garden and lawn; the crows and jays come to the ash-heap and corn-crib, the snow-buntings to the stack and the barnyard; the sparrows pilfer from the domestic fowls; the pine grosbeak comes down from the north and shears your maples of their buds; the fox prowls about your premises at night, and the red squirrels find your grain in the barn or steal the butternuts from your attic. In fact, winter, like some great calamity, changes the status of most creatures, and sets them adrift. Winter, like poverty, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows.

From “Signs and Seasons.”

JOHN BURROUGHS.

DECEMBER DAYS

Fewer and more chill have become the hours of sunlight, and longer stretch the noontide shadows of the desolate trees athwart the tawny fields and the dead leaves that mat the floor of the woods.

Silent and moveless cascades of ice veil the rocky steeps where in more genial days tiny rivulets dripped down the

ledges and mingled their musical tinkle with the songs of birds and the flutter of green leaves.

The expectant hush that broods over the forlorn and naked earth is broken only by the twitter of a flock of snow buntings, which, like a straight-bloom flurry of flakes, drift across the fields, and, sounding solemnly from the depths of the woods, the hollow hoot of a great owl. Then the first flakes come wavering down, then blurring all the landscape into vague unreality they fall faster, with a soft purr on frozen grass and leaves till it becomes unheard on the thickening noiseless mantle of snow. Deeper and deeper the snow enfolds the earth, covering all its unsightliness of death and desolation.

Now white-furred hare and white-feathered bunting are at one with the white-clad world wherein they move, and we, so lately accustomed to the greenness of summer and the gorgeousness of autumn, wondering at the ease wherewith we accept this marvel of transformation, welcome these white December days and in them still find content.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

From "In New England Fields and Woods."

THE SNOW-WALKERS

He who marvels at the beauty of the world in summer will find equal cause for wonder and admiration in winter. It is true the pomp and the pageantry are swept away, but the essential elements remain,—the day and the night, the mountain and the valley, the elemental play and succession and the perpetual presence of the infinite sky. In winter the stars seem to have rekindled their fires, the moon achieves a fuller triumph, and the heavens wear a look of more exalted simplicity. Summer is more wooing and seductive, more versatile and human, appeals to the affections and the sentiments, and fosters inquiry and the art impulse. Winter

is of a more heroic cast, and addresses the intellect. The severe studies and disciplines come easier in the winter. One imposes larger tasks upon himself, and is less tolerant of his own weaknesses.

The tendinous part of the mind, so to speak, is more developed in winter; the fleshy, in summer. I should say winter had given the bone and sinew to Literature,—summer the tissues and the blood.

The simplicity of winter has a deep moral.

The return of Nature, after such a career of splendor and prodigality, to habits so simple and austere, is not lost either upon the head or the heart. It is the philosopher coming back from the banquet and the wine, to a cup of water and a crust of bread.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

From "Winter Sunshine."

WINTER SPORTS

People to whom cold means misery, who hate to be braced, and shudder at the word "seasonable," can have little difficulty in accounting for the origin of the sports of winter. . . . Such shivering and indolent folks may be inclined to say that skating and curling and wildfowl-shooting, and the other diversions which seduce the able-bodied from the warm precincts of the cheerful fire, were only contrived to enable us to forget the state of the thermometer. Whether or not that was the purpose of the first northerner who fixed sheep-bones beneath his feet, to course more smoothly over the frozen sound, there can be no doubt that winter sports answer their presumed purpose. They keep up that glow which only exercise in the open air can give, and promote the health which shows itself in the complexion. It is the young lady who interprets literally the Scotch invitation "come into the fire," and who spoils the backs of library novels by holding them too

near the comfortable hearth, she it is who suffers from the ignoble and unbecoming liberties that winter takes with the human countenance. Happier and wiser is she who studies the always living and popular Dutch roll rather than the Grecian bend, and who blooms with continual health and good temper. . . .

Skating has been, within the last few years, a very progressive art. There was a time when mere speed, and the grace of speed, satisfied most amateurs. The ideal spot for skating in those days must have been the lakes where Wordsworth used to listen to the echoes replying from the cold and moonlit hills, or such a frozen river as that on which the American skater was pursued by wolves. No doubt such scenes have still their rare charm, and few expeditions are more attractive than a moonlight exploration of a winding river.

ANDREW LANG.

From "Lost Leaders."

A SNOW-STORM

That is a striking line with which Emerson opens his beautiful poem of the Snow-storm:

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight."

One seems to see the clouds puffing their cheeks as they sound the charge of their white legions. But the line is more accurately descriptive of a rain-storm, as, in both summer and winter, rain is usually preceded by wind. Homer, describing a snow-storm in his time, says:

"The winds are lulled."

The preparations of a snow-storm are, as a rule, gentle and quiet; a marked hush pervades both the earth and the sky. The movements of the celestial forces are muffled, as

if the snow already paved the way of their coming. There is no uproar, no clashing of arms, no blowing of wind trumpets. These soft, feathery, exquisite crystals are formed as if in the silence and privacy of the inner cloud-chambers. Rude winds would break the spell and mar the process. The clouds are smoother, and slower in their movements, with less definite outlines than those which bring rain. In fact, everything is prophetic of the gentle and noiseless meteor that is approaching, and of the stillness that is to succeed it, when "all the batteries of sound are spiked," as Lowell says, and "we see the movements of life as a deaf man sees it — a mere wraith of the clamorous existence that inflicts itself on our ears when the ground is bare." After the storm is fairly launched the winds not infrequently awake, and, seeing their opportunity, pipe the flakes a lively dance.

We love the sight of the brown and ruddy earth; it is the color of life, while a snow-covered plain is the face of death; yet snow is but the mask of the life-giving rain; it, too, is the friend of man — the tender, sculpturesque, immaculate, warming, fertilizing snow.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

From "Signs and Seasons."

THE END OF THE YEAR

The year is drawing to a close. The morning of the year, with its sweet perfume of buds and flowers, its bright foliage, and the melodious songs of the birds, came and went with its usual rapidity. The noonday sun of summer poured its life-giving beams upon us and upon all nature, but as quickly was past. Autumn then, sable Autumn, with its fruits and rich harvests, paid us a visit, just looking in at our doors, merely glancing at us to see if the children had had their suppers, and the cattle were fed for the night; if the crib were locked and the rose-bush covered up to

protect it from the frost. Autumn, too, is gone, and now we are left to the cold mercies of bleak and rigid Winter. He is now here, and although occasionally his face is lighted up with a warm and genial smile, he cannot avoid showing the coldness of his natural disposition, and the chilling influence of his breath has been observed on every hand.

But even cold Winter has its pleasures. Sometimes we think they outnumber and outweigh those of either of the other seasons. We have our Thanksgiving just at the threshold of Winter, as if to usher in the coming season of pleasure. Then following close upon it are Christmas and New Year's, making the trio of ever-to-be-remembered festivals.

Let the year close with thankfulness for its unnumbered blessings, with regrets for its many shortcomings, with hearty and strong resolutions for better things during the new year. And then let us carry out all our good resolutions.

WILLIAM A. MOWRY.

From "Talks with my Boys."



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